

SHAMA'A

EDITED BY MRINALINI CHATTOPADHYAY

VOL. I

EDITORIAL, PUBLISHING AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
AGHORE MANDIR, SANTHOME, MADRAS

SHAMA'A

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APRIL, 1920

No. 1

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A NOTE ON THE “RAGA”

THIS is the forest of Vrindavan . . . A young woman wrapped in a coloured mantle, with a subtle secret in her eyes, is threading the forest-path, singing a *Raga*, to work the fiery sky and the flaming earth into a mood of cloud-cool quietness. What *Raga* is she singing? *It is Vrindavani Sarang*. . . Has it been wrought for the heart of the afternoon? The very horizon drunk with the splendour of its notes seems to swell its green bosom in rapture. Is there a clear white stream running like a sacred thread, on the other side of the horizon-line, in the shadows of the distant trees? . . . Who knows? The thirsty deer seeking to quench her burning thirst, has been drawn by the enchanting stream of the *Raga*, towards the young woman. . . . Poor little deceived creature! . . . You have strayed from the only stream that could quench your thirst or the only stream that flows splendidly white and cool on the other side!

Vrindavan is in my body. . . . The name of the young woman “wrapped in a coloured mantle, with a subtle secret in her eyes” is Maya—the empty fascinations of the world. The “little thirsty deer” is my human soul within me, panting in the flaming afternoon of my world-life . . . for the satisfaction of her desires. The horizon-line of earth-longings hides from me, the clear white stream of the Divine Self in me. Maya wanders all over my Vrindavan . . . the beautiful forests of my body . . . and sings her *Raga* to weave a gorgeous web about my human soul . . . and so draws her away from the “stream that flows splendidly white and cool on the other side” of the horizon-line.

H. CHATTOPADHYAY

SHAMA'A

WE stand to-day at the opening of a new era in the history of the world with an old worn-out and sorrowing world dying, and a new world in the throes of birth. New thoughts, new ideals and new activities are revolutionising life in all its phases with an amazing rapidity. A great synthetic wave is making its way throughout the world effecting marvellous changes, signs of which are visible everywhere. In political life, it is "Coalition" or Centre party, in economic life, it is "Co-operation", in social life, it is "Service" and in spiritual life, it is "Mysticism". That all parties and classes should join together and work for the common good of Society, freely giving all that they can and receiving only what they need; that, in the large sense of the word, Individuality does not mean the selfish instinct to gain all for oneself at any cost, but is the capacity to give to others by building up our own powers to acquire; and that, it is the inner reality that is one and the subjective realisation of it that is important, not the varying interests which differ and divide. These are some of the ideas that go to make up the new life and distinguish it from the old.

And, perhaps, no study will better bring home these ideas to the minds of men and women than the study of Art and Philosophy. For, they are the two tendencies that will together dominate the new age. Art is universal and is a great unifier. It awakens the fundamental impulses in the minds of people all over the world, whatever may be their culture, their civilization and their language, and whatever their mode of expression. It swiftens the process of intuition which enables man to see and understand the goal even before he can attain it. By beautiful colours and figures, by beautiful words and beautiful thoughts, art suggests to man the splendour of his heritage. Any beautiful work of art whether, as an exquisite painting or a graceful statue or a piece of Divine Music draws its admirers from all types of minds which feel that it belongs to no one in particular but to all in general. Universal realisation creates an universal bond and what art does through suggestion and impression, through imagination and intuition, Philosophy seeks to do through the intellect. By a process of close reasoning and careful analysis and by getting at the fundamental through the tangled web of the superficial, philosophy seeks to establish the oneness of things. Knowledge leads to Wisdom and learning to Truth . . . the Wisdom that knows all things as one and, the

Truth, that man's fulfilment of his own destiny lies in the realisation of this wisdom.

So then, if the currents of thought in the new age are to be towards establishing the oneness of things and emphasising this synthetic aspect of life, and if art and philosophy are the dominant factors, it is essential that efforts should be made everywhere to spread the new thought and to interest men and women in these studies.

The people of India, it is true, are philosophic in their nature and have sublime traditions in art, but their interests are not living and are not in touch with the times. A critical education and close study of modern art and philosophy are very necessary for the proper expression of latent factors in their nature, and the inherent appreciation of art and love of philosophy that they possess only make such cultivation doubly needful.

It will be the purpose of this magazine to attempt to study the trends of philosophic thought and artistic expression among the nations of the world and present them to our readers. It will be our endeavour to study the thought of as many nations as possible and with this end in view we have called our magazine International and invited large numbers of contributors from all parts of the world. Our principal object will be to acquaint ourselves with the currents of modern thought, not because we are without reverence for the past but because the past is valuable to us in so far as it lives in the present and will survive in the future. We belong to the new age and our interest lies in the new ways of thinking.

We have called our Quarterly SHAMA'A, which is a Persian word for Light and the lamp that bears the light (for to us the light and the light-giver are one). The function of a light is twofold: not only does it illumine the way by shattering the darkness but it also helps to light other lights and increase the array of brilliance. May this venture of ours fulfill itself, and while it may give enlightenment to many a student and create an interest in learning, may it also kindle the thought and expression of some who like the lamp with the wick in it await the touch of the light.

SHAMA'A heralds the dawn of a new era in art, literature and philosophy: it will, as far as possible, survey the trend of modern thoughts and study the contemporary developments in these subjects; it will attempt to serve as a suitable vehicle for the creative expression in Prose, Poetry, Drama, Painting, Sculpture and Music of both East and West. Translations from rare and valuable works in the various vernaculars of India will be published with a view to popularising them among the English-knowing public.

Ours is a bold venture and this magazine, we believe, is the first of its kind in India and intended to supply a great need, though we are conscious of our own inability to cope with the demand, and fully realise our sense of responsibility.

We have set out on this difficult enterprise with this hope: to serve our Motherland in the realm of the sublime and the beautiful. Our encouragement will lie in the reception we may get at the hands of our readers and critics. We crave the indulgence of our readers for all our shortcomings and we shall be glad to receive such suggestions and advice as will make for the complete success of our journal. As for the future, we can only hope, and live in the hope of realising our dreams. May the "All-True", the "All-Good" and the "All-Beautiful" bless us in our humble efforts and crown us with success!

THE DEBT

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(TRANSLATED FROM HIS BENGALI POEM BY THE AUTHOR)

1

AT the end of his night in the prison, Sushen sat muttering his last prayer : when the doors opened and Shama, with a lamp in hand, stood before him.

His chains were removed at her signal, "You appear to me," he cried, "like the star of mercy breaking through despair."

"Star of mercy!" the woman muttered. And then she laughed the laughter of the thunder-cloud that shatters itself into a madness of rain. The echoes, like a startled swarm of ghosts, fled and knocked themselves into silence against the prison walls.

2

On the Baruna's bank the morning glimmered through the misty row of the palms. Shama stepped on the boat at the landing and said : "Come, my love, let us float away from the tangle of the past towards the unknown."

The boat drifted in the stream and Sushen drew Shama's head upon his breast, saying, "Tell me how you bought my freedom to bind me in a bondage everlasting?"

The woman tightened her embrace and said : "Not now."

3

The midday sun shone over the boat rushing with the current. The women had filled their brass vessels, and with clothes dripping walked back home from their bath. The morning market was over ; the narrow path through the bamboos was deserted.

The warm wind, laden with the lavishment of the flowering mustard field, moved away the veil from Shama's face and Sushen whispered to her : "Let

me know my debts that cannot be paid back, so that I may ever count them in my mind in sweet despair."

Shama drew back her veil over her face and said: "Not now."

4

The daylight ferried over to the dark shore of night.

Shama's boat is moored under the banyan tree by the ruined temple. The crescent moon plays with its own broken lights on the ripples, like a child floating its toy boats.

The question which ached all the day for its answer grew in awfulness with the night's silence till Shama heaved a sigh and murmured:

"What I have done for you was hard, but it is still harder to say it to you. I shall make it brief, and let the time for you to forget it be brief as well. The boy Uttiya, mad with his youthful love for me, had taken upon himself the charge of your guilt to prove to me his love with his life. The worst sin of my life was done for you, my best beloved."

5

The moon went down; the forest stood darkling, oppressed with its dumbness. Sushen's arm grew lax round the woman's waist and dropped down. All things between them hardened like a stone—the silence and space itself.

Suddenly Shama flung herself on the ground and clung to his knees, and said in a voice hoarse with the want of tears: "Let my God punish me, but not you."

Sushen stood up, freed himself from her arms, and rushed away from the boat into the starless shade.

6

Dead leaves rustled under his tread on the forest path, where the air lay choked with the smell of the underwood and branches of all shapes aped the menacing monsters of delirium.

At last he sat down tired, and suddenly became aware of the presence of her who followed him like a blackened track following the forest fire.

"Leave me!" he thundered. And she flung herself upon him, a flood of caresses and kisses and panting breath and loosened hair and slipped veil straggling on the dust.

"No, never!" she cried, "With your own hands punish me to death and let your sin be equal to mine."

The forest shadows shuddered and a terror crept down through the crooked roots of the trees. There sounded a smothered cry and then the thud of a fall.

7

In the morning the light flashed from the temple spire, like some god's angry glance, when Sushen came out from the forest. He wandered on the desolate sands and the midday sun fired his blood with its fever.

At the end of the day he walked back to the boat as in a trance. There lay an anklet on the bed like the last streak of gold of a vanished sunset. He snatched it up and pressed it to his heart, he buried his face in the softness of the blue mantle lying in a corner and tried to draw into his being its evasive perfume and its touch.

8

The night deepened and the crescent moon looked frail through the faint cloud. Sushen stood on the deck and stretching his arms towards the frowning stillness of the trees cried : "Come, love, come back to life and to me."

Was it a spectre or a phantasy that appeared out of the gloom on the open sand ?

"I have come," it whispered, stepping on to the boat, "Your kind hand faltered and failed at the border of death."

His eyes hungered as they gazed on her. He spread his arms to take her to his breast—then with a shudder he sprang back, and broke out, "Why have you come back again ?"

9

The woman stood still for a moment ; then she fell on her knees and bowed to him and slowly rose to walk away into the dark, like a dream that drifts into awaking to vanish in the void of night.

Rabindranath Tagore

MODERN TENDENCIES IN POETRY

By T. S. ELIOT

A POPULAR theme of Extension lecturers and the like is the Relation of Poetry to Life. Poetry has been interrogated a good many times by these conscientious educators, who have exerted considerable ventriloqual ingenuity in the replies they have pretended to extract from it. But if Life, in the form of forty sweating millions in these islands, were forced to discourse upon its Relation to Poetry, what shuffling answer could it make? You produce half a dozen, at most, of respectable poets in a generation; you produce twenty or thirty people who are capable of discovering that these poets are good; a hundred people who can see that they are good when somebody else points it out; a thousand who will admire out of respect for others' opinion; and the rest who will, eventually, believe what they are told. This was the case with dead poets; and yet the contemporary poet is advised that he ought to make a wider appeal, that he ought not to require of his public, erudition—that is, trained sensibility or subtlety of feeling—that is, concentrated attention. Or else he is cherished by a few *because* of his narrow appeal. The good poet, if he has a regular income, can survive; he will always manage to accomplish something; the tendency of good poets is to write good poetry, and this is a modern as well as an ancient tendency. But the "tendency of poetry" depends on the audience as well. So, if you wish to ask what we are likely to get, in the way of poetry, I must ask what you will do with it when you get it; ignore it, or make it a coterie pet, or allow it something like the activity which the plays of Shakespeare and the songs of Dr. Thomas Campion enjoyed in their time.

Having thus disposed of half of the responsibility, my business is, I believe, to endeavour to determine what is meant by "modern" poetry, and to trace, among the variety of currents and eddies, what is the line of true poetry, as distinguished from mere novelties. How are we to decide what is really new? In what sense must a poet be "of his time" to be really a good poet?

In answering these questions it is useful, not to compare poetry to science, but to start out with the view that poetry *is* a science. The relation of art and science has recently been examined on several occasions in the Athenæum, but I do not think that I am attacking it from quite the same point of view as either of

the writers. What I shall say you may take provisionally as only analogies. But to say that poetry is a science is in the first place to say that poetry is a serious study, a life-time's work. It is impossible to say how far public opinion has been affected by the fact that the tendency of Victorian poetry was determined by the influence of two poets—Shelley and Keats—who died young and rather romantically; at any rate poetry is apt to be associated with youth and youthful inspiration, rather than with steady toil, it is also associated with the charm of youthful personality. But if we take poetry seriously as a work and not as the mere ebullition of a personality, we shall find that the poet's training and equipment is parallel to the training and equipment of the scientist; we find that his purpose is parallel; and that his attitude toward his work is parallel. First, his equipment: his knowledge of what has been done in the past. This is germane to the question of modern tendency; for it is only in relation to the past that anything is new.

It is as necessary—and this reveals the great defect of much contemporary verse—for the poet to study previous poetry as for the scientist to know the history of his science, and what has been accomplished up to date. Take the adolescent poet when he begins to write. He does not begin with a scientific spirit or much knowledge of his subject. His impulse is ejaculatory and imitative. He desires to extrude from himself some pressing and restless feelings in which he has become interested, and the shape they assume is decided by one or two admirations. These feelings, brought into the world tumultuously, respond to some facts in life or they do not. The first shock the poet has is when he discovers that something new to him and to him unique is valueless because it has already been better said by someone else. He at first looked at his own work by itself, and was not bothered by its resemblance to its models. He discovers that his poem must have a meaning apart from its meaning to him; that further, it must like the poems of the past in permanent characteristics of poetry, and different from them in the things that can change. And as he matures, he becomes more like his predecessors, and more different from them. He becomes more *conscious* of them. And in studying the works of his predecessors he perceives how, in art as in science, everything that one generation does is a development upon the work of the past, which would not be possible if the past generations had not done their work.

When you study the life's work of a great scientist, if you have enough knowledge of the subject to study it at all, you recognise that the man accomplished what he did not through a desire to express his personality, but by a complete surrender of himself to the work in which he was absorbed. He is continuing a work which will be continued after him. The great scientist submerges himself in what he has to do, forgets himself. But if he is a great scientist there will be—I believe scientists will corroborate this statement, a cachet of the man all over it. No one else could have drawn those inferences, constructed those demonstrations,

seen those relations. His personality has not been lost, but has gone, all the important part of it, into the work. Yet the inferences seem to have drawn themselves, the demonstrations constructed themselves, the relations flown into each other's arms; but without him it would not have happened. There is this same inevitability and impersonality about the work of a great poet. The elements were there to be combined, the work to be done; the great poet is prolonging the work of the people who preceded him, and laying out the work for those who follow him; the greater the poet, the more evident his hand in every line, and the more elusive his personality.

This analogy illustrates two points of resemblance, or two aspects of the same resemblance, between the scientist and the poet. Great poetry is something into which personality is completely *déversée*, and it is something which is a part of Poetry. Not only do all great poets seem to have something in common, but they seem like parts of one Mind, working under different conditions and at different times.

The mature poet, in the operations of his mind, works like the chemist. He is aware, not that he wants to say something, but that there is something to be said. He is aware of a great number and variety of elements which can be combined into new and important compounds; his training has given him knowledge of what the elements have been made to do already, and has made him exceptionally sensitive to what they can be made to do. He is in tune for perceiving new relations, as the scientist is. And just as a scientist may excel more in the analytic, the observing, or the constructive work of science, so a poet may be more gifted either in analysis or in construction. But for either or for both, his is a trained sensibility.

He possesses a variety of feelings to make use of. But in his operation upon them, he is not particularly interested in them because they are *his* feelings; it is only as he is able to regard these feelings as existing apart from him, just as apart as the chemical from the chemist, that he can work them into art. What constitutes the terrible authenticity of Villon's testaments is that he *saw* his feelings, watched them, as coldly as an astronomer watches a comet; and without this cold and scientific observation he could never have given his feelings their permanent intensity.

The personality of the poet or of the artist's operates in a way which I offer in a metaphor. The material civilisation of a country is sometimes measured by the amount of sulphuric acid it uses. England and Germany use the most sulphuric acid. Now, for the production of this acid, as of many other important products of industrial chemistry, it is necessary to combine two gases which, if simply placed in the same vessel will not mix. Introduce a bit of platinum, and the combination takes place. The platinum does not enter into the combination,

but merely looks on. The operation is called, I believe, catalysis, and the platinum, a catalyst. The artist's mind is a catalyst; it looks on; the gases may have been part of his mind but they are not part of it at the time when he is effecting them to join in exactly that way.

Here a difficulty interposes itself: we know, or think we know, what is meant by progress in science; but is there the same kind of progress in poetry—is there any progress in poetry? I have been leading up to this difficulty. We want to know whether the identity, or analogy, between science and poetry is close enough to throw any light on the changes in poetry from time to time. For we object at once that while past work in science appears of value only because of its being the basis of present conclusions and future discoveries, past poetry retains a permanent value equal and alongside of contemporary and future work. I think that at least this obstacle might be attenuated, from both sides: but it is not at present pertinent to make more than one point. The life of our “heritage” of literature is dependent upon the continuance of literature. If you imagine yourselves suddenly deprived of your personal present, of all possibility of action, reduced in consciousness to the memories of everything up to the present, these memories, this existence which would be merely the totality of memories, would be meaningless and flat, even if it *could* continue to exist. If suddenly all power of producing more poetry were withdrawn from the race, if we knew that for poetry we should have to turn always to what already existed, I think that past poetry would become meaningless. For the capacity of appreciating poetry is inseparable from the power of producing it, it is poets themselves who can best appreciate poetry. Life is always turned toward creation; the present only, keeps the past alive. Hence the importance, to any generation, of the poetry that its representatives produce. Most people can only create in generic and not in individual ways; but they can, if they are alive to the artistic creation which is taking place as they live, enter into the pleasure of the creation of the artist. A contemporary, even if he be no more than a Silius Italicus, has an importance that the dead have not.

To insist upon the importance of the present moment, in art, is not to make the claim that we are more “civilised” than previous ages. It is simply that we have had more experience, more history, more memory.

It is unnecessary to take your time to run over the whole history of Poetry from this point of view, and show what each poet has discovered or invented and added to poetry. The history of poetry is by no means a series of triumphant discoveries; in England particularly, it has been very largely a history of experiments that have failed, of successful experiments that have been overlooked, and of men trying to do something else than that for which they were fitted. The greater part of Victorian poetry was a *piétinement sur place*. The one Victorian poet whom our contemporary can study with much profit is Browning: Otherwise,

almost all of the interesting developments in poetry are due to Frenchmen: Baudelaire, Gautier, Mallarmé, Laforgue, Corbière, Rimbaud.

It is curious that these men, who have so strongly influenced our contemporaries, should have impressed themselves upon us as eminently *hommes de métier*. Some of them lived as romantic or pathetic lives as any of our young men of the nineties. But as Ernest Bowson, like a Lionel Johnson, is at heart a conservative, putting all his romance into his life: England has been plagued with poets of this type. The Frenchmen of whom I speak were very seriously occupied with the problem of finding a sincere idiom. Baudelaire more often failed than succeeded, there is nothing permanently interesting about his diabolism; his form is often absurdly antiquated. He is a poet for the poet to study, rather than for the public to read.

The influence of Laforgue, and to a less degree of Rimbaud has been so great that it is necessary to pass some criticism upon these poets in dealing with contemporary English verse. When I discovered Jules Laforgue, ten years ago, he gave me the same revelation which I imagine he has given to other people before and since: that is, he showed how much more use poetry could make of contemporary ideas and feelings, of the emotional quality of contemporary ideas, than one had supposed. Browning, at his best, for example in "Bishop Blougram's Apology", had done as much; and Browning's poetry is much greater poetry. But the development of Browning had been such as to conceal from us some of the implications of his work. He had begun as a disciple of Shelley, and emerged from this into a developed mature impersonal stage: his *adolescence* had not been so important as Laforgue's. It is easier for a young poet to understand and to profit by the work of another young poet, when it is good, than from the work of a mature poet. I am no longer of the opinion that Laforgue, at the stage which he had reached at his death, was a great poet; I can see sentimentalism, absorption in himself, lack of balance. But in Laforgue there was a young man who was generally intelligent, critical, interested in art, science and philosophy, and always himself: that is, every mental occupation had its own precise emotional state, which Laforgue was quick to discover and curious to analyse. So Laforgue has been more *important*, as a laboratory study for the young poet, than either Rimbaud or Corbière. For their work, though always personal in the right sense, is either indifferent or mature. At their best, they present much more solid achievement than Laforgue. Rimbaud's *Cabaret Vert* is as solid and objective as the best of Racine; Corbière's *Rhapsode Foraine* is as substantial in its way as Villon; when he describes the procession of mendicants and cripples to the shrine of the Virgin, and says:

Là, ce tronc d'homme ou croît l'ulcère,
Contre un tronc d'arbre ou croît le gui

the phrase burns itself in like the *cotto aspetto* of Dante's Brunetto Latini. But on young poets, the influence of Laforgue is much stronger, and so far as it goes, a very good influence.

I think that the attention drawn to these French poets has been a very good thing for English verse. I think that the best of the younger poets to-day realise that it is impossible to ignore the discoveries of foreign poets, just as it is impossible for a good scientist to ignore what is going on abroad. So far as I can see, there is no poetry being written in France at present which is making any contribution whatever to the development of poetry; almost none of it is even readable. An infatuation with the French, therefore, would be as fatal as our natural insularity.

There is one other French influence, which, though it has not been powerful here, has been beneficial. That is Mallarmé. What Mallarmé had to say is not so important or interesting as what the poets previously mentioned had to say, but he called attention to the fact the actual writing of poetry, the accident and syntax, is a very difficult part of the problem. Mallarmé gets his modernity, his sincerity, simply by close attention to the actual writing. The influence of an art like Mallarmé's, upon later poetry, is comparable to the influence of abstract painting: whatever its actual value, whether it is a higher or lower form, or whether it is merely a laboratory experiment, it is bound to have a cleansing and purifying effect, to recall the attention of the intelligent to essential problems of form.

This influence has been reinforced, within the last ten years, by studies which several of the better poets, largely under the leadership of Mr. Ezra Pound, have pursued in various foreign literatures. Our professional appreciation of the technical merits of poetry in living and dead languages has been sharpened, and with it our appreciation of the particular capacities of English. And we have begun to realise that English is a language of peculiar resources and peculiar difficulties in writing. For it contains more diverse elements than any other. If you take up Anglo-Saxon, or a Scandinavian language or old German, you will find qualities in those languages which English holds in suspense; and you will also find in Latin and in the Latin languages qualities which can be partly reproduced in English: the problem is how to make use of all these Elements, to refer continually to the sources, and at the same time make a vehicle adequate for the expression of any modern thought or emotion.

I have, up to this point, indicated what I believe to be the attitude and the equipment of the modern poet. His attitude will be at least *analogous* to that of the scientist: and he will include the analytical interest, the interest of curiosity, that is the romantic element, and constructive interest, that this is the classical element. To his interests there is no definite bound, either in the study of

technique, or in the investigation of feelings, sensations, emotions, and their possible chemical combinations. He may be perceptive of any or all of the ingredients in the modern world, scientific, historical, political, philosophical, provided that what he manipulates is the emotional or feeling co-efficients of these subjects in the human mind.

We now introduce our poet into contemporary literary society ; among a crowd of some hundreds of bad poets. In his progress in a direct line he will find himself between two bodies of loiterers, more or less obstructing the path, and within reach of a sharp impact from the point of his right and left elbow respectively. What are these two groups? I do not propose to compile a list of names: for in the first place some of the individuals belong at times to one group and at times to the other, which is confusing ; and in the second place some of these people have a quantity of good in them, and it is no good giving a good dog a bad name. And in the third place there are many technical labels about, which represent what are from one point of view groups, and this would be confusing ; for you will not find all the *vers-librists* on one side of the corridor and the other people on the other. There is plenty of musty verse concealed under *vers libre*, and *vers libre* itself is merely a collective name for a number of forms which a few performers of special aptitudes can do well, and which it is very easy to do badly ; and on the other hand some of the best verse is being done in very old forms. Ten years ago, five years ago, *vers libre* might have been used as a designation for most of the more intelligent younger people, but not now. So I can only distinguish the two groups by two kinds of vice: the Emotional, and the Unemotional. The first we have had with us for a long time, the second is more recent, more representative of our time, and pathologically, more interesting. Let us take up the first.

The fault of this kind of poetry is apparent in the verse of writers who are not obviously of the hero type. Any poet who believes that an emphatic assertion of any emotion which he has felt is poetry, belongs on this side of the corridor. An emotion must be, in some way, a new emotion: it must be a new tone given to an assemblage of objects or a tone given to a new assemblage of objects. The poet's "emotion" must always be in such close relation to objects that when he sets the objects before you, you "get" the emotion. He must appeal to your senses. The emotion is the resultant activity of the combination of what are ultimately sense-data. I did not mean to refer to any poet, but I must read one poem in order to illustrate the fault in a very small way.

I hear a sudden cry of pain!
There is a rabbit in a snare:
Now I hear the cry again,
But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where
 He is calling out for aid ;
 Crying on the frightened air,
 Making everything afraid.

And soon. This poet, in a neat *pantoum*, has endeavoured to give the emotion supervening on a certain combination : a rabbit and a snare. But instead of *making* the cry make everything afraid, he tells you that it does. He gives you some *idea* of what he means, but the catharsis, the pity and terror, he means to produce from the association of a rabbit and a snare, is no more inevitable a result than the thought of rabbit-pie.

There are writers much more modern, and trying to do something much more difficult and interesting than this, whose weakness is at bottom the same. They wish to evoke an emotion for which they have not found the sensory equivalent. They may *feel* the emotion, but you cannot put mere feelings into language ; the thing is to *cease to feel* the emotion, to *see* it as the objective equivalent for it. And no matter how much more subtle or modern the emotion is that our rabbit, you must find the formula for it. We might almost work out the James-Lange theory of emotion for poetry : an emotion *is* the physical equivalent. Only, in poetry, some very small event, a dropping of a book, a turning toward the door, a silence, may give the emotion for the literary purpose.

You will find that many of the second rate poets are second rate because of this attempt to deal with emotions direct instead of through the senses. But now, on the other side of the hall, we see a number of poets engaged in a different, and perhaps much more deliberate pursuit. They aim to deal with the senses, and to dispense with emotion altogether. These are much more formidable people, and they are easier to confuse with the people who are doing really good work. For some good poets have produced their emotion by a method so austere, sensationalistic as to obscure, from the careless reader, the fact that there was any emotion to be presented at all. But our friends of whom I am speaking have a terror of emotion. This fear of sentiment is so characteristic of the present time that it must have a name : and I shall call it *dadaism*. I know no more of less *dadaistes* proper than that M. Tristan Tzara has sent me his book of verse, published by the collection dada, Zurich. Here is a sample of M. Tzara's verse :

Le geant blanc lepreux du pay sage
 Le sel se groupe en constellation
 D'oiseaux sur la tumeur d'ouate
 Dans ses poumons les asteries et
 Les punaises se balancent
 Les microbes se cristallisent en
 Palmiers de muscles balançoires
 Bonjour sans cigarette tzantzantza
 Ganga
 Bouzdouc zdouc nfounfa mbaah

This is quite different from our rabbit. Possibly M. Tzara is merely pulling our leg, for he is a clever man. But there is some significance in his even thinking that he can pull our leg in this way. For this kind of verse is the *reductio ad absurdum* of a certain tendency. It is the tendency of people of intelligence who have thought about art to the point of having become cynical about it, and of people who follow them without having thought about it at all. The end of this kind of æsthetic interest is to find in art not pleasure, but amusement. The adjectives to be applied to any work of art are "amusing", or "tiresome"; it must amuse you, or it will bore you; if it amuses you, it is charming.

There are in existence a number of quite amusing works of art and poetry, which can be enrolled under the ensign of dadaism. It is wholly unconstructive. It is in the end, unscientific. It is no more art than a postage stamp album. It prefers in fact, things which are not art, because the sensation of enjoying something ugly is more amusing than the worn out enjoyment of something beautiful. It is unscientific, because the interest in mere data is not a scientific interest at all, and in the end, if we pursue only sensation, we shall cease to have even sensation. It is essentially an interest outside of art, and one which any expression in language at all must cease to satisfy. Its satisfaction will not be in poetry at all, but in the ballet.

I have some very kind things to say of the ballet, but I am compelled to speak of it first in this unpleasant connection. For the ballet, with the immense and important development it has recently had, has certainly lost some of the formal beauty of the older ballet, which depended more on pure technical excellence of dancing. It has become a tremendous appeal to the senses, without any emotion whatever.

This leads me back to the poet, who is neither an emotionalist nor a sensationalist, who has been all this while in conversation with the other artists, with a few scientists, and with Aristotle in a corner of the room. The ballet has done this much good. It has made us aware that we *can* pass an evening in a theatre and have some intense experience, even if it is not a purely artistic one. We are not going to accept, after that, being bored for three hours under the pretence of the art of the drama; whether it be a social play, a comedy, or the poor old "poetic drama". As for the stage, we are aware that it is merely a platform arranged in such a way that a number of people can see and hear performers who are hired to recite other people's words, or to go through motions devised for them to go through, for any purpose whatever. It might be used for some sort of art as well. We must keep in mind that what the artist wants, besides a livelihood, is primarily that he shall continue to give enjoyment to a few scattered and exceptional and lonely people long after he is dead. But art has a social as well as an individual use; and that, as I said, is your affair rather than the artist's or

poets. The pleasure I get from *Hamlet* or *Measure for Measure* I can get better in my library than from going to the Old Vic and coming home in the Tube ; but if I had been a contemporary of Shakespeare's, I think I should have gone to the playhouse when the flag was up, and had my solitary pleasure as well.

As for the vast number of people who write verse, it does not matter ; though they would probably do better, some of them, if they were set some definite job to do. But the poet whom I have represented to you—whom I have drawn, of course, rather larger than life—with his great equipment: he has *something* to offer, which the most intelligent, sensitive and diligent of his admirers a hundred years hence must miss, and which his contemporary public, far less intelligent, sensitive, and diligent, can have : that is his contemporaneity. He is not, my poet, altogether a pleasant character. He is a bit scarred about the ears, and the bridge of his nose is broken ; he is used to picking up a living by means which people with an income from a variety of safe investments will despise ; and his expression, in consequence, mixes the panther and the fox, Thersites and the radiant Apollo. I must say for myself, lest I should be misunderstood, that I am not talking about myself, or applying to be employed in writing ballets, masques, interludes, cinema scenarios, epithalamia, funeral odes, Napoleons, Abraham Lincolns, or receptions to the Prime Minister of New South Wales. I merely throw out a suggestion against the future.

T. S. Eliot

THE ART OF THE PEOPLE

By RADHAKAMAL MOOKERJEE

ART is the expression of the joy of life and of labour. What industrial conditions are favourable to the cultivation and development of popular art is the question that naturally forces itself upon the attention of economists in this commercial age. A certain amount of leisure and freedom is essential for culture of development of art. The Western industrial conditions have brought about such economic pressure upon the individual that it has destroyed the very conditions under which art can prosper.

In production the natural and inevitable result of the factory system is that by degrading labour it stifles art. Machino-facture with its production of things of an uniform pattern and shape represents the conditions exactly reverse to the development of art. Handwork largely allows the expression of ideals. The artisan as he swings the hammer, works on the wood, or casts the shuttle, feels the joy of a new creation and the happiness of labour. His handwork is beautiful and happy. On the other hand the factory hand is only a wheel in a complicated machinery of production which is incomprehensible to him. In the din and roar every nerve is blunted. He works without aim and without pleasure; and he does not enjoy the peace of mind of the Indian artisan who is sure of his employment and wages in the Indian communal organisation of Industry. There is no thought, no hope, no pleasure in work in the factory. So the work cannot but be ugly. Men are dehumanised. There are no ideals to express. Thus work as a matter of fact does not express ideals, *i.e.*, becomes degraded and inartistic.

In the Indian economic organisation, the artisans are given a fixed remuneration. They are given plots of land in lieu of their work. They work at things in which they especially excel. This object is achieved by influences of the artisans' environment which evokes and trains any special aptitudes for arts and crafts. The artisans thus have leisure, freedom, hope and happiness, and they cannot but express these in their handiwork. Their handiwork rises to the level of a conscious artistic activity, full of joy in the expression of happy and noble ideas and ideals. The artisans rise to become artists. Such conditions are true of a normal, healthy and vigorous national life, when the national genius and temper express themselves in ever-renewed types, forms and art-constructions. But when,

as has been unfortunately the case in India in recent times, decadence sets in and exotic designs and patterns overpower the indigenous art-productions and ideals, there is a danger of lapsing into blind conventionalism, ugly imitation and mechanical drudgery.

In this connection we ought to examine two divergent and mistaken views as regards the relation of art opportunities in India to the organisation of hereditary, specialised castes. One school which is now exploded contends that the dexterity of Indian craftsmen is an excellence which is transmitted through generations by the institution of the hereditary caste. But as we now know it is a biological error. Aptitudes acquired in occupations or avocations are not inherited. But some of the Indian artisans' Stocks and strains possess congenital and natural aptitudes in particular directions which have been developed by the operation of natural and social "selection" acting under favourable conditions. Others contend that the caste or the social environment exercises no influence whatever in the selection and conservation of manual skill and dexterity. They therefore solely depend on industrial and art training given in schools or work shops in the hope that any who have aptitudes will be drawn to the vocation of the artisan or artist and profit by the training. The error here lies in forgetting that aptitudes and excellences in arts and crafts do not from the very beginning manifest themselves in well-defined and full-formed shapes and measures but exist as inchoate trends, tendencies and capacities, which have to be seized at the right moment in plastic infancy and developed and directed to right channels of artistic expression and activity. It is for the latter function that social groups are essential to create suitable environments and this operation of the social environment in conserving and developing traditions of arts and cultures must not be ignored in the name of a supposed heredity, or of the interests of an individualistic school, education and training which takes no account of the group-mind and its formative influences. At the same time the social groupings should not be rigid and inelastic but be fluid and fluent enough to admit of free and unarrested adaptation of aptitudes to work, talents to opportunities, and tastes to vocations. The development of arts and crafts in India has suffered from this want of elasticity and fluidity. The social groupings have been transformed into rigid water tight compartments which have on the one hand led to the divorce of craftsmanship from acquired knowledge and reflective intelligence, and on the other checked the spontaneous variation of individuals. The industrial castes in India ought to give place to social groups which will be less rigid and allow of what may be called a sliding scale of worth, the essence of which is the finding of its own natural place and level by every kind and grade of excellence. The vital aim is to produce workers and artisans who will rise to the level of a self conscious reflective intelligence finding joy in the constructive activity of their vocations and occupations. For

the West the development of arts and handicrafts require the formation of intermediate social groups which will create a favourable atmosphere and tradition suited to give definite form and shape to incipient artistic trends and capacities and thus effectively lay the foundations for industrial and art-education on which exclusively the West depends more and more since the substitution of competition and contract for the guild and apprenticeship with the industrial Revolution. Communalism, which stands for the development of multiple social groups, will thus be an effective guarantee of popular art and craftsmanship when these form the natural social environment for the conservation and development of art-traditions. The group-limits will be incessantly changing by way of expansion as well as upward rise and differentiation in adaptation to new industrial artistic and intellectual needs, and the individuals will find a natural place in the groups according to their aptitudes and tastes on their free self-determination.

In the West, the injustice in distribution also reactions the feelings of the producers. The dreadful contrast between waste and want, conspicuous idleness and unmitigated slavish toil, tends to be unfavourable to art. In India the social harmony which it is the object of communalism to attain in the distributive process could under more favourable conditions of craftsman's life and activity give that contentment which is the condition of popular art achievement. The artisan could know that he gets his due, and know what is more that others do not get what is not due to them. The justice in the social scheme which might thus be attained under a properly regulated communalism would maintain and develop a love of justice which is the mainstay of a stable and worthy popular art.

A certain degree of the restraint of wants is an essential condition of the cultivation of popular art. If wants are not many there will not be great injustice in distribution. The contrast between superfluity and want, which is the source of a sense of injustice and humiliation to the majority in society will be avoided. Nothing is more enervating than luxury. Luxury is a curse to those who enjoy and to those who do not enjoy. Less luxury and more brotherhood means more self-respect, more happiness and more education for all. That is good for art. Again, there cannot be any worthy popular art without a due restraint of the pleasures of the senses. License and reckless folly are always incompatible with popular art.

In the West commercialism means a preference of the quantity to the quality of work. Manufacture has standardised consumption and tends to make things in large numbers without any regard to quality. And if commercialism thinks of quality it thinks of commodities only as fitted to sell. Where wants are not various but uniform and individuality of consumption is not developed, commercialism necessarily sacrifices quality in the interest of quantity and proposes to satisfy such of the utilities and values as are in demand.

Besides, the cost of production of art are such as are often not guaranteed on merely commercial principles of the adjustment of supply to demand because the majority of consumers cannot afford to pay for a great variety or individuality of consumption. Such costs ought to be ensured to the producers by communal endowment and contributions and be not left to the chances and fluctuations of the market determined by individualistic competition. Even in the interests of individual variations, in consumption which in part determines also the individual and his worth, consumption should be developed on social principles which in a scheme of endowment and communal support by giving ample leisure and opportunities to the artisans form an effective guarantee of the maintenance and development of art traditions.

Perhaps the best environment for an encouragement of popular art is afforded in India by communalism. And this communalistic art is inspired by other ideals than those of the individualistic art with the creations of which we have been familiar in the West.

In the region of the fine arts and literature, western art is individual—aristocratic and aspires after the perfection of form and technique rather than the expression of such beautiful and noble ideals as from their very nature spring from the community as a whole rather than a particular class. Particularism will be incompatible with the art of the future Class—consciousness leads to a divorce between art and social religion and emphasises the discordant and separatist tendencies of individual creative activity. The artist pursues the doctrine of art for art's sake. In industry, the artist is a dilettante and the artisan who ekes out on uncertain means of livelihood and daily drifts from unemployment to chronic want is an inartistic hand. The contrast in the west between the art-school or art-gallery and the slum or factory is too evident.

While class conflict and class feeling are enemies of art, communalism supplies its best inspiration. On the other hand, selfishness and luxury of the rich and the joyless acceptance of means of life and labour by the poor are unfavourable to art. Simplicity of life and cheerful freedom everywhere in the palace, workshop and the cottage are the most favourable conditions of its development.

The characteristic feature of Indian consumption is the socialisation of luxuries. India would never encourage private luxuries. The rich landlord, capitalist, or merchant builds a temple in the village, digs a drinking well or a tank where good drinking water is scarce or builds an embankment where it is necessary. His expenditures thus give the greater surplus of satisfactions than the expenditure of an American millionaire who squanders away his wealth in a ball-dance or a dinner. The range of the participants in the expenditure is greater and there is greater surplus of utility. Examples of public luxuries like these are very common throughout India.

Remarkable examples of public luxuries stimulating art-production and of which every villager is justly proud are the village-gate and the guest-house which are characteristic of the greater part of India. The guest-house which is also the common-room of the village is a very comfortable place of shelter in which travellers rest and the people meet of an evening. Every traveller passing through the village gets food and tobacco free. This is a source of no small expense to villages on the main roads. In a great many villages the gate is a most commodious structure of solid masonry which would cost in many cases for a single patti as much as Rs. 1,000, but everything including labour, is generally subscribed, wood for beams, cow-dung for burning lime, etc., and the only actual expenditure is on the pay of masons. It is on these gates principally that the architectural genius of the villages shows itself. There is sometimes very great elaboration in these gates, and the different patti will vie with each other in architectural display. The style of gate is very often a safe test of the wealth and craftsmanship of a village. But there are few that have not towards the outside an arch of masonry work covered with some sort of ornamental designs. Village temples and shrines, Harisabhas and Dharmasalas as well as guest houses and village gates are common village achievements that owe their inspiration to the popular art-consciousness.

Along with the socialistic enjoyment of luxuries both public and private, we find in the traditional humanities and social cults of the Indian people a socialisation of art, and of the literary and philosophical creations of the race. What a popular art and literature can do for a people is best seen in the folk-mind and folk-ideals of India permeated as these are with an idealistic philosophy of life and in the wide diffusion of a humane culture among the Indian masses which distinguishes them from the prototarial in the west. This has been partly brought about by the Indian habit of sharing the communal recreations and enjoyments. Modern America is now learning the lesson of throwing open the private art-gallery of its millionaire to the public. But the rich people of India have always thrown open to the public their houses on festive occasions when all the villagers can enjoy the Jatras and Sankirtanas, pageants and morality plays and they have always encouraged village playwrights and musicians. And the villagers can also listen to the recitations of stories from the Ramayana, and the Mahabharata and other inspiring moral tales when the kathak or story-teller comes to the landlord's house or they can enjoy the wit and quick repartee in the extempore compositions of kabigan or mooshiara, an intellectual treat which amuses without degrading the mind. It has been through these and many similar channels that the wisdom of the intellectuals has been diffused among the race. And if people disbelieve in this system of oral instruction, the work of Bishop Gruntwig in Denmark will convince them of its value. If the householder does not stir out of his cottage, the

bairagi with his khanjani will come and sing before the door-way about the mutability of things, about Life's temporary caravan serai and the goal of rest after life's travail, and the itinerant mirassi or dhadi will recite the tales of Hir and Ranjha, Mirza and Sahiban Sassi and Panun to the accompaniment of a Sarangi and awaken his higher life and relieve the toils of a day. In India art and literature are not luxuries of the few, but are carried to the door even of the very poor. Thus the greatest economic and ethical good is accomplished when the enjoyment is as general as possible. Both as regards the variety of common consumption goods and the socialistic enjoyment of those not accessible to all we have realised a high economic and ethical ideal of consumption.

And not merely does the socialising instinct give a characteristic turn to Indian art enjoyment, but there is an equally distinctive note—the instinct for nature in the Indian folk mind which in its workings gives an artistic stamp and impress to the modes of communal and household living characterising the Indian people.

It is this Indian nature-instinct that does not allow pleasant trees to be cut down indiscriminately for the money that a few square-yards of open space will bring, but in parks and temples with their beautiful shade trees brings some of the advantages of the garden city to the community as a part of religious duty and a free expression of the national art-consciousness; or again does not allow the sun to be hid from the homes and haunts of men but in the courtyards and chatwars (quadrangles) which are a part of house architecture through the tropical east enables the women-folk and children to enjoy a sort of open air life in their inner abodes, and domestic sanctum. It is not merely in domestic architecture but as we shall presently see in every field of decorative art the naturalism of the Indian mind has found an exuberant and vigorous expression.

Hitherto we have sought to bring out the constructive principles of the Indian socio-economic organisation in relation to art, its production and its consumption. We shall now briefly note some of the salient features of Indian popular art in its various forms and creations so far as they are actualities in the life of people to-day—in household furniture, and decoration, in personal ornament as well as in the festive and auspicious occasions of daily life. The brass utensils and clay pots that the Indian villager uses are artistic commodities and are not so dispiriting as the sight of a tin mug or an enamelled dish of the Western household. The children have their clay toys, figures of a lion, horses, men and women. And when they go to the fair they induce their mother to purchase an image of a god or a goddess which amply testifies to the development of popular ceramic art in the service of religion. Even the every-day wearing apparel, the phulkari and boddice, richly embroidered, the die-stamped clothes in endless varieties of colour are quite artistic things.

In spite of poverty the peasant's wife wears a coloured chadar, or it may be a phulkari, *i.e.*, worked with silk flowers of silari, another form of silk work. The phulkari piece is ornamented with bits of looking glass which flash in the sun. She wears a boddice, kanchli or angi often richly embroidered. In the cold weather she wears a woollen petticoat and woollen shawl, the shawl being often of a dull red colour and embroidered in wool in pretty pattern (lohiya). Some of them are very tastefully ornamented and quite works of art worthy of being displayed in a European drawing room. The every-day clothes are always made from the village made cloth, which, though rougher, is much stronger than English. The furniture of the cottages is simple, and consists of a few beds, as many low chairs (called peri) as there are women, spinning wheels (charka) cottage-gins (belna) and a chakki or hand-mill for grinding corn. There are also wooden boxes and also round ones of leather called patiar.

Most of the furniture and utensils are made in the village, and are cheap and simple, but the metal vessels are imported from distant industrial centres and are comparatively expensive.

It is the decline of the original individuality of tastes, which marked the Indian artist even though working within the limits of a traditional convention, that has led to the decadence of village handicrafts and artistic industries. The invasion of the cheap products of the factory has helped to overflow what little of indigenous art lived in the homes of the people or the cottages of craftsmen. People who are satisfied with cheap ugly mugs of uniform size and shape and enamelled dishes of the same pattern for all uses in household work must establish factories to produce them in large quantities to meet universal demand. Machine production threatens to kill the personality of the labourer—as the consumer has already repressed his personality by limiting his tastes.

But in more than one sphere in the home-life of the people the native Indian feeling for decorative art has survived in strength.

It is, however, in the ornaments worn by the village women that the variety of indigenous tastes and artistic feeling are best displayed. Women of all classes are fond of ornaments and when they cannot get them of gold and silver, wear bangles or armlets of coarse glass. Brass, shell, lac and glass ornaments show their endless variety of good patterns and designs, while the delicacy and minuteness of the workmanship in gold and silver ornaments, representing and deriving their long-sounding names from plants and animals testify to the remarkable development of popular artistic feeling.

The varieties of ornaments are indeed innumerable and they differ according to districts and sub-divisions. The commoner articles are the nose-ring, earrings, necklace, necklaces of rupees, bracelets, armlets and bangles. Spare capital is ordinarily invested in the purchase of ornaments for one's wife, as the

money can always be realised on occasion. The women of the village represent not only its savings bank but also its art exhibition. Not merely the wealth but popular art can be fairly gauged by seeing the ornaments on the persons of the women and children of the village.

In its excesses, however, the appeal to vanity and the displays of social rank and precedence are as great hindrances to the simplicity and disinterestedness of native art, as the fashions and conventions of society have proved in the West.

Even in the cottage of the peasant and the artisan the creation of the same national art instinct are perennially present. There is the ambient where the house-holder has to pass the greater part of his life. There are good many things which there please the eyes and ennoble the heart. The ears of corn are tied in beautiful designs and hung on the roof. There are the carved pillars, doorways, architraves and windows. In the walls there are a lion, a tiger, an elephant, a fish, a peacock, a tree, a lotus, a sentinel with a bayonet and in recent days the European with the hat are painted which amuse everybody. In another cottage, there are paintings, which relate a well-known episode. There may be Ramchandra, his consort, and his brother or again Hanuman in the Asoka forest espying Sita. There may be the fight between Ramchandra and Ravana or the triumphant entry of Rama to Ayodhya. In a third cottage are the divine cowherd, with his milkmaid and the cows bedecked with a collar of bells gazing at the flute-player spell-bound. There is the Krishna of Kurukshetra driving the war-chariot or Karna giving away all his belongings, or the well-known figure of Bhima in his various ventures. There is Arjuna piercing the eye of the fish from the shadow of the waters or the venerable Bhishma stricken down with arrows but not leaving the body before he performs his last duties as the counsellor of kings. It is not merely in a temple but in the cottage of an ordinary peasant that drawings like these roughly or skilfully executed are met with.

In the places of family worship, (chandimandaps), in the buildings of the rich and in temples there is a richer variety and a finer execution of art. In terra-cotta reliefs, the mythogonic stages of evolution or cosmic history as represented by the ten avatars, the scenes of the Ramayana, the Mahabharata and the Puranas, the varied assortment of popular folk-lore and tradition are treated as themes of painting or sculpture. Sometimes scenes of agriculture and sports, processions of horses and elephants, hunting, men plying trade in boats, playing musical instruments, tapping date-palms, carrying burdens of bamboos on their shoulders, smoking hookas, marrying, feasting, gambling, worshipping, the mother with the child, the woman balancing a pitcher of water on her head—a dancing girl, a joy drive, a boat race—the whole panorama of Indian life is represented by a decorative popular art.

In fact, if mythology and folk-lore or the stories of the epics, the icons of the Puranas or the popular beast fables have supplied themes of decorative art, another characteristic source and origin of the art of the people point to a dim age-long art-tradition which has ruled over a vast cultural zone in the Asiatic continent, east, middle and west and which has created a language of symbols and a wealth of conventional motifs. And these symbols and conventional motifs are to be found not merely in monumental art but also in the paraphernalia of popular art in forms of carven wood or moulded clay, in brass images or in low reliefs, in wall decorations or embroidered fabrics or again, metal work for household use, which are among the every day familiar surroundings of the people. Among such common motifs, in Indian art, high or low alike, are the eye in the forehead for a higher vision, the nimbas for a divine or royal personage, the mythical animals like the makara, the nara-sinha or the gaja-sinha or the mythical birds like the Kinnar, the gurulu pakshaya and the bherunda-pakshaya, or again, animals and birds partly mythical with natural prototypes like the goose the peacocks, the serpent, the tiger, the tortoise, the lion, the bull, the elephant, or finally plants like the mythical climbing vine of the Himalayas, of which the flower has the appearance of a woman, the jessamine, the mango, the palm, the parijata, the bo and the honeysuckle; while there are also characteristic ideal curves and figures like the svastika, the chakra and the trident. And indeed Indian animals like the elephant, the deer and the monkey are better represented here than in any drawings and sculptures known in any part of the world; so too are some characteristic Indian birds and trees. The serpent also is a common symbol, the representative of the guardian deity of fields and hamlets, the protector of altars and shrines; characteristic also are the Indian phallic symbols, the linga and the yoni emblematic of the divinity of eternal love in the poem of generation, the union of the God and the mother-goddess in the causation and conception of life. The god's vahana or vehicle, the nandi or the bull is the symbol of the divine virility and has his seat behind the yoni, while the snake that protects the lingam is also the symbol of sex. There is also the Indian *gorgon* a common motif in South India which decorates the tapering roofs of temples and many a pedestal on the roadside figurating the terrors of error in the pursuit of the true and the beautiful. Gods and goddesses, mythical and symbolical creations, heroes tall and strong as palm-trees, virgins lithe and slender as bamboo-stems, carrying lamps on their palms, with drooping eyes, shrinking from a too inquisitive gaze and with limbs modelled as if they would tremble under the pressure of a caressing hand, animals, birds and trees—the whole panorama of Indian life is written with an admirable precision and elegance in bass-relief, ornament and statuary in the sweetly harmonious setting of the history, the ethics, the philosophy and the religion of the people, but not merely in the solemnities and sacraments of public worship or public festivals.

Many of the forms of Indian flora and fauna have been utilised by popular art for expressing an auspicious or festive meaning in the details of the daily life of the household. The kumbha (watervase) decorated with vermillion and sandal, baol and cocoanut fruits and mango-leaves over which are hung the like branches of the plantain, the basketful of rice, chowri clad and dedicated to Lakshmi, the household goddess of prosperity, the women's auspicious drawings in the courtyard and the door front with rice-paste and turmeric of the palm of the hand or the fish or the lotus—the clay models of fruits, birds, and fishes or the paper toys and the dolls, which are the handiwork of girls and young women—all these testify to an eye for form and colour and a dower of graceful manipulation as among the inherited instincts and traditions of the Indian peoples. And not only associated with the scenes of the people's daily life but also fraught with deeper symbolical meanings of human life and destiny. The banyan and the aswattha which are not individual trees but a generation of trees looking over man in his generations by field and hamlet where the village elders and the village punch assemble under their shade, the deodar and the pines, the evergreens of the everlasting hills, and the crowned palms on the sea-shore that catch the first and last light of the orient or the setting sun meet us at every turn as abiding influences giving a distinctive note of the life of nature to the folk-creations of Indian art. But not man in his generations alone or in his kaleidoscopic changes of habitat and clime. The Indian's mystical sense has seen or created a wealth of mystic meaning which his imagination or fancy has woven round the ordinary sights and sounds of his everyday life. Beasts and birds, and plants have all been pressed into the service of this mystic symbolism. The white lotus that springs at his feet or floats in the tank of his morning ablution is clad with a dazzling purity not of the earth earthy but of the goddess of wisdom or becomes to his inner vision the figured emblem of the cosmic creation. And this lotus appears and re-appears in varied guises and contexts in carving and moulding in woven fabrics and chased work, in temple architecture as well as in decorative sculpture. The crimson asoka red with passion, the delight and toy of lovers which in fable and fictions has drawn round it much of the superstition and the romance of sex has become the symbol of the vicissitude of human love, while the Kadamba that flowers to the dance of the starred peacock and the rumbling of the dark blue rain cloud is the symbol of the divine lover fluting to his human consort. So also the mythical pair of birds, the chakravak and the chakravaki calling to each other across the wide river and sand-banks (churs) uniting only to separate and separating only to unite fitly stand for the cycle of love's destiny, of life and death, of union and separation.

Such are some of the perennial symbols which form the language of Indian art-convention and without an intimate understanding of this language no

one can read the story of popular art as it has moulded the folk-mind amongst the Indian masses.

A bird's eye view of the movement of the art-consciousness in the Indian mind will fitly close this description and delineation of the forms and outlines of Indian popular art. In the earliest manifestations of Indian art consciousness, whether in hymnology or folk-lore, in painting or sculpture, in decorative or plastic art may be discerned the sense of the panoramic variety and exuberance of nature's life, realistically conceived. This naturalism appeared first in the mythopoetic fancy of the Vedic hymns. In Buddhist architecture, sculpture and painting, this mythopoetic naturalism gave place to a realistic naturalism which, on the one hand could express the very breath of Nature's sentient life in its reproduction of plant and animal forms, and, on the other, present a synoptic view of man's destiny and fortunes in the great Wheel of Life. But this realistic naturalism in its turn was soon superimposed upon by human interpretation and valuation of nature. A deeper personal intimacy with nature in her woodland or mountain scenery, in forest-glades and sequestered caves, in broad river sweeps and palm clad sea shores made her an object of communion and loving intercourse. Even in the classic literature, in an age when the surging passions and interests of city life and courts began to preponderate, nature stood as an abiding presence, a revelation of quietitude and tranquil repose in the midst of the whirl and unrest of life or the ceaseless bewildering flux of things. An all-encompassing rest in the bosom of Nature and the mother-earth served as the background to the drama of human life and life's tale of suffering and sorrow presented as an endless repetition in individual lives and destinies of the primal sacrifice of God in creation. And this constitutes the distinctive mark of Indian popular drama and epic as compared with the tragedies of ancient Greece as well as the modern European epos.

In fact, the pictorial and scriptural representations of man in Indian art treat him more as a part of the landscape than the landscape as a part of man, for both are reconciled with each other and encompassed in the cosmic harmony or concord which is the fundamental Indian note, or again, man is treated as super-nature as in the images of a Siva or a Buddha in his conquest of flesh, his liberation from the blind instincts of life and death. That Indian classical art, before it was overcome by the wild imagery and symbolism of the Puranas, should have maintained a serene balance or equipoise of man and nature, of soul and sense must be a surprising phenomenon to the student of western classical art as well as of the western renaissance and romanticism in which the central theme that abides behind every particular theme is man's revolt against a hostile nature, his titanic defiance against the thunders of heaven, or his assertion of the supreme vital values of surging passions and mutable moods of man's life and destiny.

But the mere resources of a reconciliation drawn from a life in nature failed to overcome the conflict—between the old naturalism and the latter-day new humanism as modes of artistic expression. Accordingly the latter-day Indian artist draws his inspiration from the supra-sensual life.

In the polymorphous symbolism of the Puranas and the Tantras and the entire field of decorative painting and sculpture inspired by them, Indian art rises to a transcendental criticism and interpretation of man and nature alike in which the exuberant forms and scenes of the older art are employed with new symbolic meanings and values. Now becomes the objective of Indian art, the perception of the one in the many and the many in the one of the primal Energy, prolific and frolicksome in her infinite creations, but so portrayed as to direct the mind's eye to the unchanging and all-engulfing Unity; or again the objective is the vision of the Infinite sporting with the finite, the pursuit of the Beloved as the one theme of nature's life or man's destiny throughout the cycles and æons of time.

Such is the stratification, historical as well as psychological of the Indian art as it exists to-day: a naturalistic realism, in exuberant mythopæic fancy or in the reproduction of the panoramic view of life, and a sombre humanism, a tragic sense of man's destiny aglow with a passion for renunciation and sacrifice, all wound up in a symbolism of mystery, this universe body of the Lord or these changing apparitions of the Primal Mother set over against a background of the Universal Formlessness. Such is the hidden soul of Indian popular art which has always sought and even to-day seeks in these diverse modes an expression of the mass-life of man and nature for the masses of the people and is thus in its communal origin and inspiration a harbinger of the art of the future. For in art as in religion the great world building idea to-day, the spirit that moves on the face of the waters is a new born sense of a cosmic humanism which will place man in the heart of the universe and the heart of the universe in man, so that to his purified and renovated vision things in their proper sequence and setting will reveal themselves in the mass, in the aggregate and in the type and not merely in their uniqueness and separation, the quest of the reigning individualistic art, that has in it no element more satisfying, more disinterested, or more creative than an exquisite sense of the luxurious.

Radhakamal Mookerjee

CHINESE BUDDHIST POETRY

By A. WALEY

I SHALL not concern myself with stanzas which occur in Chinese translations of Indian Sūtras. These aimed at nothing but conveying the sense of the original, and are indeed often so literal a rendering of the Sanskrit as to be unintelligible in Chinese.

From the seventh century onwards much original poetry was written by Chinese Buddhist priests, particularly of the Dhyāna (Japanese 'Zen') and Amitābha sects. The former believed that Buddha must be sought by each individual in his own heart. They made no use of written scriptures but devoted themselves to Dhyāna, a kind of self-hypnotism.

The Amidists hoped by constant repetition of the formula 'Praise to Amitābha Buddha' to be admitted on their death to the Western Paradise and so escape an endless chain of re-incarnations.

Though in later days these two sects became definitely opposed, particularly in Japan, we find Chinese priests claiming that the repetition of Amitābha's name was in reality a form of Dhyāna and that the Western Paradise exists only in the heart of the believer. Thus I-yüan of the twelfth century says :

He who would reach the Western Land where no sorrow is,
Must first know his own heart. Then the true Land of Bliss
Will lie before his eyes and the bare ground he treads on
Will turn into the golden pavement of Paradise.

Chung-fēng of the fourteenth century is called a Dhyāna-master, yet many of his poems deal with the Paradise of Amitābha :

When the poor pray their prayer is not marred
By thoughts of lands and houses, and when they die
Climbing lightly to the steps of the Lotus Throne
In their empty hand they seize a Lotus Bough.

Many have told me that the young cannot pray ;
But I have answered ' Youth is the time for prayer.
For the Dragon's daughter held at eight years old
A gem whose beams saved the souls of men '.

This dragon-girl was the daughter of the dragon-king Sāgara. Her story is told in the Devadatta chapter of the Saddharma-pundarika Sūtra. I will quote a few more of his poems :

Day by day a ball of crimson flame
From the eastern sea shoots to the western woods ;
Yet in the world how many clever men
Pause at their window to watch its light pass ?

In the seventh month from the world of men the heat dwindles away,
When the evening wind is blowing on the lake the air is sweeter yet.
In the distance I watch the setting sun hanging like a great drum ;
Faster I prick my horse's steps ; I am late and the way is long.

The first of these two poems is not technically religious ; the second is metaphorical, the ' long way ' being the road to Enlightenment. Another poem by Chu ng-fēng is called ' Living on the Water ' (*i.e.*, in a house built on piles) ; he says :

Whenever I look flood joins to flood ;
Water is my neighbour and water my domain.
I have built on water and water girds my walls ;
Beyond the water more waters lie.

' Water,' he continues, ' is like the Dhyana heart burnished to the form of a mirror. It is like the Eye of the Way, imprinted with Heaven's light. To live on the water would be to enter Samadhi, if only it were not for the company of the river-people.'

LIVING ON A BOAT

I am on the boat and the boat is on the water ;
There is water everywhere, the boat rides where it will.
In shallow waters I drop my pole straight ;
In deep pools I pull with slanting oar.

' A thousand leagues of river and hill,' he continues, ' stretch on every side, but one river's wind and moon are entertainment enough. Even he that in the P'u-t'ung era crossed the Yang-tsze on a reed, never knew such delight as I on my boat.'

Bodhidharma brought the Dyāna doctrine from India to China in the P'u-t'ung era of the Liang dynasty, A. D. C. 520 ; he is supposed to have crossed the Yang-tsze on a reed. Pei-shan (twelfth century) :

Who knows when I sit in my chair that yet I wander abroad ?
For my heart flies in a single trice to the Jewelled Towers above.
When the moon shifts the bamboo shadows that fleck my window-blinds
I think it is the ' rows of waving trees ' appearing at my roof's end.

The ' Jewelled Towers ' and ' rows of waving trees ' are described in the Amitābha Sūtra, the gospel of the sect. The poet (and also Beal in his Catena of

Buddhist Scriptures) seem to have taken the reading *hsing*, 'moving' or 'waving'. The commentators read *hang*, 'in lines'.

In a description of the Western Paradise Ku Ch'i (fifteenth century) says: 'There the paths of Evil have ceased at the sound of His name; for every murmur of tree or pool is a note of prayer. The little streams and rivulets sing like harps and every breath of the wind makes a music of reed-pipes. Beneath the window the crane pursues the kingfisher, while men walk on the waves of the crystal lake. And those that walk there see Truth and are happy, for the music of Heaven comes down to greet them.'

Again Mias-i, also of the fifteenth century says: 'The Jewelled Waters trickle and trickle round the Conquering Lotus, threading rings like the turning of the Wheel of Law. Forever they are saying, 'Thou art not' and 'All is empty', and their waves trace the Chapter of the Tathāgata's Marks.'

Ting-hui of the seventeenth century had a particular devotion to Amitābha's name: 'In bed,' he says, 'I hear the first cry of the neighbour's cock. It is the fifth watch and the light of dawn is gradually creeping into the sky. When I have put on my clothes and girded my belt what is my first thought? Remembering Amitābha's vow ten times I repeat his holy name.'

Again 'Whether busy or idle, active or at rest, you may always practise the Way. Farmer, student, fisherman or woodman, you may always seek. For He does not choose the high or low, wise or foolish; to Him all are alike that recite the six syllables of His name.'

'The bowl of my lamp has no oil, my fire burns dim; out of darkness into darkness my way leads. When shall this long night end? When shall I start from sleep at the sudden sound of Buddha's name?'

Po-yün describes Sahā, the world in which men endure the evils of existence without attempting to escape. He lived in the fourteenth century.

'Mid Sahā's woes

Like rootless weeds they drift on the waves of life.

They fight desperately for gains as small as the eyelids of a gnat;

Slily they steal scraps of fame that would balance on a snail's horn,
Their souls knowing never a jot of rest.

Everywhere 'Thou' and 'I'!

To their blind hearts day is black as night;

One and all are ripe to drop to the nether pits of Hell.

There is not one who walks the path that leads to the Western Land.
For nought they die and for nought are born again.

Oh Sahā's woes!

Where the day passes quick as a lightning-flash;

Honour and shame, grief and joy turn in an endless chain.

'Is' and 'Is not', 'Thou' and 'I', when shall their power cease?

For long, long is the road of Life and Death.

¹ The interpretation 'waving' is also the popular one in Japan.

² Part of the Amitāyur-dhyāna Sūtra.

In the Three Spheres

We are nothing but foam gathered on the face of the sea.
Even of the brave and strong of limb whose glory covered the Earth
What is left but white bones topped by a little hill?
Better far had they early 'turned the head'.

The poetry of the Dhyāna priests is written in a style so allusive and symbolic that it is generally difficult to understand. Han-shan lived at the beginning of the seventh century. He retired to a peak named the Cold Hill ('Hanshan'), from which he derived his name. I will translate three of his poems :

People ask me the way to Han-shan.
To Han-shan no road goes.
At the height of summer the ice is still hard ;
When the sun has risen the fog is still thick.
You are like me ; yet you cannot come ;
For my heart is not like your heart.
And if your heart were like my heart
You would be here already.

Happy am I whose whole life is spent
Mid misty creepers and caves of cool stone.
In this wild place my heart is calm and free ;
White clouds are ever idle at my side.
Paths are here, but they do not lead to the World ;
Heart I have not that Care could grasp or twine.
On my rock-ledge I lie at night alone,
While a round moon hangs over the cold hill.

I send a warning to all eaters of flesh,
Do not linger so lovingly over your meals !
As this life springs from seeds of the past
So is the next by present deeds fixed.
But you, snatching the pleasures of to-day,
Have no thought of your next life's pain ;
Like the old rat who guzzled in the bran-tub
And when he was full could not get out again.

Another nature-poet, Shih-k'an, was born in Japan in the fourteenth century, but afterwards lived in China. He wrote :

Calm and still is my mountain-cell, in Spring fairer yet ;
Never once have men's feet reached my wicker-door.
Below my wall unguided flow the waters of a mountain stream,
Whose sound has washed from my two ears the evil of many days.

Ta-chih was also a Japanese of the fourteenth century who lived in China :

Burning incense I sat alone beneath a tall pine ;
The wind blew the cold dew and wetted my Zen clothes.
At last I rose from Meditation and went down to the Two Streams ;
In my pitcher I drew the last dregs of the fifth watch moon.

Tsu-yüan lived during the Mongol invasion of China. The Dhyāna monks were driven from monastery to monastery by the invaders. Once when his

monastery was attacked, he alone remained behind. The Mongol soldiers who found him there laid a sword at his neck. Tsu-yüan then recited :

In Heaven and Earth is no place where I can rest my lonely staff ;
It is well that I know that Man is vain and the Law also vain.
Precious to me is the great Mongol three-foot sword
Which quick as the gleam of a lightning-flash shall cut the Spring wind.

The Mongols let him go.

Much of the Buddhist poetry of China would require an elaborate commentary to make it intelligible to the general reader. Much too of the poetry generally regarded as religious and written by monks in their cells differs very little from the poetry of the secular poets. The above specimens will serve to give some idea of its character. None of the poems translated here nor any of their kind have so far as I know been translated before.

A. Waley

A LAMENT

STARS of midnight ! sing my dirge
In stillness of the lonely sky,
Sad be the strain of life's farewell
Yet mourn not long, but gently sigh.

Silent stars, through darkest night
With Death's pale seal, so swift I fly :
The moaning wind my wail doth bear :
Yet weep not, stars, that see me die.

Let not my parting memories float
As sorrows in the vault I roam—
Give one faint smile, lest I, remote
Must think of you in starless gloom.

Folded in wings of solemn Fate
I flit, a phantom on the breeze,
• A flash, a silent thrill of awe—
Yet stars, weep not,
Since from earth's cares I pass to ease.

P. PADMAVATHI

REVERIE

1. SWEET ! while we together stand
Hand-in-hand
2. On the painted shore of life
Man and wife,
3. Full of dreaming and desire
Full of fire
4. Conscious that our love being pure
Must endure
5. Like a Poet's deathless rhyme
Through all time,
6. Sweet ! when we together stand
Hand-in-hand.
7. Then a sorrow spreads its twain
Wings of pain
8. In my heart and slowly sings
Of dark things,
9. " Everything must pass away
Wrought in clay ;
10. " After one short fragrant hour
Dies the flower ;
11. " Honey-bees with purple lust
Turn to dust ;
12. " And the song-bird in the sky
Too must die . . .
13. " And all human joy alas !
Too shall pass ;
14. " And all human beauty must
End in dust."

15. Then my heart within me cries
To the skies
16. " Art Thou jealous mighty God
Of the sod ?
17. " Of the earth and all its clay ?
Great God say !
18. " Art Thou jealous of our love
God above ?
19. " Dost Thou burn to see us stand
Hand-in-hand
20. " On the painted shore of life
Man and wife,
21. " Full of dreaming, full of fire
And desire ? "
22. Like swift lightning broke His voice
" I rejoice
23. " In the sorrow of the sod . . .
I am God ! . . .
24. " I am He that cannot bear
Anywhere
25. " On the earth two lovers glad . . .
I grow sad
26. " When their lips in passion meet
Warm and sweet,
27. " When their eyes in dreaming-hours
Smell like flowers . . .
28. " When they seem to conquer death
With their breath
29. " Full of love and full of strength ;
When at length
30. " Loving they immortalise
Flesh that dies . . .
31. " When I see the loved and lover
O ! I cover

32. " With my two hands both mine eyes
In the skies,
33. " And my heart within me aches
Oh ! . . . and breaks
34. " Into jealous sobs ! . . . Behold
All the gold
35. " Of the warm sunrise is mine . . .
Ruby wine
36. " Of the sunsets too, I claim . . .
Diamond flame
37. " Of the stars my hands possess . . .
Loveliness
38. " Of the white moon's burning spot
I have wrought . . .
39. " I have myriad Saints to love
Me above . . .
40. " I have Angels full of wings ;
Faery things
41. " In my sky to make me gay,
And to play
42. " Rainbow-gambols round my feet . . .
Many sweet
43. " Children that have died on earth
Take new birth
44. " At my throne to give me love . . .
But, above
45. " In the blue sky how I miss
Human bliss.
46. " I grow jealous of the sod,
Though I'm God
47. " For *one* impulse drawn from clay
I would pay
48. " All the angels, all the gold
That I hold . . .

49. " But alas ! your God am I,
And the sky
50. • " Will not let me break the bars
Of my stars . . .
51. " But I have the power to crush
Earth, and hush
52. " All the beauty of its fate
And create
53. " For myself another sky . . .
God am I
54. " Who can break as none hath broke
At one stroke
55. " Magic of all woman's flesh,
And a-fresh
56. " Mould a Goddess for the whole
World of my soul,
57. " Till the passion of the clay
Pass away ".
58. Sweet ! while we together stand
Hand-in-hand
59. On the painted shore of life
Man and wife . . .
60. Lonely God, who knows, may send
A swift end
61. To all our dreaming, all our fire
And desire . . .
62. Drawing one of us away
From our clay.
63. O ! His heart so jealous grows
When He knows
64. That two lovers, earthly clods,
Love like Gods.
65. Let Him do whate'er He will . . .
Let Him fill

66. Me with loneliness or you . . .
Let Him do
67. Aught that soothes His jealous Heart
And its smart . . .
68. We who know that you and I
Cannot die,
69. Conscious that our love so pure
Must endure . . .
70. Shall we fear the cruel grim
Ways of Him ?
71. We who have loved heart to heart
Who can part ?
72. We who have loved lip to lip
Can we slip
73. Into poor dust unaware ?
Who shall dare
74. To mix our bodies with the sod ?
No, not God !
75. For He shall find our very eyes
Turned into skies
76. And know, our human bodies hide
Fine Gods inside . . .
77. And the kisses we have known
Have Angels grown . . .
78. And that we have on every side
Been deified . . .
79. And, in us naught of common clay
To pass away !

15th August, 1919

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAY

RECONSTRUCTION: THE FUTURE OF LITERATURE IN INDIA

By SATYA V. MUKERJEA

RECONSTRUCTION: that word has a grateful sound to the peoples of war-wearied Europe, for it means to them the return of peace and plenty and their chance for building anew on the foundations of ruin and havoc. To us in India, it is but a new name for that slow process of regenerative effort in Art and Literature and Life that has been going on in this country for well-nigh a hundred years. And just as in Europe the return of Peace has been availed of for a widespread intellectual discussion on the future of human institutions in general; so here also we may as well take stock of the results that have been so far attained during this century of effort and achievement, and lay our own plans for the Future. The whole world seems to be in the melting pot: in India also we have felt the effect of these world forces. We are setting our political house in order: we are shortly going to make revolutionary changes in our educational machinery. We may as well examine our literature also, and see how best we can make it worthy not only of our old renown but also of our high destinies.

It will be no part of our task in these pages to lay any sweepstakes of the imagination and indulge in alluring prophesies of our country's literary future. Of all forms of human activity, literature affords the least scope for any such futile imaginative exercise. Even if we had the intention of casting a literary horoscope, we would have only essayed the impossible: for the present day conditions in the Indian literary sphere preclude any attempt at analysis or precision. Modern Indian literature is a complex of many influences. On the one side, there is the richly coloured, variegated body of Indian tradition, which no Indian language, however modern and belletristic may be its interests, can afford to ignore: that floating mass of devotional ideas, which has formed the stuff and staple of Indian song through the centuries. On the other side, there is the impact of Europe on Asia which has had many and various effects. Nowhere has the influence of England on India been more powerfully operative than in the sphere of literature. In certain parts of the country, notably in Bengal and Madras, through her teachers and her large-hearted literature, England has moulded the minds and shaped the thoughts of at least four generations of *intelligentsia*; and as a result the

art and literature of Bengal in particular bear numerous evidences of the impress which this influence has left on them. What these evidences are : how variously has this influence been operative on the modern literature of India may well form the subject of a fascinating enquiry :—how far, for instance, have Goethe and Shelley and the Neo-Romantics influenced the art of Rabindranath ; how far Fielding and Dickens and Thackeray have affected writers like Hari Narayan Apte and Ratan Nath Sarshar ; how far Milton and Dante, combined with a deep and reverent study of the classical literatures of Greece and Rome, have helped to produce the epic magnificence of Michael Madhusudan Dutt ; how far Sir Walter Scott and his school were responsible for the dreamy beauty and the weird antique mystery of Bankim's early romances : how far the nature poetry of England, especially in its later phases, has coloured the poetical work of Narsinhrao Divatia ; how far the vague wistfulness of the English decadents, moving about in worlds still unrealised, is reproduced in the lyrics of the younger Kavi, Nahnalal, who has striven manfully to break through the fetters of Gujerati rhyme ; and how far lastly, the art of Europe, especially the technique of Turner, and the French impressionists, combined with the Japanese feeling in the treatment of the landscape, has a hand in producing the vague outline and that mingled note of reticence and suggestion which constitutes the charm of the new Bengali painting.

But not only is the Indian Literature of to-day the product of many forces, it bears also the stamp of a period of transition, with all its doubts and hesitations, its confused issues and its inchoate experiences. The history of the last hundred years has been a history of an immense intellectual upheaval, which, although successful as a destructive agency, was comparatively barren of results in the matter of constructive work. The age has indeed been productive of great literary figures, Bankim, Michael, Tagore : but the conditions of the time operate powerfully against a sustained literary tradition. There is no outstanding figure in the literary world of to-day. Even the personality of Tagore is no exception, for in his own home, although he has numerous imitators, his influence is by no means undisputed : and the very nature of his powerful poetical movement has been such that his imitators have followed his shadow and left the substance. All great literature must require for its development a time of contentment and repose, which alone can give to it the otiose beauty of its manner and the classic harmony of its detail. The Urdu Literature of an earlier era derived its sustaining strength from the patronage of the Courts of Delhi and Lucknow. The more popular cadences of the rest of India were founded, as on a rock, upon the basis of an unshakeable literary tradition. Then followed the era of disillusion. The first result of English influence on the Indian mind was of course complete intellectual anarchy : along with this there went also a joyous unsettlement in the social life of the intellectual classes of the country.

In the domain of literature there is discernible a period of gap between the older manner and the new literature, which represented the time taken by the Indian spirit to recover from the shock of the English influence. In Bengal, for instance, this period is represented by the intervening years between the time of Ishwar Gupta and the early sixties, when the great figures of Bankim, Michael Dutt, Dinabandhu Mitra and Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar strode on to the literary stage. The interim period was by no means however devoid of intellectual activity; the great destructive work of Raja Ram Mohan Roy was then in progress. A mass of literary work was indeed thrown out on the reading public, but nothing which could be called literature. In their constant discussions with Hindu Orthodoxy on the one hand and the Christian Missionaries on the other, Raja Ram Mohan Roy and his collaborators were forging a workmanlike prose which progressed into the copious and expressive Bengali prose of to-day. But it was not till the sixties that poetry and the other high forms of literature were attended to in Bengal. In Hindustani literature also is this gap discernible. Here, however, the older literary tradition subsisted much longer than it did in Bengal. Even after the mutiny, right on till the seventies, poetical composition in the older manner continued to be written. It was not till the deaths of the old masters of Urdu Song—of Zauq (in 1854), Ghalib (in 1869), Anis (in 1875) and Dabir (in 1876), that the effect of the new literary inspiration became apparent in Urdu Literature. But here also history repeated itself. A movement of reform was inaugurated by Sir Sayad Ahmed Khan. It was mainly an educative and propagandist movement; and it was not till the appearance of Hali and Azad in the eighties and the nineties that Urdu Literary activity returned to poetry.

In the literature of Gujerat also there was an intervening period between the work of Dayaram and the appearance of the elder Kavi, Dalpatram and Narmad.

But even when literature came back to its own in India after the first shock of English influence, its life was short lived in so far as it manifested itself in sustained works of the imagination. Dr. Seal in his learned essay on the Neo-Romantic Movement in Literature has traced the troubled progress of the Bengali Poetic movement from the work of Michael Dutt to the early poetry of Tagore: how the new renaissance, which was quickened by the study of ancient classics of Greece and Rome, led Michael Madhusudan Dutt to elaborate a grandiose conception of an epic constructed in the classical manner but with a strictly Hindu theme—"a splendid Parian monument of transparent classic art built on oriental foundations, a stately Pantheon on the site of a Pagoda". Here was a work, which on account of its daring originality of treatment carried the literary world of Bengal by storm. But like all storms, its effect was transitory. It failed to leave a durable impress; its greatness was admired but not followed. For one thing, the genius of the people was essentially lyrical and therefore

unsuited to the purely epical manner. The mediæval poets of India had recognised this and in their recensions of the older Indian epos, Tulsidas, Kasiramdas, Premanand and others took care to interpolate much lyrical details into their epic material. It is no wonder, therefore, that the age recoiled from the austere beauty of Michael's work. Hemchandra Banerjea in his *Vritra Sanhara* employed the same means and used the same material but with a more pictorial effect and a greater freedom of manner. The next stage is reached with Navin Chandra Sen's *Battle of Plassey*. Here with a more educated generation, the movement of disillusion had completed its work. Science with its disenchantments had laid cold hands upon the Imagination and destroyed the people's faith in the old mythopœic tradition. Shining gods and bard-created heroes fell from their places in the starry line and the treatment of supernatural agencies became unacceptable to modern taste and judgment. In his *Battle of Plassey*, Navinchandra boldly departed from the beaten path and selected a modern theme with a vivid historical interest, and dealing with human, recognisable types of character in action. But in spite of the undoubted genius of these three poets, their great poetic movement failed to make any lasting appeal to the people. There were two reasons for this failure. In the first place, these poets, for all their greatness, allied themselves through a strange misdirection of their genius to a stilted poetical diction which the people could not understand. There was then a very limited reading public. Education was still the monopoly of the few. The life of the Nation moved on almost entirely unaffected by literary influences: and the rich resonances of all this new literature seemed alien—so violently alien—to its squalid surroundings. Secondly there was a remarkable change in mood. The shrill ecstasies of hope and exultation of the early years of the renaissance in India gave place to a note of melancholy, pessimism and even despair. An aged race, moribund for centuries, had been galvanised as it were into a fitful spasm of life, and then had gone to sleep again. The period of the eighties and nineties was one of extreme depression alike in Indian Literature and life: it was the twilight of the Indian spirit. Not in Bengal merely but in the rest of India also, the social forces of the time were hostile to the production of great literature. A more blazé and jaded generation took up the torch of reforming light and the older enthusiasms were watered down into a kind of factitious sentimentality for progress. To this period belong those haunting lyrics of phantasmal doubt and leaden eyed despairs, which are known as the *Evening Songs*, or the *Sandhya Sangit* of Tagore. The very titles themselves of these songs—"Despair in Hope," "Suicide of a Star," "Invocation to Sorrow," "The Woman without a Heart," "Heart's Monody" are an indication of the poet's foreboding gloom. Even in the *Prabhat Sangit*, the *Songs of the Morning*, although the lyrics are pitched to a braver key and the themes have a more auspicious ring, still the twilight of sense persists and the poems are full of a kind of hesitating lisp

as if the soul stands wistfully on the margins of a pale and mysterious sea. Hegel in his *Philosophy of Art* speaks of the progressive apprehension of the spirit in a unilinear series. Thus the movement from the classical to the Romantic is conceived of as the Progress of the Soul, from the stage where all is blitheness and repose and literature is the expression of a perfect accord between thought and word, soul and symbol, to the stage where the form transcends matter and the symbol is overthrown by the soul. This last is the condition for the Neo-Romantic lyric, where we are confronted with the "hopeless inadequacy of all representative matter and symbol to reflect the ideal or conception".

In these volumes of poems, Tagore realises this condition. "Along with the waxing and waning light" to quote the words of Dr. Seal, "come floating to the poet's soul aerial phantasms and drowsy enchantments, memories of days of fancy and fire, ghostly visitings and flashes of Mænad-like inspiration, which the poet seizes in many a page of delicate silver-lined introspection or imaginative verse. In these songs, Bengali poetry rises to the height of neo-romanticism."

The history of the later development of Bengali poetry shows how Tagore overcame his gloom and attained to serene heights of expression where the rest of his generation were unable to follow. With the passage of years, Tagore's mind travelled through serener realms leaving far behind the cloud land of doubt and sorrow. In his later volumes of verse, notably "Naivedya," "Kheyá," "Gitánjali," "Gitáli," "Baláka," and "Palátaká", he attains through the medium of the lyric, a completely epic unity of design. Each of these books has a lyric universe of its own, complete in all regard and luminous with the poet's sovereign mood. But the rest of the poetry of the period is a reflection of the tumults of doubt and unrest with which the country is filled. Amidst the din of current controversies between the different Schools one cleavage is discernible. That can be best expressed, I think, in the antithesis between the literature of expression and the literature of suggestion. Into the merits of that controversy, it is not our desire to enter. Should the literature of power be merely a transcript of facts, or should it be mainly the idealist presentation of the world of objects? If it be the latter then surely symbolism has its place in Art as well as in Letters.

We have attempted in some detail to follow the progress of Bengali Poetry, because it is here that European influence has worked itself out more fully than anywhere else in India. But in the literatures of the other great languages of India also these tendencies of the transition are seen. In the modern poetical literature of Gujerat for instance after the elder Kavi, Dalpatram and Narmad became silent a kind of mist came and settled over the spirits of the people. The vision became blurred with the loss of faith. The spirit of poesy dissipated itself along various little eddies of movement; and over all rested a dark heavy cloud of hesitation and gloom. The anguish of unfulfilment was

represented in the fevered agony of Kalapi's baffled passion ; in the lyrics of the younger Kavi Nahnalal, the verse movement becomes gentler and the fever and the fret gives place to a chastened wistfulness that sighs for the eternal though the unsatisfying evanescence of passing things. In his "श्रावणी अमास" Nahnalal surrounds his Muse with clouds and darkness. Standing on the edges of a darkening world, he looks out and beyond at the quivering hills and on to the boundless seas of vacant space which he peoples with phantoms of unchained desire. And then Fate comes and works its inexorable will and his brother in spirit vanishes in the engulfing darkness.

This then is the literature of to-day with its chaotic tumults and its deep drawn melancholy. What of the Future? Did not Nietzsche say that you needed chaos within you to give birth to a dancing star? Out of the welter of the present we may perhaps gather a few regenerative tendencies, some golden strands where-with we can weave our hope for the future.

The first of these is the predominantly Indian note of our contemporary literature. Whatever else may be doubted, there is no doubt about this. And it has been ever so. There have always been certain unifying strands of thought and imagery, the common stock in trade of 'conceits' and poetic fancy, the common tradition of music and rhythm, the common ways of viewing life, the nimbus of common myth and legend, which has lain at the background of Indian culture. These bring the Indian languages closer together and render it possible to say that although India is a congeries of languages, its literature is one. Apart from the evidence of Sanskrit literature which although cultivated throughout the country is in its manner all compact, the history of the mediæval literature of India is also an illustration of this point. One indication of this character is that it is not possible to treat mediæval Indian literature on a strictly provincial or linguistic basis. There is no such thing as a national Bengali literature, or a national Tamil literature or a national Marathi literature, in the same way as there are the different national literatures in Europe. What is national in these is not the core, but the accretions that have been superadded by each through its peculiar historical experience; but always everywhere the kernel itself has remained the same. It is extraordinary; but it is true to state that nowhere else in the world, not even in mediæval Europe, before the Church universal of Rome was rent in twain by the Protestant Reformation, was such a profound unity realised in the actual life and literature of the people. Everywhere the life of the race was informed and surcharged by the common stock of consecrated moods which formed the Hindu Religion. Age succeeding age, literature reflected some sovereign feeling, some mood or other from that great store-house, which governed the life of the time. Now it was Bhakti, now it was love described in intensely intimate phrases, now it was devotion to the austere beauty of knowledge; now some aspect of the Deity,

like Shiva or Vishnu, at other times some radiant figure like Rama or Krishna dominated the imagination; for the Hindu throughout the centuries has paid court to the claims of personality. And not only is this unity remarkable, it is more remarkable still that this unity has been preached throughout at different times and in different tongues, not by Kings and Princes and men of learning as a kind of doctrine imposed from above, but by men of the people, the humblest of the humble, and realised by them as a truth not through arguments or reason, but deep drawn from the consciousness of the race. The greatest of all mediæval poets of India, Tulsidas, although born a Brahmin was abandoned by his parents at birth and left to be brought up by a wandering ascetic. Krittibas and Kasiram, the two translators of the ancient epics into Bengali, were humble men of the people. Vemana, the most popular Telugu writer was a peasant. Namdev, the founder of Marathi poetry was a tailor and Tukaram, the greatest of his successors, was only a Shudra. Tiruvalluvar, the greatest name in Tamil Literature, was a Pariah, the lowest of the low. Kabir was a poor Musalman weaver and Dadu was a humble cotton carder.

This unity of Indian Literature is further illustrated by the wide catholicity with which writers of every age and in every part of the country utilised the epic material and metrical system which was their heritage. The grand Indian Epos, which in its volume exceeded the output of Greece and Rome, was ready at hand to be utilised in a thousand different ways, to be resolved as it were into a "thousand original chants, dithyrambs and rhapsodies". To this were added the immense literature of the Puranas and the later bardic chronicles of Middle India. This was a sufficient body of material to work upon. And the metrical system of the ancient Sanskrit was utilised as a kind of link, with which different languages could engraft their special rhythms into the central harmony. Premanand, Samal and Akha—each in his different way attempted with varying degrees of success to mould into the classical stanzaic forms the lovely chants and melodies of the people. Similar treatment of the Payar and Tripadi—borrowed from the Vedic prosody through the Prakrit—has led to an enormous expansion in the lyrical resources of the Bengali verse. The story of Premananda's division of work between himself and his disciple is a remarkable illustration of the cosmopolitan character of our literature. Premanand was himself to write on the model of Sanskrit or Prakrit: his son and favourite disciple, Vallabh, was set the task of writing after the Hindi style. Ratneshwar was to seek his poetical inspiration in Marathi and Virji in Urdu and Persian; while Sunder was charged with the duty of composing Puranic tales.

The fraternisation with Islam brought a new note into Indian song. The ease with which the literary results of Islamic culture were incorporated in the great body of our mediæval literature, shows, if I mistake not, the

wider aspects of Indian civilisation wherein it forms a part of some vaster Pan-Asiatic Ethos. But apart from that, Islam brought into the Indian atmosphere something of the breath of the desert, with its wide amplitudes of space and air and introduced a more vigorous, a more manly personal note into Indian song : and in the matter of metrical forms, it helped to embellish the more sombre melodies of Hindustan with rich and subtle delicacies culled from the Persian Garden. Thus were introduced into India the quasida or the laudatory ode, the marsiya or the dirge with its lengthening line, the masnavi or the metrical narrative with coupled rhymes, the hija or the satire, the rubai or the epigram, and most entrancing of all forms, the Ghazal or the love sonnet, redolent of the perfume of roses and the rapture of moon light dalliances. The combination of these artistic and emotional influences produced the Urdu Literature, which for its delicate embroidery of phrase and polished jewelry of reflection has carved for itself a special niche in the temple of the world's literature. But the remarkable feature in present day Urdu is that it has become the literary language in Western Hindustan and the Punjab of Hindus and Mahomedans alike. It is noteworthy that the most admired novelist of modern Urdu is a Kashmiri Pandit, Ratan Nath Sarshar, whose novel, *Fisana-e-Azad*, gives a vivid picture of Lucknow society. This work of Hindu writers in Urdu reminds us of the worthy part taken by the Mahomedans in the other Indian languages. In mediæval Bengali Literature, one of its greatest names is that of a Mahomedan, Shaik Alaol, who, besides his translations from Persian, wrote a poem called the 'Padmavati', which is an original treatment of the old story of Allaudin and Padmavati, the queen of Chitor, which formed also the subject of a poem in Hindi by Mir Mahomed. Besides Alaol, there were numerous other Musalman Kavis whose contributions are included in the immense Anthology of Vaishnav songs. The case of Shaikh Mahomed, the Musalman Vedantist of the Deccan, also deserves mention.

Under European influence, the modern period has enforced and deepened this Indian note. It is remarkable how in many of the so-called modern national songs, the configuration of India as a compact country is emphasised as if it was pre-destined for one race and one civilisation by the Maker of all seas and lands. A deeper and more reverent study of Indian History has enabled the writers of to-day to regard the entire Indian scene as the theatre of their dreaming. The chivalry of the Rajputs, the vehement energy of the Marathas, the passionate fervour of the Sikhs, the greatness of the great Moghal—all alike are the heritage of the modern Indian. A play on Rana Pratap, or Shah Jehan or Shivaji enthalls audiences in Bombay or Delhi, equally it does in Calcutta or Madras.

The first task of the reconstruction then is to enforce this Indian note as the ever-guiding impulse of the new literary inspiration. And this is to be done not so much by emphasising the study of any one language over the rest—no,

but by the encouragement of the study of the history of different languages and the progress of Indian Literature in each of these languages. I have no idea here to enter into the vexed question of what is to be the medium of instruction, in our Schools and Colleges. But even if we continue to regard English to have primacy of place in Indian education, there can be no question that our Universities should develop the study of the principal Indian Languages. A constant and continued intercourse should be kept up between the literary agencies of the different languages, by means of frequent translations of one another's masterpieces, co-operative scholarship and so on. Care should be taken however to avoid anything like a conscious uniformity of expression which will only make our future literature dull and drab. The variety and richness of Indian life should be continued and preserved. The future Indian literature should not only be true to its Indianness and deeply attuned to its immemorial harmonies, but should be further embellished and enriched by contributions from all sides—the special charm of Urdu with its meticulous exaction of sense from the written word, the moving eloquence of the Bengali epic, the swift rugged energy of the Marathi Ballad, the sweet mellifluousness of the Gujarati Garabi—all these and many others must be there embodied.

This variety leads us to one other distinct note of progress in the modern literature which should be encouraged and developed, namely the immense expansion that has resulted both in form and theme and the freedom of our present day writers in the use of their material. It has been already stated how the mediæval poets of Bengal and Gujarat used the metrical system with great freedom. The work of Rabindranath Tagore is, in this respect as in others, a revolution. He has made an immense variety of experiments and thus enriched the lyrical resources of his language. The work of the Gujarati writers in the Gazal is also noteworthy for the freedom and success with which they have varied the metre and added to its lyrical values. Pre-eminently a form for lyrical composition, the Ghazal has a wide range of metrical scheme; from the sprightly trimeter form, it can be lengthened into the tetrameter with a profusion of long syllables and thus made to resemble the Marsiya on the one hand or the religious vein of the Vishama Harigita on the other. Kalapi by introducing rhyme at the end of each half-verse produces a fine melody. He also combines a Sakhi with a Ghazal with capital effects. Some Gujarati writers also use the Ghazal without any rhymes at all. Some avoid the refrain, and so on. In other respects, Gujarati poetry has shown great freedom of form. Nahnalal is a herald of revolt and in his vers libre, with its natural system of pauses and rhythm and *enjambement*, he has combined high poetic and imaginative beauty with great freedom and variety in form.

• As to other forms in prose and poetry, it is noteworthy that the European influence has, I think, permanently added the sonnet to the Indian

store-house of metrical forms. In Bengal, it is widely cultivated: Pramatha Chaudhari in his *Book of Fifty Sonnets* has shown wide acquaintance with Italian rhyme forms. In Tagore's *Naivedya*, the sonnet is made a medium of wonderful power and beauty. In Gujerat, this form is represented in the so-called "Dhwanits" of Khabardar. In the domain of prose it is no exaggeration to state that whatever has been produced within the last hundred years has been the creation of European influence. The prose of propagandist work gave place to the prose of belle-lettres; and the novel, the short story and the prose play have now emerged as definite branches of Indian literature. These branches have received their widest development in the Bengali language; and in the short story specially, Tagore himself and the younger school with such writers as Sharat Chatterjea, Charu Bandyopadhyaya, and Prabhat Kumar Mukerjea, have each in his different sphere attained great mastery over the form.

The expansion in theme is equally noteworthy. The work of disillusion which English education has effected in the minds of men has made Indian literature, hitherto predominantly religious in feeling, mainly secular in its interests. Further, the study of other peoples' manners has widened the peoples' outlook; and the area of selection of themes has now become indefinitely expanded. In the case of some literatures, Urdu in particular, the new literary inspiration did not come too soon. The Persians having already treated the same themes with a fecundity which to us of modern taste may seem wearisome, when their literary tradition came over to India, it was already effete and it had no new themes to offer. For centuries then and until quite modern times, Urdu poetry subsisted mainly on an elaborated "system of rhetoric," to quote Sir Charles Lyall, "and a stock of poetic images which in the exhaustion of original matter made the success of the poet depend chiefly upon dexterity of artifice and cleverness of conceit."

This expansiveness of manner with its attendant note of freedom and the secular interest of contemporary literature are connected closely, I think, with a tendency which is slowly and hesitatingly forming itself through the many confusions of to-day, namely, a new attitude towards life as lived in the Present, and a new emotion for its activities and its diverse phases. Here we take the later work of Tagore as our guide and exemplar. It may seem strange that we are taking the poet of *Gitanjali* as a guide for a secular movement. But it must always be remembered that the religious interest of Tagore's songs and their devotional character spring from his intense passion for life in its thousand moods. In a remarkable poem included in one of his latest volumes called "*Balaka*," Tagore expresses this new note with beautiful symbolism. He compares the vast calm, silent life of a mighty river as it strolls majestically to the sea, to the noise and rush of its infancy as it issues—a thin streak—from some rugged mountain fastness. Thus where life is at its fullest movement and power it lies still seemingly. Is

it not the same thing as the "great active silence" of which Maeterlinck speaks, when the consciousness sinks like a plummet into the deeps of personality and leaving even thought behind comes upon the unexpressed and inexpressible? One's salvation lies then not in the bleak spaces and desolate solitudes, but through the thronging life of men, through the hurrying faces of crowds in movement, and the riot of colour and light and sound. Judged from this aspect life in all its phases becomes supremely interesting and at every stage it is a crisis. "A sustained impressibility" in Pater's phrase "towards the mysterious conditions of everyday life, towards the very mystery itself in it," colours our whole attitude: that seems to be the new ideal; and in tune it is in harmony with that great movement in European letters which under the name of decadence has turned men's thoughts from a thin-blooded sentimentality for sylvan pathways and rustic scenes to the momentous life of man.

Literature receives a vivid thrill from this new emotion. All physical nature with its changing sights and sounds becomes transfigured into glowing terms of human feeling and of human relations. The sight of the ocean with its heaving maternal tenderness evokes in Tagore the memory of the first birth of the universe:

"Thou wert then all solitary, from age to age counting time
 Enveloping the bounds of space, undivided, limitless,
 o/ Lost in thyself—the vast new mystery of thy Mother's love
 Not comprehending. Night and day, some mystic passion
 The tenderness of imminent motherhood, the love that came
 Unbeknown, throngs of strange desires filled thy Breast,
 As yet unchilded."

In *this Home and the World*, Tagore develops the theme more in detail and works out the tragedy of life in full. The story is of an educated woman, wife of a rich Indian Zemindar, who has allowed her to come out from the cloistered seclusion of her Home to the active life of the World. There the World in the shape of a Hindu Nietzschean tries to seduce her in many ways, nearly succeeds and then dies. During her troubled progress she goes through every emotion and even comes face to face with Evil—for the World is a tremendous lover and chants to her a paean on Sin:

"Come Sin, O beautiful Sin
 Let thy fierce red kisses pour fiery wine into our blood;
 Sound the trumpet of imperious evil,
 And cross our forehead with the wreath of exulting lawlessness,
 O Deity of Desecration,
 Smear our breasts with foulest slime, unashamed."

Here we have a wild macabre mood ; and yet from the paradise to which we have been lifted, where all Pain and Sin and Ugliness have become transformed, we see no wildness but that

“Light whose smile kindles the Universe
That Beauty in which all themes work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst.” (SHELLEY'S *Adonais*)

It is just this transforming, uplifting mood that should be India's special contribution to the literature of the future. For the world has now a new evangel and requires a new mood to deal with it. A new enthusiasm for humanity has come over the world ; by us in India it is as yet but dimly felt, and our Literature has only faint echoes of it. In Europe also it is but a recent creation of the time spirit. It seems but yesterday that Positivism caught up the new idea, and endowed it with a ritual and a calendar of saints. Now this gospel of Service can only be sustained by a mood like this. How is this new gospel to be realised, if all life is not looked on with love and sympathy ?

In what way is literature to help in this emancipative work ? What form is most suitable ? Here I shall permit myself to indulge in my one and only prophecy. If it be too much to say that the future of the world's literature belongs to Drama, all the indications at any rate point to the fact that in the next few generations at least, with the dynamic urgency of modern needs, more and more the better artists will turn to Drama, “which by its economy of means to ends, and the chance it gives not merely of observing, but of creating and displaying character in action, has a more vigorous principle of life in it”¹ than the other rival forms of Art. The Drama then is the most fitting instrument for all this emancipative work. Now in India, our Drama is the crudest and least developed of the forms of contemporary literature. Not only is its progress hampered by the clogging of conventions, but it is afflicted also with a false psychology. The taint of melodrama is written almost all over it. Our immediate work in the future lies then in the direction of improvement in the condition of our stage and of making our plays, both reading and acted, more worthy of the immense constructive work that lies before us. We must leave hackneyed themes of romance and come to the complex life of the present. Secondly we must evolve a language out of the material of common speech which will bring vividly to the reader's

¹ Mair's *Modern English Literature*.

mind the very heart of the situation. This should not be difficult : for in other forms and at other times, and given the requisite genius, this has been done. Tulsidas and Premanand knew the art of fashioning an instrument of incomparable fineness out of the speech of the common people. In his *Lament of Jasoda*, one of the finest things in all literature, Premanand makes out of the simple utterances of a mother's love a poem of ineffable sweetness. In Tagore's *Dak Ghar* (Post Office) the language takes on a kind of rhythm which succeeds in producing a certain remoteness of the highest artistic value. Thirdly, we must free our Drama from the thralldom of song, or at least that abortionised version that does duty for it on the present day Indian stage. All great Dramas keep up their interest not through song, which plays only a subordinate part, but through the vivid interplay of characters in action: Fourthly, we must abjure that fashionable theatre of so-called realism, which in Europe itself, its native habitat, is becoming outworn as a compelling influence. The theatre of Ibsen is giving place, it seems, to a new theatre which by distinguishing the "intransiency of the essential and immortal factors in the life of the imagination" from what is adventitious and accidental, will be more positive, more foundational and therefore more satisfying. Speaking of the theatre of Ibsen, a subtle French critic has said, "A ce théâtre amer et sec, l'âme modernene peut étancher toutes ses soifs d'infini et d'absolu." It is because of this intellectual aridness that men are turning to a new Drama, "wherein thoughts and ideas and intuitions shall play a more significant part than the acted similitudes of the lesser emotions that are not so much the incalculable life of the soul as the conditioned energies of the body. The Psychic Drama shall not be less nervous ; but the emotional energy shall be along the nerves of the spirit, which sees beneath, and above and beyond, rather than merely along the nerves of material life which sees that only which is in the line sight."¹

It should be our aim therefore to have a Drama of this kind : for our problems are in their last analysis problems of the spirit, and let them be dealt with "along the nerves of the spirit". With a reconstructed theatre of this kind, our work of reform and regeneration will receive an immense impetus. Our literature will then be brought in vital relation to our life and truly become a literature of power. And in the fulness of time when the Drama has done its work and, in an ampler day, with an awakened and emancipated people, the lyric will come back to its own ; the clouds and mists and the grey hills of disenchantment will be left far behind, and our poets and singers will joyously chant a new Saga, the Saga of triumph.

Satya V. Mukerjee

¹ Fiona Macleod, Introduction to his Plays.

BEFORE A GOLDEN LILY

ON THE SLOPE OF A VOLCANO

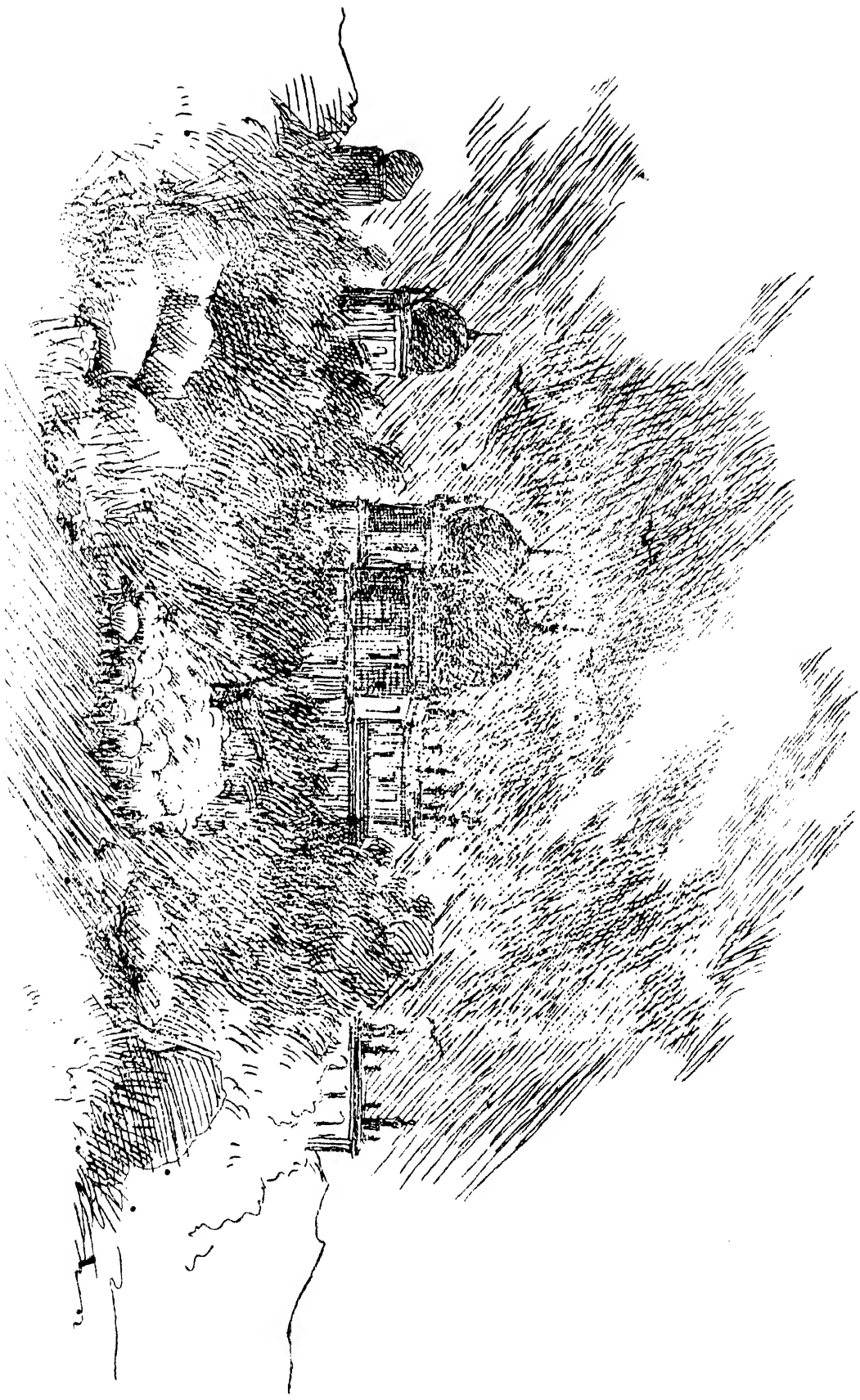
FROM life's dark wind-swept woods I came,
A moth to Beauty's altar doomed.
I flit about your throbbing flame—
Yet I am not consumed !

Nay, for one purpose here doth meet :
Out of life's clay I lift my wing,
As you of buried fires the sweet
Apotheosis spring.

O, all whose hearts have known eclipse,
Come ! barefoot stand on hallowed sod,
And take from Beauty's holy lips
The very Kiss of God.

Asamayama, Japan

JAMES H. COUSINS



IN GOLCONDA BY DEUSKAR

KRISHNA

A STUDY IN THE THEORY OF AVATARAS

By BHAGAVAN DAS

THE TIME AND THE MAN

A WESTERN writer summing up the great qualities of Charlemagne, says that "He takes ranks among the extraordinary men who from time to time, appear to change the face of the world, and to inaugurate a new era in the destinies of mankind"; for Charlemagne, crowned first Emperor of the new Holy Roman Empire by Pope Leo III on Christmas Day in A.D. 800, completes the transition of Europe from the Dark Ages which followed upon the break-up of the old Roman Empire, into the Middle Ages proper. The writer was evidently a believer in what has been called the school of *Heroic History*, the school which believes that the Great Man is the "ultimate, inexplicable ground for understanding what happened in his day", or even that the history of a nation is only the sum of the adventurous biographies of its Great Men. There has been much disputation in print latterly, whether the man makes the time or the time make the man. But the dispute is not new. It occurs in the *Mahabharata*, as almost every large and important human problem does, together with its express or implied solution. The solution of this particular problem there given seems to support entirely the Heroic School. Bhishma says to Yudhishthira :

कालो वा कारणं राज्ञो राजा वा कालकारणम् ।

इति ते संशयो माभूद् राजा कालस्य कारणम् ॥

"Have no doubt. The king makes the time."

But while this was undoubtedly the appropriate answer in the immediate context, it should not be understood as wholly without reservations. While the modern Heroic School regards the Great Man as 'inexplicable', the Purana School of History does not so regard him. And this makes a great difference between the

significance of what look like almost the same words, when they are uttered by the two sets of thinkers.

THE THEORY OF AVATARAS

The Purana School has a theory of its own as to these Great Men. They do not appear sporadically. They are of various grades and kinds and degrees of power. They appear for special reasons in special circumstances. And this theory of Great Men is, as might be expected, part and parcel of the total Puranic theory of the nature of the Universe, of its evolution, its manifestations, its dissolution. As has been remarked in the West, "sciences are not many; Science is one". All the so-called separate sciences are but the shoots and branches of one main Root-Science, the Science of the Infinite Spirit, Brahma-vidya or Atma-vidya. Even so, varying the phrase, "religions may be many, but Religion is one". And the Religion of the Infinite Spirit or Consciousness is the same as the Science thereof. It is Metaphysic and Psychology in the fullest and most comprehensive sense, including the principles of superphysics as well as physics, wherein science and religion become one. While the Darshana-sutras expound this Atma-vidya in an abstract form the Purana and Itihasa illustrate its principles concretely. In so doing they reconcile all conflicts of opinions by assigning to each view its proper time, place and limits. There can be no more and no less conflict, as well as agreement, between the various sciences and views than there is between the various features and aspects of Nature, the Nature of the Spirit, with which they deal and whose interdependence and organic unity they are all beginning again to recognise.

In this way we find in the Puranas, both views duly reconciled, by explanation of what the sense is, in which the man makes the time, and what that is, in which the time makes the man. Time as Kala or Maha-Kala, the "moving" Spirit, is but another name or aspect of the Oversoul whose will is the deep-lying cause of all the drama and panorama of all history, and so brings into the play the so-called Great Man also, on the proper occasion. Time as a particular era, of peace and good will, or of sin and struggle and sorrow, is the effect of the working of a good great man or an evil great man—for there are rogue-heroes as well as angel-heroes in the play. In fact, the great Jaina writers, whose versions of the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* are more "rationalistic", have a very illuminative theory that the Avataras always come in opposed pairs, as Narayana and Prati-Narayana, the former representing the Good Force and the latter the Evil, as Rama and Ravana. Briefly, time as the Oversoul makes the man, time as an era is made by the man.

It is scarcely possible to enter into any details here upon this point. But it may be briefly mentioned that the Puranas first sketch in very broad outlines

the story of what, in modern terms, may be called inorganic evolution, then they describe organic evolution in our little world system, also in broad outlines ; then they set forth in a little more detail the æonian unfoldment of the potencies of the Human Race and of its many sub-races, and finally they describe in brief the process of dissolution of a world system.

सगर्श्वं प्रतिसर्गश्च वंशो मन्वंतराणि च ।

वंशानुचरितं चैव पुराणं पंचलक्षणं ॥

In this way they perform the work of all the various schools of history now current, the date and fact school, the heroic, the sociological or anthropological or democratic, the naturalistic or environmental, the idealistic, etc. In connection with the story of the Human Kingdom mainly, and incidentally with that of the animal and the deva kingdoms, we find mention of the *Avataras*, the Great Men or Souls in the highest degree. They may, in a sense, be regarded as the very special and focussed manifestations of the Sutr-atma, the Oversoul, of the Human Race. Otherwise, indeed, the notion is familiar to the Hindu that the One Life manifests in *all* creatures and not only in the remarkably great.

We read in the Bhagavad-Gita :

न तदस्ति विना यत्स्यान्मया भूतं चराचरम् ॥ and

विष्टभ्याहमिदं कृत्स्नमेकांशेन स्थितो जगत् ॥ and again,

यद् यद् विभूतिमत्स्त्वं श्रीमदूर्जितमेव वा ।

तत्तदेवावगच्छ त्वं मम तेजोऽशसंभवम् ॥

“ While I pervade all things and all beings, moving and unmoving, yet extraordinarily splendid manifestations embody my tejas-attribute, my ‘ fire ’, my *active* Energy, in a special degree.”

As there will not be occasion to refer to them again, a word may be given here to the non-human (sub or super) avataras here. The Fish, Turtle, Boar, Man-Lion and Dwarf Incarnations of Vishnu may, in one sense, be regarded as Puranic allegories of the stages of psycho-physical evolution. In another sense, they may be regarded as typifying the fact of the appearance of abnormal leaders amongst animals also ; Kipling's story of *The White Seal* and Seton Thompson's account of *Krag, the Kootenay Ram*, illustrate the same fact, in very modern language. A manifestation of Shakti in the shape of clouds of wasps for the destruction of an *asura* named Aruna, is mentioned in *Durgā-sapta-shati*, and reminds of the Egyptian plagues of flies, locusts, frogs, etc. Some *avataras* in the deva-kingdom are mentioned in the Purānas. But the human are obviously of most interest to us.

Some of us may perhaps wonder : What is this Oversoul and what can be meant by its special manifestations ? The words of the *Gita*, we may say, sound impressive enough, but they don't come home to us !

Well, let us try to explain. We know that explaining is reducing the unfamiliar into terms of the familiar—nothing more. Let us do this in the present case.

There is vitality in all my body. But if I rest quietly, I do not feel it more keenly in any one part than in any other. Let a mosquito sting me, however, on the left hand. At once there is a concentration of feeling there ; and at the same time, there is another concentration of life-force in the other hand which rapidly moves over to brush off the mosquito and rub the smarting spot and restore equanimity there. This is possible because, while the two hands are separate, they are also bound in an organic unity. So, in a condition of ordinary peace and good government, if there is any special manifestation of lawlessness in any place, there is a special strengthening and concentration of the forces of lawfulness there, to counteract it. This is possible only because while the individual law-breakers and law-preservers are separate, they have also an underlying communal unity. This unity may not be visible to the physical eye, as in the other case, but it is as much a fact. Every one of us is constantly using the two words " I " and " We ". When he says " I ", he is thinking of, or feeling, his individual soul ; when he says " We ", he is thinking of, or feeling, his Oversoul, the Communal Soul, the Sutratma.

But some one may say, " we " is only a collection of " I's ". Is it ? No ; it is much more. It is the *principle* which collects and holds them together. It is that which makes them think and feel and act alike, for a common purpose, *which makes the collection possible*. If the simple little word " we " has any meaning, then the word " Oversoul " has also a meaning. In hunting diligently for the significance of the one, we will find the secret of the other ; as, should we but search diligently enough for the real meaning of that simpler word " I ", we may find the Infinite itself.

The law governing the extraordinary manifestations of the Oversoul is, according to the Puranas, the same as in the familiar cases mentioned above. The law of analogy holds good here as elsewhere.

यदा यदा हि धर्मस्य ग्लानिर्भवति भारत ।

अभ्युत्थानं धर्मस्य तदात्मानं सृजाम्यहम् ॥

परित्राणाय साधूनां विनाशाय च दुष्कृताम् ।

धर्मसंस्थापनार्थाय संभवामि युगे युगे ॥ *Gītā*.

“For the advancement of ‘civilising conventions and customs’, the institution of ‘law and order’, the *re*-establishment of an old law and order, or, it may be, the new establishment of a new law and order, when the general forces of inertia, ignorance, sloth, vice and crime begin to prevail overmuch—the Self, the Universal I, appears as the Great Man, cycle after cycle.” And

इत्थं यदा यदा बाधा दानवोत्था भविष्यति ।

तदा तदावतीर्याहं करिष्याम्यरिसंक्षयम् ॥ *Durgā-saptā-shaṭi .*

“Whenever the Danavas, evil men, proceed to excess, I will take birth and destroy them.”

It should be borne in mind that the Devas or Suras, and the Daityas, Danavas, Asuras, Rakshasas, etc., are all “cousins” or even “step-brothers”, in the poetic and allegorical language of the Puranas; that, historically, they very probably mean different sub-races of the human race; superphysically or psychically, they mean only the same groups of jivas born in different races and now in a preponderantly selfish mood and now in an unselfish; and that even mystically, as Rama and Krishna are avataras of Vishnu, so Ravana and Kumbhakarna, etc., are avataras of Vishnu’s parshadas or angel-attendants, are “fallen angels”—in the sense of fallen into evil ways as also into flesh.

The Bhagavata expressly says that both the good and the evil forms are forms of the One life.

स्वशांतरूपेष्वितरैः स्वरूपैरभ्यर्च्यमानेष्वनुकंपितात्मा ।

परावरेणो महदंशयुक्तो ह्यजोऽपि जातो भगवान्यथाग्निः ॥ III. ii, 15.

“Beholding His peaceful forms being oppressed by His own other restless embodiments, the compassioning Lord manifested Himself in a special sheath endowed with an extra-ordinary measure of the substance and quality of Mahat (the Universal Mind), to restore the due balance and proportion between the two, even as the ever-present but latent agni-fire flames up and appears to be born out of combustibles.”

Another and less known interpretation of the verse, “When the forces of evil begin to prevail, etc.,” may be mentioned here, as of importance for the philosophical understanding of world-events. While avataras adjust the good and bad karma of others, they, incidentally, *expiate their own evil karma* at the same time, by their own voluntary sufferings in the course of those adjustments. The *shāpa*-s, “curses”, “dooms”, laid upon the high “gods”, mostly by the “ṛshis”, in accordance with which these gods take birth on earth as greater or lesser avataras, require to be pondered upon, in this reference. They are impartially

mentioned in the same Puranas which describe the glories of these avataras. The nature of the errors for which these dooms are pronounced, the nature of these pronouncements, whether they have a compelling force or are merely declarations of consequences, the results of them to the ṛṣhis themselves, the nature of the gods, whether they are predominantly personal or are predominantly impersonal nature-forces, etc.—all these are connected and interesting questions for investigation.

It may also be called to mind here that if the avataras of good expiate their previous sins in this way, the avataras of evil “expiate” or exhaust their previous virtues and stores of merit by their self-willed ways. The “ten-headed” Rāvaṇa, symbol of his excessively intellectual nation, won his “golden” city of Lanka after conquering the “gods”, by the sacrifice of his own “heads”, over and over again, in the course of the ṭapas-striving of “thousands of years”, even as the present excessively intellectual nations of the west have been conquering the gods of earth, water, fire, air, and electricity and winning the stores of Mammon and Bacchus, by the sacrifice and death, in the course of centuries, of their many “heads”, their best and most courageous, enterprising and adventurous explorers, scientific experimenters, aviators, submarinists, electricians, engineers, soldiers, merchants and sailors.

MAIN KINDS OF GREAT MEN

Obviously, there are many kinds and grades of Dharma, of law and order. Therefore there are as many kinds and grades of promoters and protectors thereof. The main kinds are three. The functions of life and mind are three, knowing, desiring, acting. Therefore the essential business of all true law and order is to promote right knowledge, right desire, and right action. When this is done, everything is done. Law and order, Dharma, does not mean the theocrat's conception of it, it does not mean what any particular pope or priest thinks, for his own and his class' and caste's aggrandisement, should be the law and order, or what any autocrat, aristocrat, bureaucrat or plutocrat thinks it ought to be; or any particular democrat, for the matter of that. The ancient conception of Dharma is that which will establish a due balance and proportion between all these four fundamental and true estates of the realm, the clergy or the learned, the nobles or the office-bearers, the merchants or the commons, and the workmen, giving to each his due and not more than due, dividing rights and duties, work and play, equitably, and creating a balance of power between the main *classes* which make up every civilised community and are to the social organism even as the head, the hands, the trunk and the legs are to the individual living human body—in the grand and utterly true old Vedic simile now so misinterpreted and perverted from its true significance, by a combination of selfishness and ignorance, into the support of a system of

blindly hereditary caste which only makes for arrogance and hypocrisy on the one hand and gullibility and ever growing ignorance and utter national weakness and international dissensions on the other.

It is for the establishment of Dharma in the largest and truest sense, whenever the balance of human society is jeopardised excessively by selfish, ruthless, evil and cruel human beings, that the great *avatars* appear, the Great Men of history in the fullest sense. In them the Oversoul puts forth its powers of good, to give right knowledge to humanity, inspire right desire and devotion to high ideals, and set example of noble action. Minor manifestations are called *aveshas*, *amshas*, *kala-vataras*, etc. ; the greatest ones are called *avatars* proper, in Samskr̥t terminology. The Puranas say that the central heart-and-brain of the solar system is the Sun, our *pratyaksha-devata*, the finest visible symbol of the spiritual God of the Gayatri-mantra, whose reverent invocation, for the *collective* physical and mental and moral health of the community (and not of the *individual* worshipper) is the one indispensable and all-sufficient daily worship for the regenerate, twice-born, Aryan person, the God in whose light and life we all literally live and move and have our being, and from whose radiant prana-energy we plainly derive all our vitality and all our intelligence, as even modern science is now recognising. In this central heart-and-brain reside all the greatest wonders and forces ; it is the Oversoul of the whole solar system, and all the great *avatars* come from it in a peculiar sense. One scientific theory of the origin of life upon earth is that it came here from other heavenly bodies. The Puranas indicate that it came and continues to come, as need arises, from the Sun in a special degree, and that all the planets of the system exchange life-germs and souls from time to time even as the countries and the continents of this earth exchange inhabitants. This process was not confined to the distant past, but is going on now, for the Sun is not an absentee God, and his planets are not absentee angels, obviously.

And so the great *avatars* come from the sun, to this as well as other planets. But minor manifestations arise otherwise. To take a familiar illustration, if a son or ward finds himself in difficulty in a distant land and informs the parent or guardian by wireless telegraphy, and the parent or guardian finds it necessary to travel down himself to save the situation, it may be technically said to be an *avatara* proper. If he sends down a devoted friend or servant, it would be a *kal-avatara* or *amsha-avatara*. If he simply sends down instruction to a friend or agent on the spot, by means of telepathy, "inspires" him to do what is needed, it would be a case of *avesha*. And so on.

OF THOUGHT, EMOTION AND ACTION

Because there are three main functions of life and mind, therefore there are three main departments of human communal life and administration, three

main classes of work requiring to be fostered and promoted, three main sorts of disorder requiring to be cured, and three main kinds of great men that appear to cure them.

(a) When false teachers and false teachings that would elevate the things of the flesh above the things of the spirit begin to prevail, when erroneous notions of a gross kind and false outlooks upon life and ideals of mammonism and sensuousness that would drag the man away entirely from his birthright of eternal Spirit, threaten to undermine the foundations of civilisation and social organisation, by leading towards an excess of greed and grab and struggle and ultimate anarchy, war and general lawlessness, then the *teachers* appear to reillumine the Science of the Spirit and infuse the beauty of the ideal into the coarseness of the real. All the great seers, poets, philosophers and scientists of all lands and ages are high or low manifestations of these. Vyasa, Shankara, and the shastra-pravartaka Rishis, the "fathers", the discoverers and builders of "new" sciences or revivers of old ones, are examples in Indian history. King Pṛṥhu, āḍi-rāja, the "first of kings", rāja-rāja, the "king of kings", an avatāra of Viṣṇu, is a special combination of teacher and leader. Many of the fundamental arts of civilisation, as we know it to-day, were discovered and taught by him or in his glorious reign, the arts of agriculture with artificial irrigation, rearing of milch-cattle, music, housebuilding, town-laying, etc., as also various ill things, like the preparation of spirituous liquors, for every shine has its shadow. (*Bhāgavata*, IV, xviii).

(b) When wrong emotions, the lower passions, false worships of over-sensuous gods and the causes that increase lust, hate, greed, pride and the others of the brood of the inner enemies spoken of in the Samskr̥t shastras, or the seven deadly sins of Christian theology, begin to grow and multiply, then the devotion-inspiring manifestations occur, who by their own love-compelling purity, nobility, humility and genuine self-effacement draw and then diligently direct the hearts of human beings not towards themselves, not towards the forms of flesh and blood that they inhabit, but towards the Universal Fount of all Life. Mahavira Jina, Buddha, Christ, Ramanuja, Kabir, Sur, Tulasi, Chaitanya, Nanak and others, in various degrees may be regarded as types of this class of manifestations.

(c) When wrong knowledge and wrong desire have not been cured in time, but have gained the upper hand—in accord with the deeper laws that underlie the sequence of vicious as well as virtuous experiences that must be passed through by the human race and its sub-races—when the forces of evil selfishness and ruthless ambition, in the shape of cruelly selfish men have obtained and held sway for their appointed term, gained by previous self-sacrifice and tapasya, then the history-making avatars proper appear, the adjusters of national Karma, the righter of widespread wrongs.

EXAMPLES

Parashurama, Rama and Krishna are the outstanding examples of these last, in Indian history, as the prophet Muhammad, founder of a religion as well as a culture and an empire, is in the history of other lands.

Their deeds are thrown into contrasting relief by the equally vast misdeeds of Kartavirya and the Haihayas, of Ravana and the Rakshasas, of Shishupala and Duryodhana and the Kauravas. All these names are, from the modern standpoint, pre-historic. Whether and which of the historic conquerors and empire-founders and empire-builders, *e.g.*, Alexander, Cæsar, Attila, Changez, Tamer-lane, Napoleon, Chaka of the Zulus, etc., should be regarded as manifestations on the right side or the wrong side—history has not yet quite made up its mind. Even the purest lives have touches of impurity; even the worst have gleams of goodness; much more so these very mixed characters; because all are complexes of insuperable Spirit and Matter. Only the predominant quality gives the name. And this by the way, is a most important metaphysical axiom, which, taken together with its brother axiom, that every question two sides and the true answer always lies in the mean between the two extremes, solves many an otherwise insoluble puzzle. Thus the threefold classification of great men is only by predominance, none has been exclusively and wholly either a teacher, or a devotion-inspirer, or a history-maker.

But while most have discharged one function predominantly, Krishna combined in himself all the three functions in an extraordinary degree. His activities and perfections were so many-sided that he is claimed by a very large section of the Hindu people to have been a *purna-avatara*, “a *complete* manifestation”, of the *whole* of the Supreme or rather Universal Life, as no other was, not even Rama himself. कृष्णस्तु भगवान् स्वयम् ।

Yet this is but the natural and excusable exaggeration of loving and devoted hearts which, deceived into subtle pride by the very sweetness of this form of Maya, cannot rest content till they have magnified and glorified their own particular favourite deity beyond all others, thereby implicitly belittling all these others. That the *whole* of the Infinite Universal Spirit cannot be exhaustively focussed into any one finite part, however great, is mathematically obvious. And in this particular case, the *Bhagavata* itself says that Balarama and Krishna were “two threads of hair”, one white and one dark, two strands from the locks, two rays from the coronal aureole, of the head of (Aditya) Narāyan, the Sun, the very visibly obvious Head of our solar system. सितकृष्णकेशौ is the expression used.

Rama and Krishna divide the heart of the Hindu people between them. Even Vyasa the great contemporary and historian of Krishna and his times, who has composed that marvellous Epic of Devotion, the *Bhagavata*, in praise and

adoration of Krishna pre-eminently—even Vyasa reserves a place, in his heart, of very tender reverence for Rama the Perfect, the Noble, the Maryada-Purusha, the Standard Man par excellence. In every one of the many Puranas that tradition ascribes to Vyasa the story of Rama is included as an episode, at greater or lesser length; and in the *Bhagavata* itself he sings hymns to Rama whose feeling is not surpassed by those of his stotras to Krishna.

त्यक्ता सुदुस्त्यजसुरेप्सितराज्यलक्ष्मीं
धर्मिष्ठ आर्यवचनाद् यदगादरण्यं ।
भृत्यार्तिहं प्रणतपाल भवाब्धिपोतं
वंदे महापुरुष ते चरणारविन्दम् ॥

“I salute thy feet, O greatest of men!, most perfect in duty!, most tender, heroic and ever-resistless defender of thy devotees and dependents from all ills!, in all reverent humility I salute thy feet that lightly turned away, at the wish of the father, from the glories of a kingship that the Gods themselves might envy, towards the depths of the wild forests; I salute the feet that guide the tired and the weary safely across the ocean of life as the ships carry merchants across the ocean of waters.”

THE ALL-SIDEDNESS OF KRISHNA

But the devotion that Krishna inspires is different. As western anthropologists have divided man's life time into the stone-age, the bronze-age, the iron-age, etc., in terms of the external implements used by him, Puranic historians have divided it into the Satya, the Treta, the Dwapara and the Kali eras, in terms of man's psychological and ethical characteristics. They add the clear explanation that while the Yugas succeed one another in and for any given country and people, they are co-existent if different countries are taken into account simultaneously. This, in the modern phrase of the evolutionary sociologist, means that all the stages of man's social development are to be found to-day in different parts of the Earth. Rama came to wind up the Treta age, wherein love and co-operation and un-selfishness are almost as three parts and struggle and selfishness as one, and gave a last illustration of the patriarchal administration of the affairs of men at its best; the preceding or Satya age being regarded as one of primitive joint-family-like communism, wherein unselfish love and trust and mutual help are almost unopposed and sin and selfishness are next to *nil*. Krishna came at the junction between Dwapara and Kali, when the age of predominant individualism and competition and struggle was beginning and that of almost equal “duality”, equal sin and virtue, equal

competition and co-operation was coming to an end. The Mahabharata war, which Krishna conducted, is typical of this age. The whole atmosphere of Krishna is far more stormy, passionate, complex, than that of Rama. He is the typical perfect individual appropriate to this age of intense, concentrated, all round activity—great in knowledge, great in emotion, great in action, all together. The Scriptures and the literatures of mankind do not seem to record any life fuller and more intense than his.

KRISHNA AS MAN OF ACTION AND HISTORY-MAKER

The *Bhagavata* Purana says that he “lived for one hundred and twenty-five years on earth” (XI, vi, 25).

यदुवंशेऽवतीर्णस्य भवतः पुरुषोत्तम ।

शरच्छतं व्यतीयाय पंचविंशधिकं प्रभो ॥

In every week of this period, if not on every day of it, he fought and battled and warred against and slew evil-doers. As a few weeks' old baby he bit to death the ogress, Putana, sent by Kamsa to murder him with poison-painted breasts. On the very last day of his stay on earth, he slew with his own hands his favourite pupil Satyaki for killing his favourite son Pradyumna. When he came, the people of the earth were groaning under the intolerable burdens of militarism and the abuse of power by those whose duty it was to protect and not oppress the weak. So that the *Puranas* and the *Gita* poetically describe the situation thus :

एवं वीर्यमदोत्सिकैर्भूरियं तैर् महासुरैः ।

पीडिता ऋशसंतप्ता जगाम प्रपितामहम् ॥

त्रिविधं नरकस्येदं द्वारं नाशनमात्मनः ।

कामः क्रोधस्तथा लोभस्तस्मादेतत्त्रयं त्यजेत् ॥

“Oppressed beyond endurance by those titans born as the rulers of men, mad with the lust of power, the earth went and laid her agony before the Lord of the Universe; for the rule of the titan-souls, that had been born into the human forms of the kings of the time, was leading the populations of the earth towards the hell of which lust, hate and greed form the yawning triple gateway.”

The kshatriya rulers were as ruthless as the asuras and rakshasas—by which term men of the Atlantean and Mongolian races seem to be meant—who had established themselves in strongholds here and there in the country and were

harassing the people. Many he slew with his own hands, others he got slain by Bhima and Arjuna. As he says in the *Mahabharata* :

रावणेन संमप्राणा मया भीमेन घातिताः ।

“I have had these, who were of equal vitality with Ravana himself, slain by Bhima.”

Then he gathered together, by consummate statesmanship, all the inextricably intermingled forces of evil and of good of his day, at one time and place, on the plains of Kurukshetra, and hurled them against each other with such skill that though at the beginning of the battle the evil forces outweighed the good ones by eleven akshauhinis to seven, *i.e.*, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions to $1\frac{1}{2}$, at the end of it, the proportion was three survivors on the side of might to seven on the side of right. After the figures of the greater war, just barely closed with the peace-treaties of 1919, wherein eight millions and more have been slaughtered outright and at least as many mutilated and maimed for life, these figures of that previous great war will not be doubted as fanciful. Thus the Ancient Law, Sanatana Dharma, became able to hold up its head for another 2,500 years, till the Buddha came to reform it when it had become again diseased with age, and gave it another lease of life for a thousand years in India, when (the second ?) Shankara and Ramanuja and others took up the work of re-form and re-vival. Finally knowing that the Kurukshetra had not completed all his work, he finished it at Prabhasa-kshetra, on the shores of the sea of Dwaraka, when his immediate kith and kin slaughtered each other to the number of half a million, as said in the *Mahabharata*, drunk with alcohol and even more drunk with the arrogance of militarism. In this way he broke the last great and dangerous military power of his day and gave to the peaceful agriculturist and tradesman a chance.

Such was his principal work as man of action and maker of history. His many youthful deeds of daring, his battles with and destruction of dangerous beasts and birds and reptiles, vicious horses, bulls, vultures, pythons and snakes, and also robbers, in the forests and the streams neighbouring his adoptive father Nanda's ranch, his protection of his fellow-cowkeeper-boys and his cows from a particularly violent thunderstorm which lasted a whole week, with the help of a great cave he had discovered in the Govardhana hills—all these have formed the theme of much devotional and idealised poetry that serves “to point a moral and adorn a tale”. We must content ourselves here with only a passing mention of it. And yet, for purposes of illustration, something more may be said. The serpent Kaliya has been frequenting the banks and poisoning the waters of the Yamuna. Krishna, a mere boy at the time, leaps into the river one day, when Kaliya is swimming, to fight the reptile out. The great snake rushes at him with uplifted head. Krishna drags the head down under water,

the snake is almost drowned, and wriggles out, and runs away for good. But this simple story is not enough. Some *Puranas* make out that Kaliya had five heads on which Krishna danced triumphantly; they mean that the soul may and ought to reign over the five senses. The *Bhagavata* goes further and describes in most beautiful poetic language, how "That Eternal Boy, first Master of all arts, danced on the hundred heads and one of that great snake, stamping with all-subduing might now on this and now on that grim head, as it rose hissing, recalcitrant and menacing—till they were all battered and humbled and reduced to due submission, and prayed to be allowed to go in peace". It is probably referring to the hundred and one principal nadis or nerves of the human nervous system mentioned by the *Upanishats*, every one of which comes under the definite and perfect control of the practised and perfected Yogi, advanced type of future humanity. And it probably does so for weaving into the story, mystical, philosophical and scientific hints and suggestions for the purposes of educative stimulation of curiosity and enquiry. Some other scholars are inclined to interpret the Kaliya-episode as an allegory of the putting down of serpent-worship which also, they say, was over-prevalent then.

KRISHNA AS MAN OF EMOTION AND DEVOTION-INSPIROR

As man of desire, of feeling, of arts, his life was equally full.

The shastras say that the summon bonum of human life is dual; first, Abhyudaya, then Nishreyas; first the joys of the embodied life (inseparable from some degree of "sin"), and then the bliss of "salvation", the realisation of the oneness of the individual with the Universal Spirit, the satisfaction of the hunger and thirst of the soul for God, of the longing of the river for the sea, of the part for the whole, of the finite for the Infinite, by the assurance that I am (that every I is) the eternal, infinite, universal I. The first is sub-divided into Dharma, Artha, Kama; that is to say, Kama or the joys of sense-life must be refined by Artha or the riches of art, which riches must be gathered in accordance with Dharma or law and order.

The same shastras mention the conditions of the fulfilment of each end thus:

श्रर्थस्य मूलं निवृत्तिः क्षमा च कामस्य रूपं च वयो वपुश्च ।

धर्मस्य यागादि दया दमश्च मोक्षस्य सर्वोपरमः क्रियाभ्यः ॥

"The first requisites for the due fulfilment of the end of Kama or 'pleasure' are strength, beauty and youth; of Artha or 'wealth', non-arrogant patience and artful ways; of Dharma or 'duty' or order in liberty, sacrifice, self-control, compassion for the weak; for Moksha or 'Salvation', retirement from the world." Krishna's extraordinary beauty of face and figure and unique colour and complexion have been the theme of the singers of a hundred and fifty generations

after him. That simple village-maidens or even conscious city-ladies should lose their hearts to him, that he should inspire compeers of his own sex with enthusiastic admiration and devoted affection—is not difficult to understand. But when Bhishma, belonging to the generation of Krishna's grandfather, Bhishma, over a hundred years of age at that time, stretched on his death-bed of arrows, waiting for the right moment to cast off his body by yoga—when he, seeing Krishna standing before him, can think of nothing else for his first thought, than Krishna's physical beauty, then we may well believe that it must have been something overpowering. In his dying hymn to Krishna, as avatara of Narayana, Bhishma sings first of his physical beauty "The heart's desire of the three worlds, waking, dreaming and sleeping (for is not the Self the Best Beloved of every self perforce?), lovingly gazed on with tireless eyes by all beholders, the peculiar complexion, the splendid dress, the curling locks playing about the oval lotus-face, the loving glance, the thrilling voice, and the graces of smile and laugh and speech and gesture and every movement that drove the youths and maidens mad almost".

त्रिभुवनकमनं तमालवर्णं रविकरगौरवरांबरं दधाने ।

वरलककुलावृताननाब्जं विजयसखे रतिरस्तु मेऽनवद्या ॥

ललितगतिविलासवल्गुहासप्रणयनिरीक्षणकल्पितोरुमानाः ।

कृतमनुकृतवत्य उन्मदांधाः प्रकृतिमगन् किल यस्य गोपवध्वः ॥

It has been said that the body is the soul made visible. In the case of Krishna, this truth is verified amply by his marvellous æsthetic taste and mastery of the sixty-four fine and other arts. He began as a flute-player fascinating the village maids and youths and the cattle and the animals of the jungle. He ended with giving lessons to Narada in the art of playing the vina. It may be noted, in passing, that Krishna's own "schooling" with the Acharya Sandipani, at Ujjain, is an object-lesson in the science of education. He went there, many hundreds of miles distant from his paternal home in Mathura, after he had come away from Vrindavana, and had slain his parents' and his own and the peoples' enemy, king Kamsa; and he lived and studied with his teacher like the other students in respect of the *hardy life*, gathering fuel from the woods for his teacher's household, and getting "lost" with his companions and wandering about in the jungle for whole nights, in thunderstorms, and inspiring those companions, as usual, with life-long love, unlike them only in his powers of body and mind, astonishing his teacher with the quality of his memory, wonderful like all things else of his, retaining the most difficult learning after but one hearing. To build up hardy body and determined mind, to acquire the habit and the power of doing all one's work

oneself without dependence on dependents, to lay the foundations of life-long friendships, to learn about and duly exercise both *rights and duties*, to gain admission into all the departments of science and art to understand what the ends of life are and how to achieve them—that this is the purpose of Education is illustrated by Krishna's "schooling".

He reclaimed land from the ocean by a feat of engineering not detailed in the available books, unfortunately, but described poetically as consisting in a simple command to the ocean to recede; built his great city of Dwaraka near by, on the site of an ancient vanished capital-town; filled the city with towered and spired buildings, and constructed a hall of audience whose walls and pillars were inlaid with scores of different kinds of gems and jewels duly listed in the *Hari-vamsha*. This hall was named Sudharma and outrivalled even Yudhishtira's marvellous palace at Indraprastha built by the Asura (probably Atlantean-Mongolian) architect, Maya, also at Krishna's instance.

His skill in the breeding and training of horses was such that the names of his four favourites have come down to us, Shaibya, Sugriva, Megha-pushpa and Balahaka. It seems that with the help of these he used to cover the distance between Delhi and Dwaraka in a week, a *saptaha*. Kathiawar horses are even now famous for their going powers; and the *Brahma Purana* mentions by name a famous mare also of Krishna's time belonging to Prasena, a relative of his.

बड़वा हृदया नाम शतयोजनगामिनी ।

"The mare, Hridaya, which could go 800 miles continuously." Those who know of the long-distance riding feats, in the 'bush', of Australian riders and their horses, will not feel sceptical.

He introduced new flowers like the *parijata* into the country, undertaking even a sharp little war for the purpose, which the books hyperbolically speak of as a war with Indra, to bring away the plant from heaven, at the instigation of his very forward and favourite wife Satya-bhāmā. His care and taste in dress is shown by the fact that he generally wore yellow silk, as his elder brother, Balarama, wore blue. In those days they knew and took care to select the colour that suited their complexions, for the cult of physical masculine beauty—to say nothing of feminine, which was a matter of course—was fairly widespread in that day. Krishna's son Pradyumna and cousin Nakula were two other famously handsome men of the time, next only after Krishna; and the *Mahabharata* describes many other men of grand physique.

He married eight wives, carefully selected, and every one of them won by a great feat of strength or courage. While in sheer size of thews and sinews and strength of muscle, four men were noted beyond the common in his day, yet still

such was the miracle of Krishna's vital vigour that even in this respect he was regarded as simply above and beyond comparison.

The Mahabharata says :

सांप्रतं मानुषे लोके सदैत्यनरराक्षसे ।
 चत्वारस्तु नरव्याघ्रा बले शक्रोपमा भुवि ॥
 उत्तमप्राणिनाम् तेषां नास्ति कश्चिद् बले समः ।
 बलदेवश्च भीमश्च मदराजश्च वीर्यवान् ॥
 चतुर्थः कीचकस्तेषां पंचमं नानुशुश्रुम ।
 अन्योन्यानंतरबलाः परस्परजयैषिणः ॥

“In the whole of the human world, including the Daityas (or Negro ?), the Rakshasas (or Mongolian ?) and the Aryan races, four men, Balarama, Bhima, Shalya and Kichaka are the strongest, in the respective order mentioned”. And in explanation of the last line, we have the Harivamsha verse which says that Balarama often defeated Bhima in wrestling.

येन नागायुतप्राणोऽसकृद् भीमः पराजितः ।

In connection with Krishna's household life—and it was a most enormous household—a comparatively little known chapter of the *Mahabharata* (Shanti-parva, Ch. 81) deserves attention for its comic humour as well as its deep instructiveness. Says Krishna to Narada, “You are my very confidential friend, and very learned and wise and experienced as well. Therefore I will unburden myself to you about a very secret matter. This great family and clan of mine and my kinsfolk—they call me Lord, Lord, all right enough, but in reality I am a veritable slave to them in the mask of their master. The only enjoyment allowed to me is to listen to their hard words.

Bhagavan Das

(To be continued)

OUR LONDON CRITIC: RUPERT LEE

WHEN asked by an English critic "do you not care then for classical music?" M. Massine is said to have replied "No, only serious music". However much this reply may have interested the critic, it would be very disturbing to our public who resent having the labels torn off what has been so carefully docketed for them. We appreciate the "classics" in their place. Also we look to them with some suspicion. To have them labelled is some comfort, then we can at any rate creep furtively away, saying with a self-deprecatory smile "No, I am not educated up to it, to tell you the truth." But our modesty is all a politeness; in our clubs we say "all that high-brow stuff"—"well there is nothing like a good music hall"—"give me amusement". Yes,—a man who can drink and ventriloquise at the same time, that stirs us. Of course there is our intelligentsia, but they hardly stand for our national life. What about our working man? I was leaning over the railings of a little shop, which displayed in its window some rather interesting paintings by young artists of the day. Beside me was a tolerably drunk artisan. He said "I've been seeing some drawings next door—caricatures, Guvonor, but this is Art". I looked a question: "This is Art," with greater emphasis. I was a little puzzled; I asked. "Do you like it?" "Like it?" He said in extreme astonishment, "Course I don't like it. IT'S ART."

That, I think, expresses very well the essentially English view towards the arts. To us, art is a little freakish and unmanly, and above all not good business. Like all amateurs of a craft we pride ourselves on good business. And so it has been left to the Russians to show us how art can be made into a very good business. It is unlikely though that our theatrical managers will learn anything from the Russian Ballet. They have little time for shows other than their own, and as for the actor, it strikes at the very root of his chief attraction—often the only one he possesses his voice. This is the one thing which the Russian Ballet dispenses with. Surely in the theatre it is logical to do so.

If a piece of literature is satisfactory as a work of art, it is satisfactory to be read, and cannot or should not be recited from a stage at great expense to everyone. If it is not satisfactory as a work of art, then it cannot be of the first importance in the theatre, unless the accessories of actors, scenery, etc., are inferior to it—in which case, being no art of importance present, the show has little æsthetic value. The Russians, taking the important theatrical factors of movement, form and colour, have designed them into such beautiful productions as "Children's Tales," and the "Le Boutique Fantasque," to mention two of the very finest. One

other element—the music, which permeates the whole production, and moves with it in such a manner that it would seem impossible to tell whether the story was written for the music, or the music for the story. As I have only space to mention one Ballet, I shall take the Children's Tales as being perhaps the one which depends least on the individual skill of the performers. It is made up of three Fairy Legends with a peasant dance following each and a Dance Prelude of the Showman who presents them. In the first story we have Kikimora, the Spirit of evil, guarded in her cradle by the faithful White Cat. She forces Pussy to combat, and kills him with an axe, and escapes into the world. The fight is worthy of notice: the dancer who plays Kikimora never actually hits the dancer who plays the Cat; nor does the Cat clap its hands to add realism to the supposed blow; nor when struck down does it have to be crowded round till it can pull out a piece of blood stained shirt to prove that it will really die of its wound. Next we have a group of peasants who carry Kikimora and the Cat across the stage. After that the story of the Swan Princess who is held captive by the three headed dragon and freed by BOVA KORALEVITCH, the Russian Don Quixote. Again no smacking of a stuffed dragon inside which two very hot animal impersonaters caper "so realistically". The fight is expressed in the dance by the principals and chorus, and at the moment of victory the great picture heads of the dragon at the back of the stage swing rhythmically to the ground. After the curtain falls we have the dragon funeral headed by Pussy inconsolable, weeping into a large orange handkerchief. The last story is of Baba Yaga the witch who with three of the most indescribably wonderful demons attempts to overcome the little girl who is lost in the forest. The child makes the sign of the Cross and drives them all away: then the peasants rush into the forest: they dance, all the characters of the story come in in a dancing procession and it is the Finale. No previous knowledge of the story is necessary to appreciate the Ballet. It is perfectly satisfactory to see it. It may be interesting to be told more of the story than appears in the dancing, but it is not necessary. Without words it is enough.

* * * * *

Not only in the Art of the Theatre have the Russians been teaching us things, but in music too. Perhaps M. Diaghaleff has a bee in his bonnet on the subject of German composers. Perhaps it's a very big bee. Anyway it stung Mr. Ernest Newman so badly as to make him cry, and we had the amusing spectacle of his telling us between his sniffs that he *was* modern, and he thought some of the Ballet itself was too formal and old-fashioned. In England, we have three other Bs who buzz too loudly to let us pay too much attention to M. Diag: Having learnt that Bach, Beethoven and Brahms are great musicians, we will not so easily squander the fruits of our education. One is reminded of an old fairy story where the hero clung steadfastly to the just outworn creed. Besides our two most popular conductors are sworn Wagnerites: our programmes are cast iron in their invariability: our Russian nights are rotten with Tchaikovsky. M. Diaghaleff gives us a change: in fact anything but German, and much modern music. Besides

the three Ballets each night there are musical items in the interval: Balakirev, Stravinsky, Ravel, Chabrier, Lord Berners, Goosesns, etc., gives the flavour of the programme. Perhaps the most interesting new production is Ravel's orchestral version of his *Alborada Graciosa*, written for the piano in 1905, now scored with all Ravel's exquisite grace and finish, so suggestively Spanish and yet so truly French, and with such a perfect use of the harp.

English music has little to show but promise. Mr. Elgar's new Chamber Music produced in Wigmore Hall is strongly decorous and able—not very attractive qualities. But our young composers have been fighting till now. Perhaps those that are left may show us something soon.

While I write the question of peace celebrations entirely occupies the public mind. Peace does not interest us so much. I am told that artists have been called in to decorate the streets with plaster statues and the Mall with pylons. I doubt it having seen the plaster statues. But they are perishable things, what is more important is the permanent decoration of our streets and buildings with war memorials. In this need the artist sees an opportunity, but sees without too much hope of grasping it. The various war Memorial committees show a dangerous tendency to desire the most display with the least cost. If they saw this desire in its true light as an insult to the men who have died for them, they would be properly ashamed of it. Unfortunately, it is so unpleasant a fault to be convicted of that they would refuse to see it when pointed out. Grave yard sculptors are busy with their catalogues tempting displays of crosses at low prices, tablets and what not: the Academy in conjunction with the South Kensington authorities had made an honest attempt to bring the artist forward. Unfortunately the Academy has got itself into disrepute with serious artists; its problem pictures and fripperies repel him, and in this Memorial Exhibition they have not been able to decoy one serious sculptor or painter. As an instance of the sort of thing they show, I shall refer to a life sized figure of a Tommy leaning on a rifle, which is part of a huge memorial somewhere in Scotland. The rifle is cast from a real one: the accoutrements may be cast from real ones: the clothes are not—they are not as good as that. The face has been thumbled up in clay—somehow. But why was it done? Is it a work of art? Is it accident? Hardly that—or at least a very unlucky one. It bears the name of a well-known Academy sculptor. There is a large wall painting by the Painting Professor of one of our principile English schools of Art. Nothing I could say would give any idea of the paltry incompetence of this painting. For the rest we have mostly repetitions of the English disgrace—I mean the Victoria Memorial This is worse than useless. What can be done then? We can only hope for some Society other than a museum of antiquities to discover for us live artists, capable of conceiving and carrying out memorials which shall not be a permanent disgrace to our country.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

“RAGA”—OUR COLOURED PICTURE IN THIS ISSUE

THIS is a painting by a young Indian artist belonging to the new Bengal School of Art. The original is with Mr. B. P. Wadia and is reproduced here by his kind courtesy. The revival of painting in Bengal dates back to the period when Mr. E. B. Havell became the Principal of the Government School of Art in Calcutta. Mr. Havell encouraged the production of such original paintings as were in keeping with India's racial culture, genius and tradition. This resulted in the letting loose of a new creative force that is now flooding this country with new art suggestions and ideas. Mr. Abanindranath Tagore, Mr. Nandalal Bose and Mr. Gogonendranath Tagore are now its recognised exponents, and under their guidance and training, the school is sending out to the world a number of young artists, both men and women.

In 1907, the Indian Society of Oriental Arts was formed in order to foster and encourage this new movement, and in the year 1914 it sent an Exhibition to Paris and London where it was very warmly welcomed and was applauded with a chorus of delight by the best of European art critics. This Society holds an annual exhibition, and sends out its best productions to other art centres with a view to popularise the ideals for which it stands.

BENGAL SCHOOL OF PAINTING

There is a constant confusion of criticism over this art of the Bengal School, and there seems to be a good deal of want of understanding and therefore a lack of apt appreciation on the part of the general public both in India and elsewhere. For one reason, it is so different from other schools of painting in its expression and suggestion, that the unskilled observer doubts whether there is any “true art” at all in this kind of painting. But, what is true art? “True art,” says Oscar Wilde, “is not any correspondence between the essential idea and accidental existence; it is not the resemblance of shape to shadow or of the form mirrored in the crystal to the form itself; it is no echo coming from a hollow hill any more than it is a silver well of water in the valley that shows the moon to the moon and Narcissus to Narcissus. Truth in art is the unity of a thing with itself: the outward rendered expressive of the inward: the soul made incarnate: the body instinct with spirit.” In other words, art is no clever imitation of nature. True art conveys the emotions and feelings which inspire life and hence gives the finest utterance to the noblest side of human life. Like the ancient Greek art, this new Bengal School of Painting does not separate æsthetics from ethics. It is at the grandeur and beauty of the *motive* and not at the perfection of *execution* that it aims. The motive may contain an element of exaggeration or ugliness, and the artist doesn't hesitate to put it on his canvas. It is sometimes difficult to know exactly what purpose the artist has in view, when he paints a picture; but, this much is certain: he aims at some

suggestion and has a particular meaning. It is this suggestion which makes a work of art interesting. With Herrick you are made to feel that

“A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,
Doth more bewitch me than when Art
Is too precise in every part”.

ANCIENT SCHOOLS OF PAINTING IN INDIA

It is difficult to trace when art really began in India. The earliest extant work of art can be traced back to the period when the Buddhist Priests of the first century A.D. painted the frescoes on the walls of the caves of Ajanta. A number of reproductions of these rare and beautiful paintings are being done and this much-lost treasure to the world is being slowly unearthed and recovered by several young Indian artists and art-lovers. Mr. James H. Cousins, the Irish Poet, who has played no small part in the Art Renaissance of this country, writes thus on these fresco paintings in Buddhist caves: “They (the paintings) thus form the ‘classical’ background of Indian painting and of Indian sculpture in their form and proportions; and, in their freedom from stiffness, and their profound but simple emotion, they are a source of majestic inspiration to the modern artist.”

Well-known among the old paintings are those of the “Mogul-School” with its wealth of Persian element in colour and form, the ‘Rajput School’ with its technical skill, the ‘Tanjore School’ with its marvellous miniature paintings of fauna and flora and the ‘Mysore School’ that had a short-lived career. The renaissance in Bengal is likely to bring about a revival of all these different schools in India, whose combined contribution is sure to enrich the world’s art gallery and to hasten the dawn of a new era in Indian Art.

THE ARTS’ LEAGUE OF SERVICE

As the outcome of the new forces that are at play in the world—the democratisation and nationalisation of every phase of human life and activity—a new Arts’ League of Service has been formed in London with the following objects:

- (i) To further all forms of Art as something that can be brought into our daily life and surroundings; to extend all such activities to the towns and villages, and to encourage wherever possible, the formation of independent groups with similar aims.
- (ii) To promote individual expression, to stimulate, through good designs and models, the creative imagination of the worker and the highest proficiency in craftsmanship.
- (iii) To draw from the living source by keeping in close touch with the Artist; to enlarge his sphere by creating demand for his work; and to study his interests and the best means of finding him a direct outlet to the Community.
- (iv) To bring together Artists of all kinds, to foster mutual understanding and collaboration, and to establish International relationship.

The League is the first of its kind in the world and we extend a cordial welcome to it. It serves a real international need and we emphasise the last object of the League to all lovers of Art in the world. If there is any truth in the ideal that “one touch of nature makes kin of us all”, it can only be realised through Art, and the establishment of a League of this kind is very welcome on that score. The League’s method of work is very interesting: it divides itself into various Departments, such as Lectures, Exhibitions, Entertainments, Press

Propaganda, International Correspondence Section and General Information Section, and aims at bringing the Arts into the everyday life of the people. Its membership is of three kinds, *viz.*, Ordinary Members, Professional Members and Service Members; and also Associates. The most interesting and outstanding feature in the League is the Village Travelling Theatre which will periodically visit even the smallest villages and stage carefully selected plays. This is not only a new departure but a laudable attempt to create "a closer bond between the community and the Artist".

ANCIENT INDIAN VILLAGE THEATRES

This reminds us of the existence of Village Theatres in India. In this country they have been in existence from time immemorial, though they are for the most part, coarse and crude. There is much in them that can be reformed and revived to the distinct advantage of the people of this country. The ancient Tamils, for instance, had attained a very high degree of culture and civilisation, contemporaneous with and even anterior to the colonisation of the Aryans from the North, and had, among other achievements, developed their artistic and histrionic talents to a very high degree of perfection, culminating in the "Pommalatam", something in the nature of the modern pantomime and "TABLEUX VIVANTS" put together. This, then, is another field for young India to choose and work for the glorification of the Motherland and toward the general contribution of the international arts' developments. Our journal will render all the help it can in this direction. We shall welcome the formation of new Arts' Leagues in India to revive the ancient village theatres in different parts of the country.

A POETESS OF 13

We extract the following from *The Daily News*, London, about a young Poetess of 13, who can find no inspiration in London and whose sparkling genius has found no appreciation so long:

"A new poetess is appearing on the literary horizon. She was born in Kensington, and when only 13 years old wrote:

Low, melodious, mournful music,
Soft and crooning melody,
Like wild honey, slipping, dripping,
Dripping from the red oak tree.
Woodland music, wild and wayward,
Thrilling through the sunlit glades
Till the piping, faltering—pausing—
Into still green silence fades.

"There is a Victorian felicity and smoothness about the lines, and perhaps it is only fair to say the only poets she has read are Wordsworth and Tennyson. The poetess is a young lady now in her fifteenth year. Her name is Phyllis McTerney.

"Of her father's death the child wrote:

Do you believe that it is I
That will lie in the grave?
Is the dead cocoon the moth,
The cast-off seed the corn?
Yield not then to despair,
Tear not your garments and rave,
For you shall see me again
When you, too, are born."

It will be the attempt of journals like ours to unearth such gems from the dustbin-world and place them before the public for their due appreciation and recognition.

* * * * *

"A LAMENT"

is a dirge by a young Indian girl of seventeen—a student in the Queen Mary's College, Madras, and we reproduce it here from the College Magazine with a view to encourage this young talented girl singer. She has written a number of poems in her College Magazine as well as in some daily papers and they have won due appreciation from the reading public. We will watch her career with interest, and it will be our endeavour to help all talented young men and women of all nationalities by giving publicity to their literary efforts and by cheering them up with hope and recognition.

EXHIBITIONS IN MADRAS

We have had two Arts' Exhibitions here in the month of February. The Fine Arts' Exhibition at the Senate House, organised by the Government, was quite a successful one. The Bengal School of Art was well represented with its amateur paintings. There were other exhibits by amateurs which were very remarkably done.

The other exhibition was by a Japanese artist who displayed a number of original paintings, strikingly beautiful in colour and form. This is the first time in Madras we have had a Japanese art exhibition. There is much that India can learn from Japan and Japan from India in the field of art, and exhibitions of this nature will go a good way to effect a better understanding and mutual appreciation of the best of art in both these countries.

THE PAGEANT BALL IN MADRAS

The Pageant Ball given by His Excellency the Governor of Madras and Lady Willingdon on the 13th February, 1920, at the Banqueting Hall, was a most magnificent show, and probably never been surpassed in India. As an epitome of beauty, colour, gaiety and dress, it was unique and one of its kind. Characters from Scott's *Ivanhoe* were presented to a striking reality; the *Doge of Venice* and his Court were simply superb. "Madras in the eighteenth century" was presented as a Tableau with a good effect; the "Egyptian Characters" were most real; "true and to the manner born", and that of the "Court of the Emperor Justinian" was genuinely Byzantine blending of East and West, combining the stateliness of the Imperial Rome with the hieratic splendour of the East. The graceful combination of the Indian element added much to the gorgeous splendour of the show. From both the artistic and historical standpoint of view, we would have liked the public to have been given a chance to witness such a grand show, for this would assuredly go a good deal toward giving a stimulus to the æsthetic sense of the people and toward developing their histrionic talents. We commend this idea to the consideration of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon.

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MAGAZINES

RŪPAM.—We welcome into the field of Indian journalism this new Quarterly devoted purely to the study and exposition of Oriental Art, (chiefly Indian,) under the able editorship

of Mr. O. C. Gangoly, well known in India as an authority and an exponent of the new school of Indian Art. The auspices under which this new journal is started—"The Indian Society of Oriental Arts"—is a sufficient guarantee for its genuineness and success. The first issue, with its numerous illustrations, coloured reproductions and able articles from eminent men on these subjects, augur much for the future of *Rûpam*. We congratulate Mr. Gangoly on his noble enterprise and wish him and his journal a prosperous career, useful service to the Motherland and all success. We have always felt the need for more magazines of this type in India, and hence our congratulation is coupled with a deep sense of gratitude to a fellow-worker in a common cause.

COLOUR.—We have received *Colour* from June, 1919 to January, 1920, and print below the impressions of 'Our Art Critic' on some of the pictures :

In the June Number "THE FISH SHOP" by Archibald Barnes is a characteristic and a delightful piece of painting by an artist who suddenly leaped into fame with a single water-colour 'Juno in London' in the Academy of 1913. He apparently sacrifices everything to get the free play of the medium. Blue and yellow predominate in his work.

"THE CRUCIFIXION" by Earnest Proctor is a modern attempt to capture the simplicity of the Italian Primitives.

Ian Goldon sends "A CORNISH COWYARD"—a mosaic water-colour of simple beauty.

In the July Number Evelyn Harke displays great strength in the bold brush work and modelling of "OLD AGE". This is portraiture indeed !

"PORTRAIT" by Ambrose McEvoy : This harmony in blue and silver is a characteristic water-colour by this painter. As a painter of charm he is unexcelled.

Charles Shannon is up again with his classic nymphs against a blue sea in his "THE INCOMING TIDE". He is undoubtedly one of the most promising artists of our time.

"ENID" by Ried Dick is worth a study. "ANDRODUS" a work exhibited by Dick in this year Academy was purchased by the Chantry Bequest. He fully deserves this recognition.

"A WOODLAND PATHWAY," is a fine etching by Leslie M. Ward. The treatment of the trees is very like Sir Alfred East's. He should have eliminated the smoke of the chimney in the distance.

In the August Number "AT THE WINDOW" by Richard Miller speaks for itself. It is a masterpiece worthy of a place in any art gallery.

"IN WHITE"—this delightful symphony in white, brings back to mind Whistler's famous "Miss Alexander". Unfortunately the skipping rope asserts itself a bit too much.

"AT WORK" by Evelyn Harke : This piece of palpitating colour is a masterpiece. She is a master of elimination of the superfluous. Chuji Kurihara who always is delighting with his Brangwynesque water-colours is under the spell of Wattean when he paints a thing like "JOLLY NOONDAY". Everything here is Watteanesque.

- E. X. Kapp's "PORTRAIT OF YONE NOGUCHI"—the Japanese Poet—is a remarkable piece of drawing. It breathes the spirit of a Chinese or a Japanese masterpiece.

In the September number Renoir—the French Impressionist of the Monet School—gives us the play of light and colour in his “DREAMING”. This work was done in his second manner.

Anna L. Falkner is under the spell of the Japanese when she paints a thing like “A HERD OF HEREFORDS”.

“STILL LIFE” by Leon de Smet: In spite of its technique and deep colouring, the artist is able to preserve sound drawing.

“SALOME,” the etching by W. A. Narbeth is Rembrandt-like in the figures which are full of life and character.

Wick’s “CICILY” is a delightful piece of painting.

“EARLY SUMMER, DERWENTWATER LAKE” by Take Sato: This is the usual Japanese pictorial short-hand in which they excel. Note how the vermillion cushion of the boat gives reality to the picture. This dash of vermillion is almost as important as the red cow in Turner’s “Norham Castle” in the Tate Gallery.

The October, November, December and January numbers of *Colour* have many beautiful and interesting paintings and etchings. These will be reviewed in our next issue.

Art and Archaeology of January and February, 1920, are devoted to the study of Human evolution in America, specially of the Red Indians. Edgar’s article on the Red Indians with copious illustrations on their ethnology, archæology and art make a very fascinating study. We appreciate Olive Wilson’s interesting article on “The Survival of an Ancient Art” and also “Red Man Ceremonials” by Marsden Hartley.

Poetry.—This American monthly devoted to English verse becomes increasingly interesting with every number. The February number which is before us for review has among other many fine pieces, the following two we quote below for the benefit of our readers:

“OR DID YOU LOVE DEATH?”

I got your love, lying
Candles at my head.
I got your love, dying,
White on my bed.

By your love gifted,
My life saw its span.
By my love lifted,
I rose and I ran.

I lost your love, living!
(O stinging sunshine!)
I lost your love, striving
For bread and wine!

Was it love, crying
Farewell with faint breath
Did you love me dying?
Or did you love death?

G. F. N.

MY YEARS

My years fall softly,
Siftly,
Like petals of a rose,
And leave me
A barren withered stalk
That dangles in the winds.

P. E.

We take the following from *Poetry* of November, 1919, on Yone Noguchi, the Japanese Poet :

"Years ago, when a group of gay young blades were making San Francisco a literary centre with the now traditional Lark; when Gelett Burgess, Bruce Porter, et al, were young, and Joaquin Miller was still writing his rugged poetry, Yone Noguchi came to this country—a rather frail, dreamy Japanese lad of perhaps eighteen. He went to live with Joaquin Miller, and the big-hearted bard encouraged his dreams. Presently fragile little poems began to appear in *The Lark*, a first breath from the living Orient.

"Looking back on them now one can see how directly they forecast the modern movement. They were in free verse—in the nineties—they condensed, suggestive full of rhythmic variations. In matters of technic they might have been written to-day, and though, few people understood them then, time has proven Mr. Noguchi a forerunner.

"Since then he has grown to be the most important link between the poetry of America and the poetry of Japan. He writes in both tongues, though mostly in English, interpreting the East to the West and the West to the East. He lives now in a suburb of Tokyo and is professor of English in Keio University."

"Mr. Noguchi has also lived in London, and his two books of poetry *From the Eastern Sea* and *The Pilgrimage*, were both printed first in London and soon after in Japan. They are books of subtle, delicate lyrics, full of that strange blend of old Japan and the West of to-day which makes the poetry of contemporary Japan so intriguing."

"*Musical Times*.—It is difficult to conceive of a more informing journal than the *Musical Times*. A uniform standard has been kept up throughout, and instructive contributions from eminent writers and critics on Music make it the journal in English on the subject. We will specially refer our readers to the series of articles on Modern British Composers by Edwin Evans who takes a hopeful and unbiassed view of the musical situation in Europe in general and England in particular. The February number of the *Musical Times* has an interesting article on The English Folk-dance Society with illustrations of sword dance by men. We are told that as much as four hundred young people are to be seen in one school at Chelsea learning the folk-dance with a joy and energy and laughter and music and sweetness that you seldom meet in any one of the leading Music Halls of London, where behind the rippling laughter and moving gaiety lie concealed the cankering worm of dissipation and misery.

M. A. B.—The following extract from the February number of *M. A. B.* published by T. Fisher Unwin Ltd., London, on "The American Woman" by Frank Dillnot may interest our readers. The American woman is the New Woman who will lead the New Age that is dawning over the world.

“One of the charms of the best American woman is her vivid interest in those affairs of life in which an ordinarily well-read man finds material for thought and activity. Right down from the richer circles to the woman in what may be called the lower middle class there is a pulsing curiosity about life, a desire to know and understand, a courage which flinches from no unpleasant knowledge, indeed asks for it, and withal a humour which, if a stranger may hazard an opinion, is even more noticeable than in the American man. The American woman reads the newspapers fervently. She reads books of all kinds to an extent which I should guess is unequalled in any other part of the world. It is the fashion to say that the American woman is spoiled by her husband and her men-folk in general. That is probably true with regard to certain circles in the wealthier classes, where indulgence is carried to a point which makes not only for selfishness but also for smart emptiness or sheer stupidity. But it is a libel to apply the verdict generally to American women. By virtue of a camaraderie, a keenness of perception, and independence of outlook, which arises partly from the general conditions of the country, the American woman is a live and sparkling companion for an intelligent man.” •

REVIEWS

The History of Aryan Rule in India, by E. B. Havell. (Published by George G. Harrap & Co., Ltd. Price 15s. net.)

Mr. Havell hardly requires an introduction. He is already well known as the Principal of the Calcutta School of Arts and the author of various works on Indian art and architecture including that monumental work *Indian Architecture: Its Psychology Structure and History*. The present work is an attempt on the part of the author to give a connected account of the cultural and political history of the Indo-Aryan people from the standpoint of an artist and a philosopher, and there is not the slightest doubt that he has been completely successful. He includes within his account not only Indo-Aryans in the narrow racial or ethnological sense, but all who came within the Aryan pale by accepting their social, religious, and political institutions, that is to say, all the peoples of India from the Himalayas to Cape Kanya Kumari. Mr. Havell avowedly writes as one who appreciates and admires Indo-Aryan civilisation and especially the achievements of the Aryan race. Indeed it may be questioned whether his admiration for the achievements of the Indo-Aryans does not to a certain extent blind him to the contributions of other races to the sum total of Indian culture. This is particularly the case with regard to the civilisation of the pre-Aryan races of India. According to the learned author the history of civilised India begins only with the appearance of the Aryans on Indian soil. This is hardly a correct view. Instead of saying that the Aryans civilised India, it might be said with greater propriety that it was India that civilised the Aryans. When the Aryans first entered India, they were as much barbarians as the Sakas or the Hunas or the Turki Mussalmans of later times, and it is quite probable that the influence of the pre-Aryan civilisation on the Aryans was not less marked than the influence of the Indo-Aryan civilisation on later barbarian invaders. There is nothing illogical in this when we see that the centre of Indo-Aryan civilisation was not Gandhara or Punjab but the Gangetic valley where the Aryan element in the population may be supposed to be relatively small. Further, Bengal and Southern India, where the Aryan elements may be supposed to be least, had been and continues to be the most intellectual portions of India. Mr. Havell is probably nearer the truth when he says that, "it is probable that the Aryans were always numerically a very minute fraction of the people of India; and even among those who called themselves Aryan there were many of mixed blood. It was by spiritual rather than by physical ties that Aryans and non-Aryans were gradually bound together into a political unity with an abiding sense of nationality". The influence of the non-Aryan civilisation upon the Aryans is indirectly admitted by Mr. Havell himself when he says that "Aryan civilisation in India was not a reflex or a by-current of that which had its origin in Southern Europe and that it was India herself who modelled it in her own image, directed its endeavours and inspired its ideals". It is this incapacity of the author to appreciate the pre-Aryan civilisation of India that is responsible for the misleading statement that "where the Aryan element, racial or intellectual, predominated the political tendency was towards popular institutions and constitutional government, and where the Aryan element was weak the autocratic principle of Government prevailed". It is a fact known to all students of history that the democratic village communities were strongest in Southern India, where the Aryan

influence may be supposed to be least, and it is difficult to see how this is possible unless the pre-Aryans were, if anything, even more democratic than the Aryans. It is this same distorted view of pre-Aryan culture that is responsible for the groundless assumption that Ravana was a pirate chieftain who wantonly abducted Sita and carried her off to Lanka, the pirate stronghold. Anyone who reads the *Ramayana* carefully, will concede that even his enemies admit that Ravana was no mere pirate or barbarian, but a wise and popular king, a valiant and chivalrous knight, and a staunch devotee of Siva. Nor was Lanka a pirate stronghold. It was a renowned metropolis, the capital of a mighty kingdom, teeming with population and full of castles, palaces, barracks, theatres and other architectural works of remarkable beauty and strength. Ravana's abduction of Sita was not a wanton act but an act of retaliation for the hideous insult offered by Rama's brother to his own sister, and it should also be remembered that during the whole period of Sita's captivity, Ravana never behaved towards her in any way unworthy of a man of honour. The behaviour of these two men, Ravana and Lakshmana, towards Sita and Shurpanakha respectively, clearly shows which of them was the more civilised of the two. It is equally unhistoric to say that the bloody sacrifices and drunken revelries of the Aryans were due to the influence of the pre-Aryans, when all available evidence goes to prove that the Aryans were addicted to these vices long before they entered India.

Apart, however, from these minor inaccuracies, Mr. Havell's book is an extremely valuable one as a correct and rational interpretation of Indian history and civilisation. His masterly summary of the history of Indian religious thought [Ch. 14] leading through *Hinayana* and *Mahayana* forms of Buddhism to the two great schools of *Saiva* and *Vaishnava* philosophy, is probably the best and the most logical account that has yet been given. According to the learned author these two schools of thought may be traced under various forms throughout the course of Indian religious history, and may very probably be referred to the rivalry between the Brahmans and the Kshattrias and the divergent views and outlook on life which characterised these two classes.

The Kshattrias were as little disposed to submit to any curtailment of their political and social privileges as they were to accept without reserve Brahman leadership in philosophy and religion. . . . The Brahmans were conservative and took their stand upon the vedas as a divine revelation of which they were the sole interpretations; the Kshattrias more concerned with the problems of social life and with the necessity of maintaining harmony within the Aryan pale by a recognition of non-Aryan ideas and customs, were broader in their views and always sought to add to the store of Vedic wisdom by independent research.

Mr. Havell's exposition of Buddhistic philosophy and its influence on contemporary society as well as upon later Hinduism, is also very good.

Just as modern science has approached towards a reconciliation with religious mysticism, so Buddhist and Brahmanical thought eventually found a *via media* along which they could go hand in hand. Buddha's ethical teaching had the profoundest influence upon Brahmanism both in its ritualistic and spiritual aspects. Socially and politically Buddhism had the same effect in making a nation, as Christianity in the seventh century had in drawing together the petty principalities of the Saxon heptarchy. In breaking down the racial barriers of 'Aryavarta', and clearing the spiritual atmosphere of superstition and priestly obscurantism, it bound together in closer ties of sympathy the whole political organisation of the Aryan pale, and thus helped to lay the foundations of the great empire of the Mauryan dynasty.

Mr. Havell also disposes of the pet theory of western historians that Indian monarchies were despotisms. As a matter of fact, as Mr. Havell clearly points out, in India the king was as much bound by the *Dharma* or the Common Law of the land as any of his subjects. "There was no struggle for freedom of conscience or for the political rights of individuals because both were established by the unwritten law of the land, confirmed by every monarch in his coronation oath. India's *Magna Charta* was contained in her constitutional law, a digest of the acts of the Sabha or tribal parliament, which were as sacred as the vedas or the sayings of the Buddha."

As might naturally be expected from Mr. Havell, the portions dealing with the artistic and architectural history of India are perhaps the most valuable portions of the whole

book. He clearly exposes the discredited theories of Fergusson who must needs refer every stage in the development of Indian art to some foreign influence or other often on the most flimsy evidence. For the first time Mr. Havell gives a rational and logical exposition of the development of Indo-Aryan architecture from its beginnings to the Mughal times. He tries to explain the significance of the *stupa* style and the *sikhara* style. According to him the so-called Gandhara school of Fergusson owes nothing to Hellenic influence except a few details of technique. On the other hand, "the Gandharan sculpture probably exhibits the influence of India upon the artistic thought of Hellenism analogous to that which oriental fashions exercised upon the contemporary social life of the capital of the Roman Empire".

Mr. Havell also takes umbrage at the view of Fergusson that Indo-Muhammadan Architecture was in any way inspired from outside. "Such terms as *Saracenic* or *Pathan* applied to Indo-Muhammadan architecture are historically unscientific because of the implication that the creative impulse came from outside India; whereas except for some of the decorative motives Indo-Muhammadan architecture is purely Indian." The fact is that the so-called *Saracenic* art of western Asia itself had derived its spiritual impulse from India, instead of India deriving any impulse from it. Mr. Havell is quite clear and emphatic on the point.

"Probably the need of craftsmen for executing great public works was one of the motives for plundering expeditions. Indo-Aryan masons were noted for their skill and even Mahmud of Ghazni and Timur in their insatiate thirst for blood observed the rule that the lives of craftsmen should be spared, so that they might contribute by their labour to the glory of the victors. Indian craftsmen, especially the master-builders learned in the *Silpa Shastras*, have thus played a very important part in the diffusion of Aryan culture . . .

"The Saracenic architecture of Persia was founded upon the old Buddhistic building traditions which India had given to Western Asia; the pointed arch and the half-domed porches and windows of Persian mosques were an adaptation of the niched shrines in which Buddhistic images were placed. The Mullahs having satisfied their conscience by destroying the hated images, converted Buddhistic temples into mosques and adopted the empty niches as a symbol of the 'true faith,' so that gradually the niche with the pointed arch became an essential feature in the structure of new Muhammadan buildings.

"The same thing happened in India. The Mullahs dictated their ritualistic requirements to the Hindu master-builders. The latter shaped them into architectural form according to the traditions of the Hindu *Silpa Shastras*, and thus created every type of Indo-Muhammadan architecture. The so-called *Saracenic* architecture of India was in no sense a foreign importation, as western writers have made it, but a new development of Indo-Aryan culture. To say this is not to depreciate its superlative æsthetic merits, but to give it its true place in Indian history.

"Islam did not alter Indian æsthetic principles or add to them, but was the unconscious instrument of giving Indian art a new impulse. Indian master-builders had concentrated for many centuries upon the idea of the manifoldness of the Deity; they had gone as far as it was possible to go in that direction. Islam gave them an introspective bent of mind, and they began to concentrate on the idea of the unity of the Godhead. The effect of this change of mood can be seen in the gradual development of an Indo-Muhammadan or new Indo-Aryan building tradition inspired by Indian ideals, not by the rank materialism of the Mussalman conqueror. It was as if the philosophy of the vedanta which permeated the esoteric thought of India gradually became embodied in the stone and marble of Indian mosques and tombs and crystallised in the ritualistic forms of the Muhammadan faith. But this æsthetic ideal was no new inspiration to Indian art: it ran through the whole tradition of Indian sculpture and painting from the beginning of the Christian era to the time of the Muhammadan conquest. The exquisite refinement of contour which Indo-Muhammadan tomb-builders achieved and their comparative reticence in surface decoration, had their counterparts and prototypes in the marvellous profiles and massive generalisations with which the Indian painter realised his ideal of the divine Buddha at Ajanta; the inspiration of the Trimurti of Elephanta and of the bronze Natarāja of the Tanjore temple, is evident in the tombs of the Pathan Kings and in the dome of the Tāj Mahāl.

"The personal note which these Turki conquerors and the ferocious rough-riders of Central Asia who formed their nobility, gave to Indian art was limited to one idea—they insisted that their buildings should be the biggest things on earth. This so-called 'Pathan art' was saved from the vulgarity of the modern plutocrat by the fact that the Turki or Tartar tyrants had at their command an unlimited supply of the finest artistry of the world, at a time when its creative power was fully developed and had not been reduced to a mechanical formula by modern machinery and archæological pedantry. The admiration which these great works justly excite should not prevent us from seeing that both in spirit and in substance their art is purely Indian and neither Turkish nor Pathan, and that their craftsmen were brothers of those who in the same epoch built the palaces of Chitor and the magnificent towers of victory with which the Ranas of Mewar commemorated the triumphs of Rajput chivalry."

The learned author then goes on to describe how the world of Islam itself was affected by Indian ideas and ideals. "The policy of the Muhammadan Emperors assisted, as time went on, to some extent the process of evolution by which the typical Indian Muslim came to regard India as his spiritual home, and to make Islam in India the highest expression of a great world religion." In this process of evolution Indian philosophers, no less

than Indian craftsmen and Indian women often with tears in their eyes, had an important though unwilling part to perform. "The process had already begun when the Doctors of Islam under Harun Al Raschid began to expand the primitive doctrine of Islam by the study of Indian religious thought. It was continued when the Arabs gained a footing in Aryavarta, and again when Mahmud of Ghazni filled the harems of the Muhammadan world with Indian women and sent thousands of Indian craftsmen forth to make their religion serve the material as well as the spiritual needs of Islam in Western Asia. The Indian craftsman was always a religious teacher, and the foundations of his belief were not shaken when he took a Muslim name and invoked the Deity as Allah instead of Ishvara." The influence of Indian women on Muslim culture, though still more subtle, was equally potent. The key to the whole subject is probably to be found in the statement in the *Travels of Shahabuddin Ahmed* that "Hindu women were prized above all others in the Muslim slave market on account of their beauty and graceful manners". In those days it was the ambition of every Turki and Afghan noble to get by trick or by force as many Hindu women as possible into his harem, and whatever might have been the individual fates of those unfortunate women, their cumulative influence upon Islamic culture must have been incalculable. Moreover, "the final conquest of Hindustan by the Muhammadans brought the baser elements of Islam into close contact with Indian civilisation. And even while India lay prostrate and bleeding under the oppressor's foot the Indian ideal was slowly permeating the social and spiritual life of the Muhammadan Conquerors, and Islam was adjusting its dogmas to the Indian religious synthesis".

Mr. Havell's fascinating study closes with the reign of Akbar who according to the learned author was the last great monarch who followed the traditions of Indo-Aryan royalty. Mr. Havell seems to have got a true insight into the psychology of the Indian masses when he says that "the Indo-Aryans preferred a personal as distinguished from a bureaucratic administration, for it appealed to that deep religious feeling of the Indian masses which makes a just and wise ruler God's vice-regent on earth, a feeling which no bureaucratic machine, however perfect it may be, can ever evoke".

The book is profusely illustrated with beautiful plates specially selected and arranged to show the development of Indian art and architecture. The illustrations are excellent and enable us to have a very good idea of the subjects with which they deal. The volume is altogether a very valuable addition to the bibliography relating to India and we heartily recommend it to the perusal of Indians and all others who take an interest in India and things Indian.

K. P. PADMANABHA PILLAY

Mr. Standfast, by John Buchan. (Hodder & Stoughton. Price 7s. net.)

A thrilling spy-story, in John Buchan's best vein, of the most daring, elusive and powerful of Germany's super-best Secret Agent in England. This can very favourably be compared with the best of the stories on German Espionage written by that Master of Mystery—William Le Queux. The most baffling of German plots—communicating with Berlin through wireless means on the move of British Navy and Air Raids—is very cleverly and ably traced and detected by a British General and a young English maiden; the arch-criminal is hunted all over Europe and is finally netted in Switzerland. He meets his death in the fields of France from the bullets of his own countrymen—a fitting reward for the nefarious trade he carried on in Europe. The whole story is very ably spun, and the author is at his best in this book.

G. V.

The Sky Pilot of No Man's Land, by Ralph Connor. (Hodder & Stoughton. Price 6s. net.)

The great ideals for which England and her Dominions fought in the present world-war, are very remarkably dramatised in this story. A most delightful novel written with great charm. The characters are depicted with a depth of knowledge of human nature and national traits—characteristic of the author.

G. V.

The Desert of Wheat, by Zane Grey. (Hodder & Stoughton. Price 7s. net.)

Zane Grey's latest novel on War; intensely pathetic and poignantly interesting. One of the best books the War has produced. The scene is laid in the wheat growing tracts of California. The Hero is the son of a farmer who is a pro-German. The I. W. W. organisation is busy sowing discontent among the farmers and scheming to ruin the crop of the year. The heroine is the daughter of a rich wheat grower, whose crop is threatened by this secret organisation. Mr. Anderson, the Rancher, enlists the sympathy of the farmer's son, Kurt, and with his help puts down the nefarious work of the I. W. W. He wins the hand of Dorn Anderson; enlists himself in the American Army and returns home a wounded man and succumbs to death subsequently. A tragic story full of human pathos.

G. V.

The Adventures of Signor McGlusky, by A. G. Hales. (Hodder & Stoughton. Price 6s. net.)

Another interesting and humorous book of Hales, recounting the further adventures and exploits, in Italy during the War, of his familiar hero McGlusky. A splendid story; very bright and amusing. Readers of *Ginger and McGlusky* know what to expect of their hero in the present book.

G. V.

The Shadow of the Past, by F. E. Mills Young. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Novels are often reliable mirrors reflecting the undercurrent of thought and ideals of a particular people or nation at a particular period. The story under review well illustrates this point. It is a bald summary of the principal events in the history of the British Colony in South Africa, and the silent sufferings of the native Boers, as given expression to by one of the chief characters in the story, Miss Honour Krige. The plot is drawn from ordinary life, with no touch of romance whatsoever, and is sure to find a response from all classes of readers. The historical side is skilfully woven.

G. V.

The Green Pea Pirates, by Peter B. Kyne. (Hodder & Stoughton. Price 7s. net.)

Like W. W. Jacob, Peter B. Kyne is a writer of Novels on Sea-life, its charms and adventures. Though one misses Jacob's familiar figure of an old sailor with an eternal pipe in his mouth when relating his wonderful adventures on sea, the novel under review has all the elements that go to make the writer famous in writing on Sea-Pirates, sea-storms and ship-wrecks. To use the slang-expression of Sailors—the novel is full of "Sailorism" and affords a pleasant reading.

G. V.

The Red Hawk, by A. G. Hales. (Hodder & Stoughton. Price 6s. net.)

The book is teeming with characters with volcanic loves and hates, rattling with action and gripping in interest from the very first sentence. Mr. Hales's mastery of the details of South American life seems marvellous. Derrick Ghent and Doris Delphine are characters, which Dumas would have longed to have on his own huge canvas.

The Cow Puncher, by Robert J. C. Stead. (Hodder & Stoughton. Price 6s. net.)

It is a romance of the Rockies, typically American in incident and sentiment, told with joy and vigour. Intense and stately characters arise out of a few touches from the author. The tragic end lifts up Elden and Irene almost to the level of heroes.

The Land Girl's Love Story, by Berta Ruck. (Hodder & Stoughton. Price 6s. net.)

Here we get a glimpse of the England behind the war-telegrams in the papers. Joan, the central figure, here, is made of the stuff of common womanhood, which at the call of duty, leads a nation to victory. One, actually, walks through "heaps of girls" while reading the book.

The Green Mirror, by Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan's Empire Library).

This book easily takes a place along-side the house-hold idylls of Jane Austin. An "uneventful" but charming romance grows out of the interplay of Sense, Sensibility, Pride and Prejudice seated around a tea-table.

The Promise of Air, by Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan's Empire Library.)

The carelessness, freedom and joy of bird-life is here held up as an ideal to Man. Metaphor and simile match the theme admirably. In spite of the "purpose" in the book, the reader comes out fresh as a bird, after a flight through it, with nothing of the story sticking to him.

RAFIUDDIN AHMED



“ROSE-RHYTHM”

OUR frontispiece “Rose-Rhythm” is a portrait of Katherine Dillon, the dancer, by the famous Modern English artist, J. D. Fergusson. In his article on the work of J. D. Fergusson, published in this number, Charles Marriot says:

“One has only to look at “Rose-Rhythm,” a portrait of Katherine Dillon, the dancer, reproduced here, to see that, as a design, it presents a much more solid and concrete surface than is usual in Eastern art. There is no passive acceptance of space, but every part of the canvas is actively organised. The constructive intellect as well as the emotion and technical skill of the artist has been at work throughout. The curl of the rose petal has been taken as the unit of design but it has been produced, as a mathematician would say, in three dimensions—to suggest depth as well as length and breadth. A plan of the picture would be as highly organised as its elevation. Yet there is no illusion to the eye in the sense of realistic relief. The relief is mental rather than optical. Where the realistic painter would have employed a cast shadow to project the forms, Fergusson employs a line.”

THE WORK OF J. D. FERGUSSON

By CHARLES MARRIOTT

THERE could hardly be a better subject for an article in an International Art Magazine, published in the East, than J. D. Fergusson; because his work illustrates in a striking manner the essential as distinct from the accidental differences between Eastern and Western art. . Most of the discussions that I have heard or read on the subject seem to me to lay too much stress upon the accidental differences. It is said, for example, that Western art is realistic while Eastern art is decorative. Neither description is strictly true or, at any rate, exhaustive. The primary object of both arts is expression. The very word "realism" needs greater consideration and caution in its use than is generally given to it. Too often it is confused with reality. I am not prepared to say how far it could be established as a principle, but it is certainly true in practice that the termination "ism" nearly always indicates an evasion of the truth to which it is applied.

All art, whether pictorial or literary, Western or Eastern, "realistic" or decorative, aims at reality. The difference is whether it aims at the illusion or the feeling of reality; whether the reality is to be made apparent to the eye or present to the mind---using the word "mind" to indicate the whole complex of intellect and emotion. In the one case the eye is the critic and in the other it is only the channel of reality. To take a simple illustration, an outline drawing---even by so comparatively realistic an artist as Holbein---creates no illusion of reality. It does not deceive the eye for a moment, because there are no lines in nature. But it does convey the feeling of reality to the mind, and the eye is the channel of that feeling. If art were exclusively a matter of outline drawings the essential differences between Eastern and Western art would still exist, but the accidental differences would be much less apparent. In order to create the illusion of reality some substance like oil paint is needed. Now, it is a remarkable fact that Eastern art does not employ substances like oil paint. That fact, in itself, is not enough to explain all the essential differences between Eastern and Western art but, as I shall presently try to show, it has a great deal to do with the accidental differences. Partly essential and partly accidental in its effects upon the art of painting, oil paint has confused the subject; and, oddly enough, it is the use of oil paint by J. D. Fergusson that helps to clear the matter up by emphasising

the essential differences and lessening the accidental differences between Eastern and Western art. Most people who talk or write about art overlook the enormous importance of the actual materials used in it; and it is a significant fact that it is the most spiritual among Western artists, William Blake, for example, who are most concerned about the nature of their materials.

Let us glance broadly at the development of painting in Europe. Extravagant as it may sound, I think we shall find in such a survey that what we call realism, that is to say, the illusion of reality to the eye, is only a passing phase and that it began with the introduction of oil paint. It has often been remarked that the works of the early Italian fresco and tempera painters have much more in common with the art of the East than have the oil paintings of later periods. Everybody has noticed, for example, the curious resemblance of "The Earthly Paradise," by an unknown Chinese painter of the Ming dynasty, now in the British Museum, to the work of Botticelli. Now it is hardly credible that the great and rapid advance in realistic representation by Western artists that followed the close of the fifteenth century was due entirely to mental changes. The more reasonable explanation is that it was due partly, if not mainly, to the discovery and development of a medium that lent itself, as fresco and tempera did not, to that purpose. If this be true, as I think it is, the rapidly increasing difference between Western and Eastern art which followed the introduction of oil painting may justly be called accidental.

How far the illusion of reality to the eye is to be looked upon as a defect in Western art and how far as a virtue will, I suppose, always be a matter of dispute. Many great artists, Blake, for example, have damned it utterly. At any rate we may say that it is a defect in so far as its achievement seduces the artist from his proper business of design and expression. But the point to observe is that though oil painting made it possible it did not make it inevitable. The earlier oil paintings do not differ greatly in style from fresco and tempera paintings, and all through the history of Western art there have been oil painters who have deliberately ignored the facility of that medium for creating the illusion of reality to the eye. From the point of view of the person who regards realistic illusion as a defect we might very well apply to oil paint the words of the poet: "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done."

For the truth is that oil paint does not differ from the rest of what are called the resources of Western civilisation in being at the same time an opportunity and a snare. It can be used and it can be abused. To dismiss the resources of Western civilisation as an evil in themselves is not to compliment the East; it is merely to ignore certain fundamental differences between the Eastern and Western mind; differences which are expressed not only in art but in religion, philosophy, laws and social customs. Oil paint, which lends

itself with fatal facility to that evasion of truth which is implied in realistic imitation, also lends itself with peculiar force to that extension of truth which is implied in the use of the third dimension.

This, I am persuaded, is the real, the essential, the fundamental difference between Eastern and Western pictorial art. Equally aiming at expression, the Eastern painter designs in two dimensions the Western painter in three. The painting of cast shadows, which Mr. Laurence Binyon, in a recent article in "The New World," regretted as an injurious influence on European art, is only an accident. It is not essential to the use of the third dimension. Nor is realistic illusion to the eye an inevitable consequence of such use. Compare the work of the Italian fresco and tempera painters, or the earlier oil painters, or the work of such modern painters as J. D. Fergusson, in which cast shadows are reduced to a minimum or altogether absent and realistic illusion is not attempted, with the work of Eastern painters; compare an outline drawing by Holbein or Augustus John with an outline drawing by an Indian artist; and you will still find this fundamental difference of a third dimension.

At risk of being unduly "scientific" it is necessary, here, to examine what is meant by the term; because it is often regarded as making realistic illusion inevitable. Realistic illusion is an optical consideration and, as such, a cheating of the mind; the third dimension is a mental concept and, as such, an opportunity for the designer. If I were asked to name the slippery places down which Western painting for a time ran down to the evasion of the proper business of the artist, design and expression, I should say oil paint and perspective. But oil paint and perspective are not bad things in themselves; they are only bad because, in the hands of indifferent artists, they lend themselves to such evasion. As the recorded saying "*O che bello prospettiva!*"—"This delightful perspective!"—of Paolo Uccello seems to indicate, the earlier European painters appreciated perspective not so much as a means to optical illusion as a mental exercise; and if you look at Uccello's "The Rout of San Romano" (formerly called "The Battle of St. Egidio"), which is one of the treasures of the National Gallery in London, you will see that the form of perspective he used is much more akin to the isometrical or orthographic projection of architects than to the scenographic perspective of later European pictorial artists. That is to say, it is a perspective which emphasises depth as a mental concept rather than as an optical illusion.

Now if we turn to the work of such modern painters as J. D. Fergusson we shall see that one of its great merits is that it has rescued the art of painting from the slippery path of illusion and restored it to its proper place as an art of design. At the same time it differs from Eastern art in the use of oil paint and in its emphatic insistence on the third dimension. It reduces accidental differences to a minimum and accentuates essential differences. Not that Eastern art entirely

ignores the condition of depth. In landscape, at any rate, it suggests it by successive planes of distance. The difference is that it does not design in the spaces between them. The planes of distance in a Chinese landscape resemble the "flats" or "profiles" of theatrical scenery, and they would be represented in plan by parallel and disconnected lines; but in the plan of a picture by J. D. Fergusson the lines representing the planes of distance would be connected by lines representing the planes at different angles. That is to say, the picture would be designed in plan as well as in elevation.

I am not prepared to say exactly what differences between the Eastern and Western mind are expressed in this great difference between Eastern and Western art, but I am quite sure that it is something more than a mere difference of convention. To my mind there is nothing more characteristic of the Western intellect than this active exploration and exploitation of the ground between the planes of distance. In unfamiliar fields of the spirit one treads with caution, but is there not something in the doctrine of successive incarnations, of separate planes of existence, each the opportunity for its own virtues, common to most Eastern religions, that corresponds to the separate planes of a Chinese landscape? On the other hand, is it not a characteristic of Western religions to regard this life as a continual discipline, the sole opportunity for salvation, in which the battle must be won between birth and death? In the Western view material facts are regarded not as evils in themselves and therefore mainly opportunities for ascetism and renunciation, but as tests of the spirit, good or bad according as they are used rightly or wrongly. I do not mean that Eastern religion or art ignores the material universe, but that they both seem to regard it as a matter for passive acceptance rather than active exploration. At any rate there seems to me to be a distinct analogy between the, so to speak, greater materialism, the greater insistence on "works"—in the combination of faith and works—of Western religion and the development of the third dimension in Western art. Also, the abuses of Western civilization, the exploitation of material resources for selfish ends to the neglect of the general welfare, might very well be compared to that defect in Western art which consists in flattering the eye with realistic imitations to the neglect of design.

That the recent reaction from realism in Western art is connected with the desire, if not the effort, to escape from the chaos of materialism and to establish an organised society there can be no doubt whatever. There is, moreover, a curious similarity between the less intelligent manifestations of that desire in religious and social matters and in art. In both cases there is a tendency to ignore the special characteristics of the Western mind. J. D. Fergusson, however, does not make that mistake. He removes the accidental difference between Eastern and Western art by abandoning realistic illusion and insisting upon design, but he preserves the essential difference by designing in three dimensions. He

makes use of oil paint, but he uses it for expression and not for imitation. One has only to look at "Rose Rhythm," a portrait of Katherine Dillon, the dancer, reproduced here, to see that, as a design, it presents a much more solid and concrete surface than is usual in Eastern art. There is no passive acceptance of space, but every part of the canvas is actively organised. The constructive intellect as well as the emotion and technical skill of the artist has been at work throughout. The curl of the rose petal has been taken as the unit of design but it has been produced, as a mathematician would say, in three dimensions—to suggest depth as well as length and breadth. A plan of the picture would be as highly organised as its elevation. Yet there is no illusion to the eye in the sense of realistic relief. The relief is mental rather than optical. Where the realistic painter would have employed a cast shadow to project the forms Fergusson employs a line.

Nothing is more interesting in Fergusson's work than his gradual progress in intellectual grasp of the third dimension. I have before me a reproduction of one of his earlier paintings, "The White Hat". In the sense of filling the space—so far as length and breadth are concerned—it is equally well designed, but relief, here, is suggested only by way of illusion. It has not become an element of design. In this picture, too, there are roses, but the relation between them and the human subject is, so to speak, sentimental only. They are not artistically related by having their curves reduced to a common category with the curves of the figure. The brushwork in "The White Hat" is as skilful as that in "Rose Rhythm", but it is with a different sort of skill, because the object aimed at is the illusion rather than the expression of surfaces and textures. The difference between the two pictures, in short, is that between realism and reality.

At a time when there is some risk that our new sense of brotherhood in life and art may degenerate into a vague internationalism it seems to me a very good thing that there should be a painter who, while he remains true to the common aims of all art, Eastern or Western, which are design and expression, should, nevertheless, give full play to the intellectual characteristics which distinguish the West from the East. Universal understanding will not be gained by concealing our differences but rather by clearing away the accidents which have obscured our fundamental agreement. What is called realism, in the sense of realistic illusion, in Western art was undoubtedly such an accident but, as I have tried to show, it was of comparatively late appearance and, as the work of J. D. Fergusson illustrates, it is already on the decline.

Charles Marriott

THE VISION

By HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAY

Persons in the Play:

An Old Labourer.

His Old Wife. .

His Daughter. .

A Labourer Boy.

An Old Man, a Vision of twenty years hence.

Scene: Interior of a labourer's cottage . . . Evening . . . The labourer's wife, an old woman is cooking her husband's meal in a dark corner to the right. Her young daughter is seen sitting by, kneading wheat-cakes.

Daughter: You slept a long sleep at mid-day, mother of me, and I all the while keeping watch over your quiet face. Dead and gone to the other life I thought sometimes you were, but then again you smiled in your sleep and I knew you full of life.

Old Woman: Child of me! God in the blue skies were good to us if he would close up our life . . . for we are poor and poverty they say nowadays do be a crime! The poor ones suffer while the rich folk hold the whole big world in their strong hands . . . and mock our poverty . . . It was not this like in days gone by . . . Ah child of my bosom! these be bitter times!

Daughter: I have often heard my father say this too, that hunger like a tongue of fire is licking the children's empty stomachs and of women, he often does be talking . . . who hide their pure naked bodies in cold earth digging out graves for themselves, there being no money to buy them their share of clothing . . . and he often speaks of their men, God save them from shame . . . their men, father says, are hard-worked as if they be bullocks or dumb creatures . . . They are flogged till their strong male flesh cries out "Tyranny!" "Blood!" and such-like noises!

Old Woman (weeping): And your father is a man too! . . . He comes to his cottage how often with a dark cloud on his brow, and when I ask him "What be the matter with my child's father?" he smiles and cools my burning bosom with a cheerful word! . . . and when at the deep of night he sleeps, I wake and under his share of tattered shirt, I see stripes like blue flame, and

marks like purple flame, and such-like signs of his Master's cruelty, out there among the fields. These are cruel times, dear Child of my Womb, but we must live somehow till the great master of all sings "Come to my Field of Glory!"

Daughter: Poor mother! how brave you are, and you so old and broken and that sorrowful . . . and father, he is a saintly soul the like of him they shall find beyond the great big clouds!

Old Woman: But, my girl, our chains must break somewhere, sometime, if we only wait, for, as I slept at mid-day, I fell into dreaming.

Daughter: It was then you smiled and I knew you full of life! What did you dream, mother?

Old Woman: Fields! green fields! and millions of poor labourers . . . The hot sun baking their naked brown bodies, men, women and children . . . The poor women hiding their shame beneath their tattered breast cloth, and a meagre rag round their pale bodies. The children crying, crying for bread and yearning for a patch of cool shadows . . . Among them of a sudden sprung a man, their Master, with hard cruel looks of him, cracking his whip in the air . . . The cracking sound frightened the young ones who shrieked in themselves, and choked their shrieks in their tired little throats parched and desert-like for want of water. Then again, as of a sudden, dear child of me, I glimpsed your father labouring and wiping the sweat at his brow, among the labourers. The blood of me jumped up like a mad woman and yelled, when the Master lashed his body because he saw a tear-drop break in the edge of his eye! "O cruel God!" I cry in my dreaming, "where be justice? Be there justice?" when a voice brake from the trees in the field "Yea! as long as God do be in the blue sky and the heart of the labourer!"

Daughter: Mark you mother! "As long as God is in the blue sky and the heart of the labourer" . . . and have we not always thought on His mercy?

Old Woman: Then a figure, as of the days to be, stood in the midst of the labourers in the fields and cried "The day is yours! You are all kings! The tyrant shall bend low and drop his eye-balls in the dust!"

Daughter: May be, it is a vision, for we poor people do often see visions . . . We dream . . . and the dreams of the poor, they say, are born in God's purple heart-core.

Old Woman (looking out of the cottage-door): The sun is red on the edge of the sky . . . How like a bit of bleeding flesh! May be your father comes on his roadway home . . . where he shall rest after his scanty meal . . . Child! . . . but, God knows, how many new stripes our eyes must suffer on the old trembling body of him in the darkness of night!

Daughter: I shall wet them with my tears, Mother, and cover up their flames with the love of my heart . . . but who be he coming on the roadway alone . . . a boy quietly weeping.

Old Woman : A labourer lad may be ; call him in that we may love him and ease his little breast of its vast sorrows . . . (Exit Daughter).

A labourer-boy . . . God have mercy on the labourer and his woman and his young one.

(Enter Daughter with the little labourer-child who is sobbing.)

Boy : O ! Grandmother of me !

Old Woman : What hath befallen thee, little angel ?

Boy : I have no corner of the world to hide me . . . Hide me in your lap . . . O hide me—anywhere !

Daughter : The poor wee soul is trembling . . . and he so young and lovely ! . . . who hath hurt thee little lonely Angel ? . . .

Boy : My Master . . . the cruel Master . . . His eyes are dark and poison-like, and in his tongue a black scorpion crawls . . . He flogs us all day, and with a long long whip, looking serpent-like ; His fingers are thick and hard and strong like mountains that we do see . . . and we hate him . . . He is a bad master . . . I don't want to serve a bad master . . . A cruel unfeeling master . . . and he not paying us wages at the end of daylight !

Daughter : Poor tiny sorrowing bosom !

Old Woman : And he is only one of the millions that do be crying . . .

Daughter : Have you no father ?

Boy : They say he is gone to another land where the fields are fine and the Master that do be there is a good kind Master, and He paying wages to him in silver stars, they say . . . and my mother . . . my own darling mother . . . (Sobs).

Old Woman : God rest her soul in peace, may be she too has run away from our world of pale shadows . . . Poor boy of the bleeding heart ! . . .

Boy : Gone ! . . . but not to father. She is gone, no one knows where, and she leaving a bitter tale in the mouths of the labourers.

Daughter : Poor Woman ! and she brought him into the world to be living by his little self all lonely in this great big world ! . . . why did she leave thee, little one ?

Boy : The Master that does be treating us like worse than dogs, the field-folk say he took her with him one evening . . . for wages, he said, she, the mother of me, believed his lips that lied . . . for we poor folk do be simple and believe the world truthful . . . and then, the field-folk say, she fled in shame, in a kind of rage . . . an out-rage, the field-folk say, and I living alone now in this world of many fears. Hide me, O grandmother of me, or send me to my father in the fields that do be fine and the Master do be kind and good doling out wages in silver stars as they say.

Old Woman : Child of me ! let us feed this little angel. It is hungry he is . . . this boy of the fields . . . Fear no more, wee heart . . . It is you will be

with us and call me your mother you will . . . and a father will come to you at the setting-in of dark. Forget the cruel Master.

(The daughter sets a plate of evening meal before the lad, and a mug of water.)

Boy (eating hungrily): Good folk! I have not supped nor eaten I have for two days past, nor could I forget my share of pride and ask for a morsel, for we poor folk do often be proud and ashamed to beg . . . we are . . . and we *that* sore and hungry . . . Now God be praised there do be kind folk among the poor . . . O! the wealthy folk are cruel, cruel, no mercy in their hearts, or no heart may be for mercy to enter . . . For days we hunger and no wages given us . . . What are we to do, God save us . . . Many there do be steal and plunder to keep them full of life . . . and often it is caught they are and sent to closed rooms with bars, prison the field-folk call it . . . and they do be happier there for sure of bread and water it is they be, and scanty work, and a roof to keep the sun-burn from them . . .

(The boy finishes his meal.)

Old Woman: He is weary and sleep will hush the flame of his eyelids . . .

(The daughter spreads a piece of mat in the corner to the left.) There little boy! sleep till the dawn be red on the hills and a new day begin for your heart that has known sorrow.

Boy (Goes towards mat to sleep): Now God be praised! there do be kind folk among the poor . . . The rich folk are cruel . . . cruel . . . (falls asleep).

(The stage begins to grow dark . . . Only a faint sense of approaching star-light is felt pulsing in the darkness.)

Old Woman: His wee body is old with sorrow . . . He has stripes too, and they do be the badge of the tribe of labourers.

Daughter: Mother! the hills are beginning to sleep too . . . and father is still out in the fields . . . Punished, may be, and forced to end more work than is his usual share . . . But . . . there he comes with a quiet splendour in his eyes . . . Father!

(Enter Father unusually calm and preoccupied . . . as if he were touched with vision and prophecy.)

You come late and the darkness growing on the hillside . . . already a star breaks.

Old Woman: Punished may be and worked into the heart of the grey evening.

Old Man (smiling with an inner consciousness of new power): No! Woman of my poverty! a strange thing hath befallen! . . . I fell asleep on the roadside . . . and I coming over the tired fields to our home the labour

of the daylight being done . . . my limbs trembling and worn, my eyes closing on the red wake of the sun . . . and, as of a sudden, a soft touch on my feverish head woke me . . . the darkness folding the hillside . . . In my dreams I dreamed that we knelt . . . You, your daughter, and I, . . . in prayer to the great Master in the Land of the Stars and of the sunrise, where everything that chanceth do be beautiful . . . Oho! but who may you childer be? . . .

Old Woman: A labourer child . . . and seeking that he is refuge in our love and poverty . . .

Old Man: How like a God he sleeps!

Daughter: But they say that God does never be asleep . . . He ever waketh, some say.

Old Woman: And some, that sleepeth He for certain! . . . for there are strange things befalling the world of His own Making! no justice in any corner . . . But when He wakeneth, the flowers shall blossom once more and the desert laugh like a red rose.

Daughter: Let us pray to the great God then and wake Him . . . (wakes up the sleeping boy) . . . May be the prayers of four souls do be stronger than of three . . . and the fourth a pretty child of pure heart . . . That may be will make our voices fill His blue sleep in Heaven . . . for the child's voice is sweet ever . . . and God loveth children.

(The boy wakes up and comes to the Old Woman.)

Old Woman: Here is your father, dear angel.

Boy: A night of stars to you father . . .

Old Man: How like a God he speaks.

Old Woman: Child of our Poverty! Bend low and kneel with us . . . We shall wake up the sleeping God in the blue skies . . . that is.

Boy: That is where my father does be working in fields that are fine . . . and the Master is good and loving he is.

Old Man: Pray with us. The prayer of the poor may be heard for once, if they be from the flowering mouth of a child! *(They kneel to pray . . . Suddenly a lightning runs through the room as if to herald the voice of thunder . . . Then an Old Man, the Vision of Twenty Years Hence, appears.)*

Vision-of-twenty-Years-Hence: Rise, souls in prayer! I live in the present, I who have always lived in the past . . . I come from the Master of the skies and my lips are flaming with prophecy! People who know me call me "Vision of twenty years hence!"—and many there are who feel my presence day and night . . . Labourers! poor labourers! fear not! times are soon coming when you shall be powerful Masters! when your race that is now bruised and under the word of fetters, will seek its freedom through you . . . Labourers!

fear not! for the tyrant shall not prosper long! He shall die a bitter death, his eyes shall be put out, and his mouth, closed with a coward's silence . . . His limbs will tremble in heavy chains, and all the rich blood that has oozed out of your bodies and the bodies of your women and children shall gush in an eternal stream from out his nostrils . . . He shall kneel before each one of you . . . man, woman and child, in the garments of a Slave, he that was once your hard Master . . . Rise, Souls in prayer, Labourers! a destiny of kingship awaits you! You are the makers of the Future . . . and at your bleeding feet opens the splendid white Road to Peace and Immortality.

(Disappears . . . The stage is growing bright, as though a new Dawn were being ushered into the world of darkness.)

Boy: God in the blue skies hath woken, Mother!

Old Woman: My dream of mid-day hath come to pass!

Boy: A fine old being! He cometh from the blue skies and the Master that does breathe there, may be . . .

Daughter: Miracle!

Old Man: Twenty years hence! and then a white dawn shall break through the black hills of our sorrow . . . This boy may be hath brought vision with him . . . I shall go, stand in the midst of the suffering labourers and give them this message.

"The tyrant shall die! . . . Ye shall be Kings—Twenty years hence!"

Curtain

LOVE POETRY OF THE TAMILS

THOSE who have read the third part of the *Maxims of Tiruvalluvar*¹ will have noticed the extreme delicacy with which the subject of Love is handled by the great Master. But other Tamil poets have been no less successful in singing of the eternal passion, and I propose to give in the SHAMA'A now and then translations of some of the more remarkable pieces from the anthologies of love poetry that abound in Tamil. The authors of some of the pieces that are translated here must have lived more than two thousand three hundred years ago, and to none of them can be attributed a date later than the fifth century after Christ. The reader will see that the Tamil maidens enjoyed in those times an amount of liberty which will be looked on with horror in these days.—V. V. S. AIYAR

1

Soft-winged bee that livest on scented flowers, tell me not for love of me but tell me true! Among the flowers that thou knowest, is there any as sweet as the tresses of my beloved whose form is like unto the peacock?

2

If it be strength to harden one's heart and part from love in search of wealth, let those be strong who are strong: for our part, my maid, let us not cease to be weak!

3

There was no one by, when he plighted his troth to me, and if he keep it not and prove false, what is there that I can do? And yet the stork was standing by and looking for the *aval* fish on the day that he wedded me!

¹ Translated into English and published by V. V. S. Aiyar, 42, Varaganeri, Trichinopoly.

4

A heavenly dream I had, my maid, for I dreamed that my false lord was embracing me : but when the dream left me and I searched for him in my bed, alas, I was all alone, and my eyes became like the blue lotus teased by the black bee : pity thou me, my maid !

5

The winter wind that opens out with its dew-drops the leaves of the sugar-cane, does it burn him also who has gone from us ? And yet our eyes are not ashamed to be gazing always on the road by which he should return !

6

Great is his love for us, and he will not be cruel. And will he not also see on the road the large-trunked elephant bring down the branches of the *yah* tree for the sake of *his* love ?

7

What, oh cousin ! was *my* mother to *thine* ? Or how was *thy* father related to *mine* ? And how old was our own acquaintance with each other ? Like waters descended on the fertile field, our hearts mingled together of themselves !

8

~~My~~ legs can walk no more, and my eyes have grown dull, tired with looking for my beloved everywhere. Verily the number of strangers in the world is endless—they are more numerous than the stars of the sky.

9

In the woods where the rocky ground scattered with *V'ungai* flowers looks like a tiger couchant, my beloved will be coming to meet me alone : fie upon thee, thou Moonlight, for thou burnest without end !

10

There is a delicate fragrance about my love even as about a garland of jasmine flowers • intertwined with blue lotus ; and her touch is softer than the tender leaflet, and her embrace, O it is sweet beyond compare !

11

Our beloved knoweth that we shall be watching for him with an aching heart even as the calves at evening time for the returning cows, and yet he is away : and thou sayest that he is kind, my maid !

12

Even as the little young of the striped serpent wounds the tusker of the forest, even so this young maiden, a mere mite with her shining sharp teeth and bangled arms, has given me the pangs of love !¹

V. V. S. AIYAR

ALL WAS HIS !

I ONCE wrote a song to the twinkling of the stars,
It was all about the magic game they play'd
On me. "The stars are too high for her to dream
And speak of. It must be His," they said.

Once I sang a song to the rippling of the stream
To the murmuring music among pebbles it sang.
"She hasn't the rhythm to follow the running waters.
And sing ! It is His," they all rang.

I once breathed a song to the cooing of the doves,
So sweet and soft it was as it died,
In my dreams. "She does not understand.
The language of the birds. It is His, no doubt," they cried.

Then I sang a sad old song of love and as
The spell gathered round me a thrill of joy in part
And, partly agony darted through my body and I heard
Them say "It is hers—she sings to the man of her heart."

C. L.

¹ The copyright of these translations is reserved to their author.—V. V. S. AIYAR.

ART AND HISTORY

By JOHN M. THORBURN

HISTORY is, after all, the record of the event, of what just happens. At least, it is so in the last resort. Wrestle as we may with the attempt to discover a logical order, an underlying plan, a purpose, an expression of mind, we are pressed back at length to the region where, with the unashamed nakedness of the word, *accidit*, we must rest unsatisfied. Nor is this ultimately less true in the domain of art. For though there is a necessity both of logic and emotion that will carry us from history to art, or rather through which we feel that art is history at its best; yet not even here, or perhaps least of all here, is there any escape from the final submission to the inexorable accident.

What for example is more important in the artist than temperament, the secret inheritance of his birth, containing within it something fixed and unalterable, a pure and permanent accident in nature. A man is colour blind and for ever unable to respond emotionally to fundamental chords of colour. Men become blind and deaf through the accidents of disease, and their genus is specifically reinforced, as Milton's was, or Beethoven's. Blindness and deafness, especially if superinduced in adult life are not temperamental; but go a little deeper to that border-land where nervous organism and psychical individuality meet each other; and there, even in that mysterious and obscure region, there seems no departure from the order and development that are mediated through accident. In all racial memory there is something given, unalterable, accidental. There is, for example, the fact of sex. And though even here, the objection may be made, sex is not an alterable somewhat, a perfectly brute and stable fact; yet the changes it undergoes are rather those of tension like the changes of amplitude in the vibrations of a musical instrument, while the chords retain the same pitch and harmonic relations to each other, unless the instrument itself be destroyed. Captain Marlowe's remark of himself that he was "by definition, as well as by profound conviction, a man," seems therefore to indicate at least one unchallengeable method of classification by temperament.

We shall best arrive at an initial statement of the problem through consideration of the degree in which any organism, whether individual or social, achieves the unity of its various functions in a life, the course of which is

harmonious, free, unimpeded. If we compare a cripple and a man with the full use of his limbs, though we may suppose each possessed of equal vigour and energy, we recognise that the cripple will perforce have to make a use of his vitality different from that of other men. Again, the lack of a limb is not temperamental. But if there be some obscure and profound organic or psychical reason why a man, even a strong man, cannot let his energy flow outward in the normal way—cannot just let it rip—it is here we find the most primitive statement of temperamental difference. This would suggest an explanation of the contrast between the active and contemplative type of individual or race. Where the will to action is stayed, the natural reactions of the body and mind discover a purpose and function of their own, and find an expression, say, in religion or philosophical reflection ; as we suppose—often no doubt erroneously—to be the character of the East that most distinctively sets it in contrast to the West. I am willing to adopt the suggestion provided certain reservations be made. In the case of our Western civilisation, for example, a natural instinct towards physical activity and the handling of material things may have helped to lead to an immense development, which has ultimately become an over-development, of physical science. But it is important to remember that European civilisation rests upon a profound reflective consciousness, and even its scientific skill and practical energy were initiated historically by the strength of its theoretical achievement.

It is not, of course, to be assumed that activity represents the normal, harmonious or free development of the life of a man or a nation. But it is fairly easy to approach the matter by comparing a community which shows what I have called a free and unimpeded flow of life with one subject to lets and hindrances, the instabilities of revolutions, or incapacity to maintain a social order. With reference to the individual, it is to be noted that the accident of temperament, or what underlies temperament, may affect him in two ways, not, of course, entirely separable, but still, that ought to be distinguished. There may be as it were a contradiction of function within himself of which he may become aware or by which he may be affected in relative isolation; or the accident which prevents the smooth flowing of his life may be at the point where he is to relate himself to, or to come into conflict with, the social order to which he belongs. The terrible gloom and depression which overclouded the later years of the poet, Cowper, leading him to believe that he had committed the unforgivable sin while to any sane observer there was no reason for the self reproach, is an example of the first kind of temperamental accident. The second is illustrated, possibly, in such a type as Benvenuto Cellini whose inherited instincts not only find expression in his art but also lead him into specifically anti-social action.

As an instance of heightened national vitality not at variance with, but arising from, a true social stability, there is no reason why we should not take the

obvious one of Elizabethan England. The course of life is rapid, but with a secure rapidity. Yet the intellectual side of life is paramount, and we have to account for this through temperament or relate it to temperament. For there is a difference between, say, the administrative genius—the merely practical genius of the Roman—and the brilliant culture of England of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so proudly, so idealistically, conscious of itself, as is Raleigh or Shakespeare. Now what will be the primitive intellectual instinct of a race of men whose interplay with one another is keen and yet who are able to carry on the game smoothly and without undue halts and interruptions? Will it not be in human character? Poetry is a criticism of life. But their poetry scarcely starts with reflection about life itself. What they need is a criticism of character. And this they find in humour. For humour is a criticism of character just as poetry is a criticism of life. Laughter is not a mere defensive gesture as Bergson holds. It is insight, interpretive of qualities, as much as critical of defects. But we cannot have laughter and the sense of humour that comes habitually to the rescue without also some sense of mastery over life. And this is given in the unhindered flowing of the tide of social activity. I do not indeed mean to assert that humour is one of the supreme instruments of literature or art. It may or may not be. What I do want to show is that you cannot get truly at the attitude of the great Elizabethan poets, or of any of the great English interpreters of character without feeling the positive bonds of sympathy that are expressed in laughter and such like apparently defensive or critical emotions. To comprehend “Raleigh’s depth of thought” we must first sympathise with his frivolity. Generalising at this point, I should imply that English, more than any other, literature shows its power in always making its attack through its interest in character for character’s sake.

As against this the genius of the other branch of our Teutonic stock—Germany—offers the most striking and instructive contrast that it would be possible to find. With the one great exception, the Germans have never been able to handle human character as an instrument of literature or art. Reservation would, of course, need to be made in music where success has been achieved in a necessary, if subsidiary, interpretation of character. But neither in *The Marriage of Figaro* or *Don Giovanni*, nor in *The Ring of the Niebelungen* or *The Master Singers*, nor in *Salome* or *Electra* could it possibly be said that interest in character is the paramount or effective motive; and except in the case of Wagner, the stories for all these operas are taken from some literary source other than German. It is, in fact, true, and profoundly true, that there is something in the temperament of the German which precludes him from finding his own artistic capabilities through treatment of character. One reason for this is, I suggest, the absence of any literary sense of humour. It would not be true, I feel sure, to say that the Germans have no sense of humour, in the light of many passages in the greatest of their

music. But it does seem to be the case that they have no literary sense of humour, and this, of course, not only in their literature, but in their daily intercourse with each other—and with us!

Now it was suggested above that a truly national humour could only arise out of, or along with, some sense of mastery over life. But we can scarcely reason *a posteriori* and say that when a race shows little or no sense of humour it is because it has felt no such mastery. At all events, it is doubtful whether humour among the Romans was proportional to *their* mastery over life—and their consciousness of it! So that from this negative datum even if it be as fully admissible as I have stated it we can say very little about the German temperament.

If, however, we contrast the English and French critical gifts as manifested in their humour or their wit with the German absence of humour, and are at the same time careful to indicate an essential difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin, a point will emerge likely to be of real service to us. M. André Gide remarks, very acutely, that it is criticism, not music, that is the basis of all culture, with the implication, of course, that music is the gift peculiarly representative of Germany. But Germany has shown an equal power in philosophy. In what sense, then, is it time to say that music is representative of Germany, while it is at the same time opposed to criticism, the special prerogative of France?

English humour, we supposed, is essentially a means of dealing with *character*. It is criticism, but as such, sympathetic, and forms a positive means of co-operation between individuals in a life of action. Bergson's theory of laughter is here inapplicable, or at least, inadequate. But in dealing with French humour, it fits, being indeed based upon too exclusive consideration of French literature. That is to say, in France to a greater extent than elsewhere, laughter is a defensive gesture, satirical and detached—and, acquires something of the nature of destructive criticism. Now of course in dealing with such a many sided thing as humour, generalisation can only be of the vaguest and most cautious. But what really does emerge from the comparison is that the satiric direction of humour in French literature bears criticism one degree further along the line of detached reflection. This gives the true mode of approach to the French critical faculty as a whole, no doubt the most powerful that any race has ever shown. It explains their genius for revolution, though it may not explain their powers of rapid reconstruction. But they do have revolutions and they do reconstruct; and this type of partial social instability is co-ordinate with a distinctive quality of their literary art. To sum up, the critical or humorous or reflective faculty, however we are to name it or define it, in England and France, pre-eminently significant of social adaptation or re-adaptation. In the first, it was identified, in very general terms, with the instinct to carry on; in the second, with the instinct to change and

reconstruct. And here I should like to ask a question. Can it be that this critical faculty which with France we share—always with a difference—is one of the things that gives us our title to belong to what is essentially Græco-Roman civilisation, of which France is generally taken to be the chief representative and exponent in the modern world?

Now why is it that we cannot, or cannot easily, relate the great reflective movement of Germany to the characteristic types of English or French critical reflection? The real answer seems to me to be given in M. Gide's implication that German philosophy falls together with German music and with that constitutes one single and indivisible movement of creative mind. If that should be so, if indeed it do form an indivisible whole, and if music be something essentially opposed to criticism, then it will share this opposition. What are the considerations that seem to lead us to the conclusion that these two apparently diverse activities, philosophy and music, do in Germany constitute one movement, or, if this be overstatement, at least present an extraordinary kinship and power of reciprocal interpretation? It is easy to keep Kant and Hegel apart from Mozart and Beethoven. Yes, but it is not at all easy to keep their immediate descendants apart from one another. Schopenhauer, Wagner, Nietzsche and Strauss form about as compact a unity as it would be possible to find among men working nominally at different trades. The two lines of descent here fall perfectly together. Is there a really profound inner reason for this?

Formally the problem of philosophy is that of a direct approach to reality, to define it or reach it without an intermediary. There is a real analogy in the problem offered to music. At all events as contrasted with say, poetry or painting, the emotion that is to issue forth in music has nothing to break itself upon. It has nothing to help it to find its true form, it has not to be 'about' something, or to represent something, it cannot have the aid of an interest in some intermediary, at least not so easily as the other arts can. Schopenhauer, pressing this consideration too far, arrived at the fantastic division of art into two completely distinct worlds, identifying music with the Will or inner side of reality. Nietzsche, victim of the same exaggeration, and loyally developing the illusion of his master, arrived at the unreal distinction between the Apolline and the Dionysiac in art, identifying music more or less with the latter. The Dionysiac again represented the inner or profounder side of reality. Now though the doctrines both of Schopenhauer and of Nietzsche are, taken philosophically, nonsense, they nevertheless show the strong tendency of the German mind; and at the same time they illustrate the fact—and it is really a fact—that there is something in music differentiating it from other forms of art and bringing it nearer to the primitive sources of life, and the primitive desires. It may be exceedingly difficult to find anything like an exact statement of this quality or tendency in music—that it is more instinctive, typically less reflective,

and draws more immediately upon racial memory and less upon acquired experience may be true enough statements, but they are insufficient to define the place of music and its relation to other forms of spiritual and mental life. There is this difficulty, too. Philosophy is probably that form of spiritual activity that most depends upon acquired experience as opposed to inherited instincts or dispositions; and it is philosophy that we have here to relate to music and show it as but another phase of the one spiritual movement.

It seems to me that the really significant fact is the characteristic absence of the critical function that, both in England and France, was shown to have its origin in humour. An attempt was made above to show, very vaguely, no doubt, the function that humour must have in mediating, on the lower plane, the cruder activities of social life; and on the higher, through its development in the critical spirit, in maintaining or re-creating the spirit of social order itself. Observe: the complaint is not made that German philosophy is not sufficiently entertaining. The point is that the whole of the German mind and what it produces shows a total lack of the critical spirit that has its origin in humour, or emotions of that type that serve to mediate social life and that through their development lead to an effective gift of social adaptation. The result, then, would be that in Germany the main current of her thinking is not liberated from temperament and makes no attempt so to liberate itself. The remark that in all probability no thinking ever does liberate itself from temperament will here scarcely constitute a valid objection. For after all, it is a question of degree. And the school of thought which could develop the critical spirit of France would be much further on the road towards the ideal of liberation which certainly is the ideal of all thinking. The main current therefore of German philosophy always retains the aspect of an instinctive movement; reflection is never able to get outside itself, or even to feel the need to do so. And this view is endorsed by some of the best exponents among the Germans themselves of the mentality of the war.

Just before leaving this point, it might be as well to insist on the relation of culture to the study of character. The great contemplative faculties are found to take a definite place and to answer to certain special needs in human life according to the manner and degree of their interest in character. Some of them cannot gain their end at all except in so far as it is mediated through the intuition of human character. Others, like music and philosophy, seem to succeed best indirectly attacking their object without any intermediary. But it would scarcely be true to say that philosophy or even science can never have any interest in individual character any more than it would be true of music. For all that—let us make no mistake about the matter—no school of music could ever flourish, or even exist at all, which tried to put the individuality of men and things in the foreground in the way that literature does. Russian musicians like Stravinsky

or Reinsky-Korsakov, so opposed as they are to the older German composers in the use they make of humour and of individuality both of men and of situations, constitute no real exceptions. There is something in the genius of all music which ignores, and can afford to ignore, that intermediate sphere in the universe of art where purchase is gained and force bestowed by firm reliance on the given forms of individual life.

But the things that make for the intensive cultivation of an art like music that can dispense with the intimate knowledge or handling of human character may also beget defects in other ways. And with special reference to the problem of Germany, the matter presents itself to me in this way. There has been a very great school of ethics in Germany. Perhaps the ethical writings from Kant to Nietzsche through Fichte, Hegel and Schopenhauer have been the greatest, as they have certainly been the most brilliant, in the modern world. But one and all these writers seem to suffer from the same blindness. They seem to have no conception of a world where there are all sorts and conditions of men. From the categorical imperative, the same for everybody, up to the exclusiveness which will have nothing to do with anything except genius, their ethic suffers from this want of background. The richness and variety of human character is a world which is quite unknown to theirs,—a richness and a variety that falls outside even genius itself. Shakespeare knew this, and Dickens. For though Mrs. Gamp be great, she had not genius—at least, not in the strictly Nietzschean sense. And we cannot do without Mrs. Gamp any more than we can do without genius. For otherwise was it with Greek ethical reflection. The very method of the Socratic ethic depended upon a humorous criticism of character. Plato's conceptions are developed from their initial bareness of statement *pari passu* with the stages of growing insight that people have of each others character as they meet, make acquaintance, and talk themselves into friendship. It was indeed an article of Plato's belief that philosophy could only be taught at all by the dialectical method of talk and social interchange. And at the highest, the true aspect of the great doctrines like those of reminiscence, immortality and the ideas, is only gained through complete insight into the whole character of Socrates. At least, this is true in particular of the doctrine of immortality in the *Phædo* where it is the anxiety of love that rouses and develops the critical faculty.

Now there is one of the Greek ethical writings, *The Republic* of Plato, that stands quite alone in the history of the literary and philosophical achievement of the whole world. There is absolutely nothing of its kind, anywhere, that can for a single moment be placed beside it,—nothing, that is whose purpose and inspiration is directed towards social well-being. And if it be true to say that the movement of which the New Testament is the record has the highest claim to direct and inspire our personal idealism, it would be equally true to say that only

among the Greek thinkers can we find like sources for our social and political idealism.

These considerations bring out the great contrast of the German ethical writers with the Greeks. But for all that, the greatness of German thinking is not called in question any more than that of her music. They both have the quality of power, if on the whole, they have not qualities of refinement and delicacy. It is their power that places them together. What they lack, the spirit of humour or the sense of character, no doubt fails to relate them to European needs as a whole. But this defect may be essential to their excellence.

Our trouble, then, is something like this. If European civilisation, as seems probable, is one, resting upon a single tradition and directed towards a reasonable ideal, whether that tradition and that ideal be called Græco-Roman or by some other name; at what point does the cleavage which is likely to be produced by movements of such strength and unity as German music and philosophy begin to show itself? Is this cleavage to be found in the German civilisation and the German spirit itself? Or does it only show itself at the points of contact and conflict with other societies? Is there, in short, something in the German artistic and philosophical temperament that is at variance with social good, even if that good be considered only from the narrow standpoint of Germany herself? The true answer seems to be that the cleavage begins in Germany and in the German mind. Especially, I think, if one considers that striking group of men, whose genius is at once so powerful and so expressive of the German spirit,—Schopenhauer, Wagner, Nietzsche and Strauss,—do we find the exposition, whether logical or emotional, of something strangely hostile to the ethical and artistic ideal of Greece or the administrative and humanising genius of Rome as these have appeared and reasserted themselves from time to time in the greatest and most inspiring epochs of European history. Now the honest study of this matter would, I maintain, be salutary especially for those of us who have at once found the highest artistic satisfaction we have ever known in German music and who also believe that the Græco-Roman tradition and its true development in the modern world is the only saving ethical and political ideal,—at least for Europe.

But, let us observe, the whole sting of the antinomy leads us back to the question of temperament, of individual limitation or gift, of racial accident. That the Germans present a powerfully marked racial type with striking racial qualities and defects, no one doubts. That the gifted musician possesses a nervous organism of quite special development, is as little open to doubt. That such an organism in its specialised complexity or delicacy is subject to abnormality or divergence from the forms that may in general subserve excellencies of racial type other than artistic, is of course not so clear. Still the question has to be asked, and

the matter investigated. It seems probable, on the whole, that the accidents of individual or racial temperament that make for social instability also redeem themselves in the most magnificent achievements of art and thought.

There is one particular instance of genius which all who have ever truly apprehended its power will agree in recognising as penetrated through and through by something that came from an unique temperamental accident. What underlies Michael Angelo's genius is his difference from other men; his isolation. He is at the other extreme from Shakespeare, whose strength lay in his having all the common passions and sympathies, all the gifts of men in general, intensified to genius. And on one side of it, and up to a certain point, his work is rather the activity of a man completely at home among other men, and the expression of the manner in which the normal individual mind reacts upon, and is absorbed in, the social life to which it knows itself to belong and to which it can, without reservation, confide itself. But it is the source of Angelo's difference from other men and of his isolation from them that is the source, too, of his suffering and of his genius. He is first of all the prey of an uncomprehending sense of the mystery with which he was enshrouded,—of the mystery of his own nature, and of the world. Like Oedipus he is the victim of the blind accidents of fate, of accidents which he can dimly apprehend but cannot control. Only, they happen *within* the soul. But there is perhaps nothing that could, in art, produce greater results than such; given always, of course, the due intellectual and formative power, both of which Angelo had in superabundance. At first, he is merely instinctive, blind, sensual; but I should say that without any exception there is no other case of an artist whose primitive sensuality issues in such profound metaphysical intuition. Whether, or to what extent, he ever came to recognition of the sources of his own suffering,—or of his own gifts—it might be hard to say; but for us the lesson is clear—to trace the manner in which the rancour of blind accident poured into the vessel of his peace, could serve to direct the life-force into channels which led, or rather, drove, his spirit to heights of contemplation that otherwise had been inaccessible.

Alongside this, place that very strange instance of temperament as manifest in a whole nation—the case of modern Russia. We cannot, as in the case of Angelo's art, take Russian music and Russian literature, and from the scrutiny of them, reason back to the quality or defect of racial instinct that lies beneath. The artistic record is incomplete and has been cut short long before the creative impulse would have exhausted itself apart from the catastrophe of the war. The data are not before us; and with regard to the external facts, the history of the political distress and of the strange social order or disorder amid which the great novelists have found speech, to us, at least, seems of the most bewildering and of the most obscure. But of two things we are fairly sure—the relative power of Russian literature, and possibly of her music, above the artistic work of the rest of Europe, say, from the latter

half of last century onwards; and the extreme social instability of the country. That the two things are related is certain. That the instability of the society is in some way temperamental, and in some sense, or to some degree, the cause of the creative impulse, seems almost equally certain. I am not stating the case for the abnormality of genius or the inspiration afforded by political chaos. On the contrary, it was suggested that much of the literary power of England, as typically in Shakespeare, and to a less degree that of France, lay in the efficiency, vigour and vitality of the flow of social life, and the ease and directness with which the individual could relate himself to his fellows or find a place in the society at large. Social stability is not synonymous with torpor, any more than instability necessarily gives creative power. The truth is rather that within the wide domain of art we find the spirit of beauty capable of such diverse manifestations that it now expresses the one extreme, now the other; or draws part of its life from one source, part from another.

But the interest in temperamental accident as something brute, intractable and blind; and in the kind of art that is an expression of the divisions and breaches in human society rather than of its wholeness or its peace is perhaps the greater. Nature seems to desire and to aspire towards a certain type of individual or racial strength and perfection; and the moral consciousness of man—whether that consciousness do or do not take him beyond nature—seems to reinforce and as it were interpret afresh the ideal of nature. But nature stumbles; and through her error there is born beauty of a far more wonderful and alluring kind than the beauty of her ordered ways and her unhindered life. And it is this, born of her error, that seems to betray her ideal. For it moves us and moulds our character and our lines according to its own laws; and by its own inner standard it will be valued, and by no other; just as our moral consciousness has *its* own standard and will value its achievements by no other. So that there are two opposed and conflicting ways of valuing, one begotten, say, of nature's truth, the other of her error.

But the thing that nature is striving to produce is, after all, defective every way; the race most famed for the strength and goodliness of its manhood serves, in its imperfection, but as a foil to show up the glory of the divine ideal that itself has put before it; and among all the cities that we know or have known, it is the best that is able to cast the most searching light upon its own building and foundation, and reveals most truly and clearly the distance between itself and the city whereof the pattern is laid up in heaven. It cannot, then, be otherwise than that the highest truth of nature is but a partial truth, and it may be, therefore, that her error is but a partial error. For in the thought of her unhindered vigour and vitality, and the strongest and freest sweep of her life, we only lose ourselves in a tide that, however full flowing, is without direction and

without purpose, that is without knowledge of itself and of which there is no true knowledge or idea or intuition in any mind.

It is because 'of the impossibility of ever deepening such a conception as vital activity into any real significance whether we conceive of that activity as organic or social or even spiritual, that we recognise the force and value of what seems at first sight to be its mere negation, accident. So long, indeed, as we view life as a stream or a moving tide or as something that merely unrolls itself and flows forward, we do not seem to be able rise above the *sub specie temporis*. And it seems now almost indispensable for honest thinking, and especially for an honest æsthetic, to recognise that there is really no universal or necessary harmony between what we value as goodness and what we value as beauty—no harmony at least so far as our individual and finite purposes and satisfactions are concerned; no harmony, or hope of it, while we lay things before us in the temporal series and view them only in that way. What accident means or could mean in so far as we can rise to view the world *sub specie æternitatis* is, of course, just one form of the world-old problem. But I have tried to point out that if it has not an especial, it has at least a quite peculiar significance with respect to art.

The problem of pain and suffering is here brought closely into touch with the beauty of art. I can imagine no greater intensity of suffering than what must be felt to-day in the social consciousness of Russia, and I can see nothing that offers the poorest claim to redeem it except the greatness of her artistic achievement. In the great disharmonies of life, in things like sin and penitence, in separation and death, in love that cannot find an earthly close, things which teach us most clearly the secret of our suffering, we find also the springs of beauty, or at least the same kind of discord that leads to beauty. In no sense is the temporal order sufficient for these things. In so far as they do disclose a secret, they are taken out of it, or lead us beyond it. Least of all is the beauty of art and the manner in which it comes to be and to be apprehended, capable of expression or elucidation through that temporal order.

The different arts are indeed rich with a too long unused suggestion. But the application of these to the history of races who have shown the highest creative power at once in their social institution and their art leads to strange anomalies. The stillness and fixity of colours or of marble have been used, in vague and abstract fashion, to signify the eternal character of beauty; the repose of Greek sculpture being said to typify the Greek conception of the eternal Idea. But then Greece had her music no less than her sculpture. Reaching perhaps a somewhat higher degree of truth and reality is the claim that music with its supreme unity of conception notwithstanding its movement in time will symbolise the intuition of the eternal that can be gained through the manifold of time. Those

nations, it is said, who have seen the manifestation of God in the temporal series or as the goal of history have been able most fully to realise their artistic genius in music. When we think of Jewish history and perhaps also of what seems to be a powerful Hebrew strain in German music and German thinking, the idea perhaps does not altogether fail to fit the case. But then, Judæa was not limited to music, but had also a poetry in which sometimes, and at its loftiest, God does not so much reveal Himself in the temporal order as appear raised above it.

The philosophy of art being in fact the profoundest aspect of the philosophy of history shows the difficulties of the whole study in the most conclusive and irreducible form. History does indeed show general principles that underlie its great movements. But while its main currents are broadly intelligible, its side eddies and back washes seem scarcely to be accounted for by any deduction from those principles or to flow in harmony with any motive whose direction is subject to the control of a thorough-going logic. They are simply there, facts isolated from each other, and motions indifferent to each other. But in art the difficulty is pressed a step further. It is not so much a question of isolation and indifference, as of opposition and contradiction. In the individual, there is the conflict between the man and the artist; in the nation the suspicion of a social ideal unfulfilled in the artistic, both being warped out of their true direction.

It would be better to say from the outset that history as a problem of evolution or development is insoluble; and our experience of art especially should convince us of this. But the profound joy that we can feel in beauty should reassure us more than any other experience that the effort of the finite spirit to come to a fuller consciousness of itself, or—it is possible—of a universe that only uses that spirit as an instrument towards its own self-knowledge, self-perception, or self-interpretation lies at the very heart of the contradiction involved in the merely historical, evolutionary or temporal view of the world. It is the supreme artist like Michael Angelo who is compelled to make most entirely his own the words of Oedipus: "And the wandering thought, the fugitive of Fate, that yet cannot do without Eternity, seems there to fulfil itself only because of the accidents of Time."¹

John M. Thorburn

¹ Translated from the Greek.

A MOTOR DRIVE TO MOUNT LAVINIA

THE ancient verdure—the eternal sea
The modern lights that shone on you and me
All made that autumn night so wonderful
So sure of living in life's memory.

For while on western wheels along we ran
On roads made perfect by mechanic man
The world old fragrance and the world old air
And flowers that bloomed when first the earth began

Combined to weave a mystic web that till
The flowers refuse to bloom and winds are still
Entangled in my thoughts must ever be
And with its perfume barren moments fill.

And that one flower you gave me—it alas
Has perished—perished even as the grass
But waves shall wash Lavinia to the ground
Or e'er the fragrance of that moment pass !

R. C. BONNERJEE

SYMBOL AND METAPHOR IN ART

By JAMES H. COUSINS

THERE is a grammar of art as well as a grammar of speech. Indeed one might define speech, with which one most usually associates grammar, as the detailed expression of consciousness, and art as the expression of consciousness in generalisation; both having certain natural laws governing them, the gradual discovery of which forms the history of the evolution of human culture.

The artist, says Pater, moves towards perfection through a series of disgusts. That is to say, the intuition of the artist glows in the presence of some artistic satisfaction, and shrivels before some inartistic flaw; and out of these involuntary responses of the soul to the external kaleidoscope, the intellect elaborates its grammar of expression; its substantives which name things as they are; its pronouns which mask inartistic actuality or invoke the great Reality; its symbols, its metaphors. Then, with the arrogance that arises out of the sense of separateness, the intellect proceeds to assume the dictatorship of art, and to set down a series of conventional signals by means of which the soul may be restrained from outraging custom by laughing or crying in the wrong place.

From this pendulous movement between art and art-criticism proceeds the history of art, with its gloomy hollows of intellectualism between its foamed crests of intuitional aspiration and revolt. The immortal Wanderer after the eternally elusive Beauty must keep to the high-road, however earnestly his robe's hem may be plucked by the squat fingers of convention that seeks a fireside and the undisturbed assurance and ease of familiarity.

And yet we cannot rest satisfied with the thought of art as a mere wandering mist. It may perform the paradox of finding its truest nourishment in feasting on a divine hunger; but if it carry nothing in its scrip it will come upon starvation and a thinning towards the place of shades. Something for its sustenance must be borne along by Art-on-the-quest. And so it is. But that which art gathers on its way is not a mere accumulation, like the wealth of the poor mendicant who swells his clothing with his load of crusts, or of the rich mendicant who unloads it in bonds and banks, and so makes it a double burden on his own soul and the soul of others. No! art is the true alchemist who transmutes the

baser metals of experience into coin of higher and higher denomination, and at each sunset melts down his day's mintings into a golden drink that gives him great dreams in the night.

The wealth which art has acquired on the way of its evolution is not exterior but interior. Its wisdom is not invested, and so externalised and lost, in books on art, but expended, and so experienced and saved, in *works of art*. Ruskin—not in his capacity as artist but as professional art critic—in his lamentable book, "*The Two Paths*" crucified and buried the art of India sixty years ago; but Indian art, slain in South Kensington, reincarnated less than half a century later in Bengal in a school of artists who are still athrill with creation's joy of adventure and discovery. These artists have learned (not from books which are out of date the moment they are written, but from the eternally modern whispers of the soul) that the artist is the less artistic the more he leans on the shoulder of criticism, and the more truly critical the more he resigns himself to the guidance of the hidden Creator. For the kingdom of art is within the artist.

It is also within the appreciator of art. Every work of true art is an invitation to a spiritual marriage,—not as a mere guest; and very sacred and blissful is the meeting-place of souls. But the perfect marriage needs perfect affinity; and the time for that is not yet, for both art and art-appreciation are careful and troubled about many things, and neither has become as yet the perfect listener to the divine Voice.

I have been moved to these thoughts through the apparently casual circumstance of sitting on the matted floor of my Japanese room (the February sun telling me that I am in the latitude of the south of Spain, and the sharp searching fingers of the wind making it known that the blue lips of Siberia care nothing for latitudes) and letting my inner eye dwell on two pictures that I pinned in a tidy moment on the back of my sliding door. I was first startled by the discovery that the human figures in one of the pictures (a reproduction of a larger picture on silk) which had originally appeared to be pausing for a moment, had begun to walk, while the soaring figure in the other picture (a photograph of a statue) had ceased to soar. Then my mind and I found ourselves in a stream of intuitions and thoughts that carried us to the realisation that there is a grammar of art as well as a grammar of speech, and that there are certain distinctive modes through which creative vision seeks fitting form.

In one of these pictures a naked young man stands a-tiptoe with his face turned skywards. His arms are stretched in what ordinarily would be the attitude of crucifixion; but it is not crucifixion that is intended to be conveyed, it is ascension—the eternal aspiration of youth or the eternal youth of aspiration. The element of flight is indicated by wings attached to the arms. So excellently has the sculptor done his work that the outer eye in following the flow of the wings

conveys to the inner eye the illusion of motion; and out of this almost physical sensation rises the inference of ascension. The point is that the idea of ascension is an *inference*, and not integral in the work of art. The intellect is addressed and invited to work out a sun in sculptural algebra, x equalling youth, y equalling the machinery of fight.

The figure is the parallel in sculpture of symbolism in literature. Two things enter the mind separately, the business of each being the reinforcement of the other. "My love is like the red red rose" sang Burns, and each is the more acceptable for the juxtaposition of the other. But in the mental space between the two things presented to the mind lies a dangerous pitfall for the artist. If Burns had sung "My love is like the red red snowdrop" he and his reader would have gone down the abyss between symbol and significance. Something like this happens with this sculpture, only, because of a great sincerity and beauty, the descent is made gradual. Ascension may be symbolised by wings. A Greek or Indian artist might have set them as successfully on a figure of youth as Daedalus did on Icarus. But then the statue would have *represented* youth; it would not have been, as this statue is, raw, naked, flagrantly youthful youth, a plain unvarnished human being, between whose realism and the conventional idealism of angels' pinions so challenging an incongruity appears that the statue ultimately comes to stand for youth earnestly desiring to soar, and being prevented by his wings—which thing may verily be an allegory if the wings be only those of the conventional virtues.

You cannot, apparently, in art, nail symbolism to the shoulders of realism. This is not to say that realism cannot be made to bear significances beyond itself. It can, as the other picture shows. But the achievement of realistic symbolism belongs to another mode of art than the symbolical which separates the elements in the figure of speech; it brings the elements together as one. In literature this is called metaphor. If we say a man has a "constitution like iron," we speak symbolically, iron being the separately conceived symbol of strength; but if we say he has "an iron constitution," we speak in metaphor; by some instantaneous sleight-of-speech the figurative quality is merged in the nature of the thing qualified.

In metaphor, whether in literature or the plastic arts, the invitation appears to be to a deeper region of one's being than the mind. The mind, so to speak, looks at things sideways, and needs a space for movement and comparison. Symbolism appears therefore to be an act of the intellect. Metaphor looks at things end-on, sees through, not along, them; it is the penetrating glance of the eye of the intuition. Intellect sees the similarities in things; intuition goes deeper and sees their unity.

This intuitive, metaphorical mode is very prominent in the work of the modern Bengal school of painting in India. It is the natural mode of art-expression

of a race to which everything is inherently significant ; to which aspiration does not mean wings to cover distances, as in the sculpture which we have been considering, but a simple closing of the eyes and stilling of the mind and immediate contacting of the everpresent Divinity. The young Bengal painter of "Companions of the Road" (the picture to which I have been referring) did not travel beyond the village at his door for his metaphor of the eternal quest, of the eternal comradeship, of the enfolding Love that gathers up all things, from the affinities of rocks to the instant recognition of souls, and leads them toward some transcendent union. He "paints the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are;" but the Indian painter's vision of "things as they are" goes deeper than surfaces; it sees the eternal in the human, and Siva and Parvati (the Divine Father and Mother) and Radha the comrade of Krishna the flute-playing God searching for one another in the village companions; and this vision in art is part of the gift that India is to-day offering to the world.

James H. Cousins

TRANSITION

THERE is a little room in my heart
Where we used to live together
A very cozy little room.

You walked out carelessly, leaving the door half open ;
But I closed and locked it, crying,

Sometimes when I pass the door
I wish you would come back,
Throw wide the seaward windows,
Kindle the fire again ;
Although I know we are both better
Out here in the changing, crowded world—
For, after all, it is a very little room.

ELEANOR HAMMOND
(From *Poetry*, June, 1920)

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND LAMPS

By V. CHAKKARAI

I

ON my wedding day, I stood behind the door, arrayed in the splendour of a bride, while the thousand lamps shone like stars and streamed into the street.

I waited with throbbing heart for the King of my soul when amidst the silence, I heard the clatter of hoofs and a knight in panoply rode into the light, and came to the door.

Oh Knight! the pain of my heart does not cease at sight of thee. Thou art not the desire of my soul.

Then the Knight dissolved into the circle of light.

II

On my wedding day, I stood behind the door while the diamonds sparkled on my hair and arms, and the thousand lamps shone like the eyes of Indra.

I waited with downcast eyes with my maidens, when, amidst the silence, appeared the figure of an ancient Rishi, with weakened frame and matted locks and the mendicant's bowl, and came to the door.

Oh, venerable Sanyasi! my heart has pity on thy wasted years and venerable mien, but the anguish in me is not changed to the melody of love at sight of thee.

Then the ascetic dissolved into the circle of light.

III

On my wedding day, I stood behind the door, the Benares sari gleaming on me like the gems on the head of *Adhishesha*, and the maidens holding golden lamps, flowers, and red-coloured water in silver goblets, while the thousand lamps chased the demons of the night.

I waited with love brimming in the cup of my heart, when, amidst the silence, a student came to the door, learned in the four Vedas, and in many a science of the mystic East and the modern West.

Oh scholar! thy eyes cannot see for thy learning, but my Lord has the eyes of an eagle.

Then the scholar dissolved into the circle of light.

IV

On my wedding day, I stood behind the door with a white lotus in my hand, while the thousand lamps trembled in the night wind, like the souls of saints in rapture.

I waited with sorrow in my heart, as the long watches of the night laid a heavier hand upon my heart, when, amidst the silence, came to the door a statesman, with massive brow, while the cold gleams of his eyes scorned the simplicity of truth and a sneer lurked in the corners of his mouth, like the serpent in the grass.

Oh statesman! wise art thou in the intrigues of politics. Thy victims lie unburied on many a stricken field. Thou art to me less than the faithful dogs of my palace.

Then the statesman frowning fell into the circle of light and disappeared.

V

On my wedding day, I stood behind the door, and saw the soldier, the sanyasi, the scholar and the statesman vanish into the circle of light, while the thousand lamps impatient grew at the long delay of the Bridegroom.

I waited, sick at heart, when, lo! before me all the while had stood One with the dust of many lands on His feet, and a melancholy smile upon His lips. There was a world of love in His eyes, and the fulness of the world's grief had dimmed their radiance.

I opened wide my arms when marched above me the Bridal procession of the Sons of God, with shining armour, clashing swords and the Heavenly palanquin. The Lord took my hand and we went into it.

The gates of the Retreating City are thronged with angel faces to welcome the Bridegroom and the Bride.

V. Chakkarai

LONDON NOCTURNE

A MUDDLED clatter from the pavement comes,
Voices confused, and then the night is dumb.
A shrieking whistle, and a distant run.

Then still.

Across the way they bang the windows down,
A car of Juggernaut snorts through the town,
Tuff-tuffing, clattering, clashing, chaos crowned :

Then still.

From a church tower the solemn clock strokes fly
Resting a moment muttering ere they die
Fade like a halo or a dying sigh :

Then still.

A heavy horse hoof beats the wooden street,
Metallic, muffled sound of iron shod feet,
Mingled with rattling wain and crying creek :

Then still.

A passing motor hums a bee refrain,
Its snorting speed horn trumps with loud disdain
Striking the silence like a flash of flame :

Then still.

A policeman's clumsy tread goes slowly by,
His voice, a woman's, then a laugh from nigh :
Some luckless harlot homeless 'neath the sky :

Then still.

Clank, clank, a cab horse hastening away ;
The silent wheels, the harness jungling play
Another policeman trying doors this way :

Then still.

A slight formed sylph, sly, slinks the white face dawn,
Drawing her veil to show a death pale form,
Wan, thin and sickly ill—another morn.

HENRY RUFFY



Rabindranath Tagore

Mysore

Jan. 22. 1919

KRISHNA

A STUDY IN THE THEORY OF AVATARAS

By BHAGAVAN DAS

(Continued from p. 71)

दास्यमैश्वर्यवादेन ज्ञातीनां वै करोम्यहम् ।
अर्धं भोक्तास्मि भोगानां वाग्दुरुक्तानि च क्षमे ॥

“MY elder brother can think of nothing else than his muscles, delicacy and fastidiousness are finished and exhausted in Gada, Pradyumna is enamoured of his own pretty face, and no one ever dreams of helping me in my endless cares and worries. Ahuka and Akrura are always quarrelling with each other, and between them I feel like the mother of two gamblers who is always wishing that one may win and the other not lose. I cannot do without them, and with them life is not worth living. Can you help me?” And Narada gives him this very cheerful consolation: “There are two kinds of misfortunes, Krishna! One comes from without, and the other is created by oneself. Your misfortunes are of your own creation! You ought to have taken the throne yourself, after slaying that tyrant Kamsa. But no, you must go and bestow it on Ugrasena, the doting old father of Kamsa. And now you cannot take it back gracefully any more than a man can again eat the food he has thrown up. Your only resource now is to bear it all with patience and try to cut the tongue of invective with the soft knife that is not made of iron.” “And pray what may that be?”, asked Krishna. Said Narada: “Soft words in return for hard, and gifts in return for thefts, that is the only way to deal with kinsmen. No one without a great soul, without perpetual self-sacrifice, without much patient wisdom, without trusty friends, may hold together such huge clans and nations and affairs as you have undertaken and bring them all to successful issues and prosperities. But thou art laughing at me, my beloved Lord! having successfully befooled the pupil into the attempt to teach his teacher and the teacher of the worlds, by precept and by example!”

There is much unnecessary controversy over Krishna's many wives and youthful loves. There is too much attack and too much defence. The *Bhagavata* itself raises the question and answers it.

ईश्वराणां वचः सत्यं तथैवाचरितं क्वचित् ।
 धर्मव्यतिक्रमो दृष्ट ईश्वराणां च साहसम् ।
 तेजीयसां न दोषाय बहेः सर्वभुजो यथा ॥ and yet again,
 ईश्वरैरपि भोक्तव्यं कृतं कर्म शुभाशुभं ।

“The precepts of the great are generally sound, but not so their example. They too have their sins and have to suffer for them. Follow the good in their example and not the bad.”

In the *Taittiriya Upanishat* the Acharya at the time of the samavartana (the University Convocation and degree-conferring ceremony of that time), says to the pupil,

यान्यस्माकं सुचरितानि तानि त्वयोपास्यानि, नो इतराणि ।

“Dear pupil!, copy in your own life only that much of our conduct which is good, and not that in it which is bad.”

And Krishna's life was by no means all roses. He had and made many enemies, and while he overcame most of them, he could not always have it his own way. His first-born infant son was carried away by a powerful ocean-pirate of the day, Shambara, from the very confinement-room of the mother in the sea-town of Dwaraka. And Shambara kept the child successfully away from the parents, in a secure island, fostering him as his own child because of his extraordinary beauty, till Pradyumna grew up and came to learn the truth of his parentage and married secretly his captor-host's daughter and ran off with her on some sort of air-car (—mention of such air-cars is repeatedly made in the Puranas —) and arrived in Dwaraka by his own enterprise and valour. The fate of Krishna's kith and kin, and of his relatives and dependents, after his passing from the earth, is also very unfortunate and very saddening. The end of Krishna's own body by the arrow of a fowler, who mistook a movement of his foot for that of an animal, as he sat tranced in meditation, hidden amidst shrubs near the seashore, after that awful mutual slaughter of kinsfolk, and himself withdrawing his pranas from his body—was in expiation of his hidden slaying of Bali in his previous incarnation of Rama; so say some of the Puranas.

A study of the life of Krishna shows at once that it was exceedingly rich in emotion. As there are countless shades of colours, countless tones and over-tones and kinds and degrees of voices and sounds, so there are countless shades of

the love-emotion (and unfortunately but inevitably, of the hate-emotion also). Every human relationship, husband, wife, father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, nephew, niece, grandson, granddaughter, and every one of the kinds and degrees of kinsman, relative, friend, master, servant, embodies a shade, vivid or mild, of such emotion. The life of Rama by Valmiki lastingly depicts those of the more prominent relationships. But the life of Krishna as depicted in the Puranic works and in the works of the later writers of the various schools of *bhaktas*, illustrates with extraordinary richness, very many more beautiful shades and grades of bhakti. Krishna's relations with his adoptive parents, his boy-companions, the dairy-maids, his parents proper, his "college" friend Sudama, with Vyasa, Narada, Arjuna, Bhishma, with Arjuna's brothers, with his aunt Kunti, his friendship with Draupadi, with Vidura, Uddhava, Akrura, with his elder brother Balarama, with his different sons and daughters and grandchildren, with his wives severally, Rukmini and Satyabhama chief among them—each one of these shades of the love-emotion makes subjects for interesting, instructive and elevating psychological study. His dealings with his enemies similarly illustrate his stately treatment of the hate-emotion. When he goes to Dhritarashtra, as ambassador of the Pandavas, to make a last vain effort to ward off war, Duryodhana invites him to be his guest. He declines.

संप्रीतिभोज्यान्यन्नानि आपद्भोज्यानि वा पुनः ।

न च त्वं प्रीयसे राजन् न चैवापद्गता वयम् ॥

"The bread offered by friendship may be eaten, O King!, or the bread brought by misfortune. Thou bearest us no love, and we are not stricken by misfortune!" And he goes uninvited to Vidura's house and stays there, for Vidura loves him. Krishna offers boons to Vidura at parting; and the dear old gentleman asks this boon: "May' there always be affection between thee and me, and may my house never lack worthy guests and lots of roly-poly babies and plenty of nice things for them to eat!"

Krishna's deferential treatment of those elders who, for special reasons, fought *against* him and his dear friends the Pandavas, in the great war, but loved and honored him and them all the same and wished them victory all the time—is another great lesson in the deliberately dramatic manner in which great and advanced souls treat the tragi-comedy of this world's procession of events.

THE EUGENIC VALUE OF KRISHNA-WORSHIP

It is obvious that the Krishna-avatara was not immaculate like the Rama-avatara, but at the same time there is clear indication in the *Bhagavata* that what are called Krishna's youthful loves did not go beyond violent flirtations,

and a taste for group-dancing and singing, like the waltzes and quadrilles and fandangos and maypoles of the west, and the kajli and the kalattam of the northern and southern India of to-day. One of his many names and epithets, *viz.*, Achyuta, signifies "the chaste", "the continent". And the *Bhagavata* (III, ii, 26) says that he lived in the home of his adoptive father Nanda, tending cows, stealing butter, romping with girls, and battling with wild animals, only till the eleventh year of his life, going off to Mathura afterwards and thence to Dwaraka.

ततो नन्व्रजमितः पित्रा कंसाद् विविभ्यता ।

एकादशसमास्तत्र गूढार्चिः सबलोऽवसत् ॥

If this be so, then his dancings and flirtings show nothing seriously wrong, but rather only a manifestation, even in early boyhood, of another aspect of Krishna's richly artistic nature; and, in any case, he was perfectly correct and proper after his marriage, though that of course, was very manifold, but that was in accordance with the then custom.

After leaving Vrindavana for Dwaraka, Krishna "turned over a new leaf", in modern colloquial phrase. He never returned to it again, although he had promised to the dairy-maids that he would, shortly. This truant lover's promise he fulfilled vicariously, however, through his dear friend and pupil Uddhava. That he did fulfil it thus and sent much loving endearment and consolation and advice to the over-fond girl-playmates of his boyhood, only shows his kind softness of heart, his recognition of responsibility, his wish to help and make amends. The "bee-song", by Sur Das, of the maids' complaints to Uddhava, is one of the finest pieces of work in Hindi poetry. The revival of Vrindāvana by Chaitanya in the fifteenth century is the real return to it of Krishna.

Instead of vainly carping at his ways, and warping our own artistic faculties and potencies thereby, we ought to take from his exuberant and overflowing stores of all that is beautiful and joyous, as much as we can assimilate lawfully, for the purpose of enriching and refining our own emotional life and capacities, adding a many-sided flavour to our domesticity, and thereby helping ourselves to realise an essential part of the first purpose of life, mentioned before.

धर्माविरुद्धो भूतेषु कामोऽस्मि भरतर्षभ ॥ *Gītā*, vii, 11.

बिभ्रद्गुणैः सकलसुन्दरसंनिवेशं

कर्माचरन् भुविसुमंगलमाप्तकामः । .

कृत्वा निःशेषमितरेतरतः समेतान्

हत्वा नृपान् निरहरत् क्षितिभारमीशः ॥ .

"The I manifests as lawful love in all beings, O Arjuna!". "He came to irradiate the life of this earth with the splendour of his physical vesture, wherein were gathered and concentrated the finest essences of all things that are most beautiful; so perfectly fulfilled was he in himself that he wanted nothing outside of himself, yet did he continuously discharge human duties and do acts of piety and merit for the instruction of others by his great example; wielding the kings of the earth as his playthings, he destroyed them by one another, in order to lighten the burden of the earth."

Truly, if sunsets and sunrises, if cloud and sea and snow-peak, if moon and star and bird and flower are worth looking upon, if we may without sin admire a beautiful horse, a magnificent tusker, a sleek and gentle milch-cow, why may we not admire far more, a beautiful human face and figure? But it ought to be admired *in the same spirit*, as a work of nature's supreme art. For this purpose public opinion has to be carefully educated. There is too much license on the one side and too much puritanism on the other. If the proper wise middle course were followed there would be more joy in life and there would be more human faces and features *worth* admiring and looking at again and again. For in the biological and psychological worlds, as in the economic, supply follows demand, and a whole nation's appreciation of and craving for physical, mental and moral beauty, necessarily *creates* more and more of such beauty in each of its successive generations. The worship, by brides and bridegrooms, of Krishna as baby, as boy, as youth, and as great man, charming, fascinating, piquant, saucy, mischievous, wilful, maddeningly beautiful, hero of heroes, æsthete of æsthetes, teacher of teachers, grand in every respect, has its own most beneficent eugenic value for the nation, *if the worship be only duly intelligent*, and guided by the just and the righteous, and not by knaves and hypocrites as it is so largely to-day, to the shame and the sorrow of the nation. It is matter for regretful surprise that the highly intelligent and scientific nations of the west should have failed to profit by their researches in the ancient Greek cult of Beauty, and to imitate its methods for their own physical improvement.

Incidentally, our younger generation should make a careful study of the sizes and qualities of the physical bodies that the great men of history have worn.

Few great men of action, and even of thought and of art, have been puny or sickly or ill-formed and feeble. They have generally carefully educated and strengthened their bodies at least as much as their minds. And to the youth of India, the example of Krishna and his compatriots is as a shining light. The students in the higher classes might, with much profit, also study something of the birth-conditions and the personal habits and private life of the prominent figures of history. Abnormal, *i.e.*, extraordinary persons or personages often have extraordinary birth-conditions, and these and their personal habits and conduct in

dietary and sex-life throw a most valuable light on their achievements or failures. The *Purana-Itihasa* are more "scientific" in this respect than many modern text-books and, *if properly interpreted*, are seen to embody a "historical sense" which is finer, deeper-rooted, and more comprehensive and philosophical. They are honored as "the fifth Veda", by tradition.

इतिहासपुराणं च पंचमं वेदानां वेदं भगवोऽध्येमि ।

Chhandogya Upanishat.

Incidentally it may be mentioned here, for the information of those who are inclined to see more vice than virtue in Krishna, that the private morals of such historical figures as Julius Cæsar and Alexander and Napoleon were incomparably worse, and even Aristotle sometimes joined in Alexander's revels. It is unnecessary to say anything about the better-known weaknesses of Goethe, Byron, etc. But despite all such weaknesses, which no doubt had bad effects on their work in life, we cannot but admire their great achievements. We ought to understand and recognise the strong points as well as the weak points, the good as well as the evil.

विद्वान् गुणज्ञो दोषज्ञः

"The wise man is he who understands the virtues as well as the defects of things." Some ill-advised, narrow-thinking Christian missioneries especially, misconceiving their duty to their own great Master, a true "son of God", *i.e.*, an avatara in his own degree, think that they serve the Christ by slandering Krishna. If they came face to face with their Master, surely he would rebuke them greatly. The Christ cannot be exalted by the belittlement of Krishna. Different manifestations of God, for different purposes, have to be reverently studied from different points of view; they cannot all be measured off off-hand by the same standard.

KRISHNA AND CHRIST

From other and more generous points of view, parallels have now and then been attempted between the lives of Krishna and Christ. But they are very far-fetched. If we take a few selected incidents from each life, similarities may no doubt be found, especially if we follow those who think that the Biblical Christ is not a historical person and that Jesus was born 105 B.C. or so, and that Krishna also is a myth, the selected incidents being similar because they allegorise the same spiritual truth. But, then, for the purposes of the inner science, the birth, growth, struggles, decay, death, of a little plant, a worm, a man, *all equally* allegorise the one truth of all truths, *viz.*, the periodic descent of Spirit into Matter and its re-ascent thereout. Apart from this, and regarded as historical, the two lives are different as different can be. There is very little in common between the gentle ministry of Christ, extending over only three years out of the thirty-three of his

life, and the tremendous all-comprehending activity of Krishna, throughout a very long life of the fullest and intensest kind. The one was essentially a soul-refining force, the other was that, and an immediate history-maker on a very large scale, and a philosophical and artistic teacher of the highest order, besides. Both taught, but the teaching was directed to different purposes. The former taught "Turn the right cheek," the latter "Therefore fight". And yet the two teachings are entirely in accord. For the former means "when the wrong is done to yourself", and the latter "when the wrong is done to another who is dependent on you for protection." The former deals with the individual; the latter with the individual as a member of a community.

THE RATIONALE OF IDEALS

More might be said of the devotion inspired by Krishna. But for that it is better to go to the great classical works direct, and to the *Bhagavata* more than any other work. Like all other men of action, and more than they in the degree of his greatness, Krishna inspired violent dislikes as well as likes. But the all-charitable, all-helping, ancient Science of the Spirit says that those who hated Krishna were as much helped in their soul-development as those who loved him. This seems to be a mystic mystery. But it is far from unintelligible. It is explained by super-physical science, which tells us that, just as in the physical world, patriarchs and their families, chiefs and their clans and tribes, elders and their communities and nations, stand in special relations of protectiveness and loyalty towards one another, even so specially advanced souls, Ishvaras, stand in special relations of helpfulness and devotion, along the path of psycho-physical evolution, with large groups of souls. It is also plain psychology.

Narada says to Yudhishtira that when the object is truly great, it does not matter whether the bond with which you tie your soul to it is the bond of some form of the hate-emotion or some form of the love-emotion. The result will be good for you either way. It is enough that you *tie* yourself strongly to this great soul, but make sure that he *is* truly great and not a hollow pretender. He will do the rest. Of course you will have more pain along the one way than along the other. But dragged you will be, any way, to the right goal. The way of sin and pain may even be quicker, for life thereon is more intense, more "fast", and wears out the emotion-bonds that tie to the earth, more quickly and by powerful revulsion. Jaya and Vijaya, offered the option, by the dooming rishis, between *three* births as foes of Vishnu, or *seven* as devotees, chose the former, and took birth as Hiranya-kashipu, Ravana, Shishupala, etc.

गोप्य; कामाद् भयात्कंसो द्वेषाच्चैद्यादयो नृपाः ।

संबन्धाद् वृष्णयो यूयं सख्याद् भक्त्या वयं विभो ॥ *Bhagavata.*

"By woman-love, by fear, by hate, by kinsmanship, by deep friendship, by whole-hearted devotion, have different souls clung to him, and found him."

In this way has Krishna received a worship and devotion which flourishes 5,000 years after his passing with an intensity unsurpassed or even unmatched perhaps in any time or clime.

Of course the deepest reason of such denouement is *in the soul of the votary himself*, the soul which makes the ideal object of its clinging a means for its own psychical exercise and strengthening.

यत्र यत्र मनो देही धारयेत् सकलं धिया ।

स्नेहाद् द्वेषाद् भयाद् वापि याति तत्तत्स्वरूपताम् ॥ *Bhagavata*.

चित्तमेव हि संसारस्तत्प्रयत्नेन शोधयेत् ।

यत्तत्तन्मयो भवति गुह्यमेतत्सनातनम् ॥ *Maitrāyaṇi Upaniṣat*.

श्रद्धामयोऽयं पुरुषः यो यच्छ्रद्धः स एव सः ॥ *Gītā*.

All which means in other words,

"Whatsoever thou lovest, that become thou must,
God if thou love God, dust if thou love dust."

For the *mind* verily is the creator of, and indeed *is* the world.

KRISHNA AS MAN OF KNOWLEDGE AND TEACHER

Finally we may see Krishna as one of the greatest of teachers.

While his beauty of form remains only as a tradition, and alas !, there is no authentic portrait even available, either on canvas or in marble, to show us concretely what that marvel was like, while his deeds remain only in results long overlaid by other events, the wisdom of his teachings remains to us in direct form. Even in his boyhood and youth he was a zealous reformer of religion. He battled bravely against the prevalent excessive and sensuous or (when perversely misinterpreted then even) positively corrupting Vedic formalism and ritualism, warred upon vested priestly or priestcrafty interests and pretensions, successfully abolished the Indra-makha with its libations and potations, and established, instead, the more rational cult of the cow, so eminently suited to an agricultural civilisation. This open condemnation of hypocritical, cunning, selfish and senseless or perverse and depraved sacerdotal formalism, and of the endeavour to hypnotise the people with the mere outer word of the Veda, is briefly but strongly repeated by him, in his later teaching of the *Gita* also. Beyond and above all his other great works, stands his work as the teacher of the *Gita*, wherein he concentrated, with the electrical focussing of war-conditions, the

quintessence of the deepest, the most ancient and the most practical and real ethics and philosophy, into a few hundred verses, for the enlightenment of the sorely perplexed understanding of Arjuna and of hundreds of subsequent generations. The *Mahabharata* incorporates another utterance of Krishna—also in the shape of teaching given to his dearest friend Arjuna—and known as the *Anugita*. But this work is not much studied, although it seems to be almost indispensable for the right understanding of the *Gita*. It is expressly a re-utterance of and a supplement to the earlier work. Incidentally, in the authorship of the *Gita*, we have an outstanding confirmation of the fact that no one can be an efficient professor of a subject unless he is in living touch with that department of the real daily communal or natural life which he professes to study and teach.

The whole and the sole teaching of the *Gita* is the very pragmatic one. “Do your duty, after having carefully ascertained it in the light of Atma-Vidya—the all-co-ordinating science; and then do it without craving for fruit, and fearless of the consequences.” As basis of this final teaching of ethics, we have the doctrine of लोकसंग्रह in the setting of which लोकसंग्रह duties arise.

DUTY, ORGANISATION, SYNTHESIS

Loka-sangraha means world-synthesis, the organisation of the human race, the assignment of each individual to his proper place, the division of labour, of remuneration, of means of livelihood, and of the rewards and prizes of life, in accordance with the natural division of temperaments and functions.

लोकसंग्रहमेवापि संपश्यन् कर्तुमर्हसि ॥

यथाद्विद्वांस्तथाऽसक्तश्चिकीर्षी लोकसंग्रहम् ॥

“The wise man should act so that he may promote social organisation and co-operation, and not violate its principles.”

When this social organisation and co-operation is just and natural, then every one knows his duty clearly, and finds no difficulty in performing it. It is the business of the great man, the leader, the ruler, the man in power and authority, to secure this rational social organisation first of all. Then all good things else will add themselves. For only by such systematic and scientific organisation may the greatest happiness of the greatest number be achieved.

Not exclusiveness but synthesis is the key-note of the whole of the best Sanatana Dharma culture—whatever the character of its present degenerate form may be. Give everything, every idea, every custom, every person, its or his or her proper time and place and circumstance, and you develop the best that there is in it or him or her. Also, lay more stress on *duty* than on *right*. This is characteristic of the Ancient Sanatana Dharma. The modern tendency is to lay

more stress on the rights than on the duties of the individual, on the contrary. Right and Duty are the obverse and the reverse aspects of the same thing, Dharma or Law. Insistence on either will secure the other also, generally. But there is a difference. Children may be taught either by fear or by love. They may be led and attracted forwards, or pushed from behind. Is there any doubt as to which is the better way? Everybody insistently claiming and taking his rights from everybody else—this is one way of maintaining society. Everybody eagerly giving to every one the latter's dues, eagerly performing his own duties—this is another way of doing the same thing. Which is the better? Generally, in history, it is only when the so-called "higher", "upper", or stronger classes, in positions of power and authority, forget their own duties and the rights of others too much, that the others begin to reciprocate, and frictions and class-wars begin. For peaceful progress, it is absolutely necessary that each class and each individual should think more of its and his duties than rights.

The four psycho-physical types of men, the man of thought, the man of action, the man of desire, the undifferentiated and unskilled worker; the four kinds of special rewards, honour, power, wealth; and play; the four kinds of livelihood; the four corresponding vocational classes in each complete community; the four main interests of life; the four corresponding stages in each life-time—these are the main features of the synthetic scheme of rights and duties which had been disturbed by the excessive preponderance of the militarist elements in his day, and which Krishna sought to restore. This is not the place to expound them in detail.¹ Yet, as further illustration of the synthetic nature of Sanatana Dharma, we may note such facts as its synthesis (*not* mutual exclusion), of the four "colors" of human beings *in one community*, with necessary scientific safeguards against degeneration of specific characteristics by too indiscriminate marriages, its recognition of eight kinds of marriages—twelve kinds of sons—four kinds of funerals—each with its proper circumstance. Even in the matter of such an apparently slight but really important affair as salutation, we find many forms illustrated by Krishna. When he returns from Delhi to Dwaraka, he greets his various kinsfolk, elders, equals, younger, dependents, in various ways.

प्रह्लाभिवादनाश्लेषकरस्पर्शस्मितेक्षणैः ।

On another occasion,

ततोऽवतीर्य गोविंदो रथात्स च युधिष्ठिरः ।

भीमो गांडीवधन्वा च यमौ सात्यकिरेव च ।

च बीनम्यर्चयामासुः करानुद्यम्य दक्षिणान् ॥

¹ The whole subject has been treated of at length, in the writer's *The Science of Politics, in the Light of Brahma-Vidya*, (now in course of publication, by the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, S.), and also *The Science of Social Organisation*.

“By low obeisance, by spoken salutation, (svagatam, ‘welcome’, suprabhatam, ‘good morning’) by handshake, by smile, by glance, by lifting the right hand, etc.” Such are instances of लोकसंग्रह, which Krishna teaches by precept and by example.

RAJA-DHARMA

One great teaching which Krishna gave, not directly, himself, but by the mouth of Bhishma, is unfortunately too much neglected in India, nowadays. At the beginning of the Mahabharata war comes the *Gita* which nerves Arjuna for the struggle. At its end appropriately comes the teaching of Bhishma to Yudhishthira, given and received by Krishna's express wish, on the all-important subject of the true Science and Art of Politics, दंडनीति, राजधर्म, spiritualised by Atma-vidya—by means of which alone can the work of the reconstruction of a people shattered by a terrible internecine war, be successfully carried out, and Krishna's work as an *avatara* be completed. By means of a spiritualised policy only can a just and righteous great man, leader and ruler, make Satya-yuga out of Kali-yuga.

दंडनीत्यां यदा राजा सम्यक् कारत्सन्येन वर्तते ।
 तदा कृतयुगं नाम कालः श्रेष्ठः प्रवर्तते ॥
 दंडनीतिः स्वधर्मेषु चातुर्वर्ण्यं नियच्छति ।
 लोकस्य सीमंतकरी मर्यादा लोकपावनी ।
 सम्यङ्-मते दंडनीतिर्यथा माता यथा पिता ॥
 मज्जेत् त्रयी दंडनीतौ हतायां सर्वे धर्माः प्रक्षयेद्विरुद्धाः ।
 सर्वे धर्माश्चाश्रमाणां हताः स्युः क्षात्रे नष्टे राजधर्मे पुराणे ॥
 सर्वे धर्मा राजधर्मेषु दृष्टाः सर्वा दीक्षा राजधर्मेषु चोक्ताः ।
 सर्वा विद्या राजधर्मेषु युक्ताः सर्वे लोका राजधर्मे प्रविष्टाः ॥

Mahābhārata, Shanti-parva.

“When the ruling element conducts the affairs of the people in accordance with a just and sound and far-sighted and all-comprehensive (and not patchwork, haphazard and opportunist) policy—then society is properly organised, with its four vocational classes duly articulated together, and each observing its duties in accordance with law and order. Such High Science of Policy, well and righteously administered, is even as father and as mother unto the people. All sciences

subserve it; all laws and all high secrets are to be found in it, all the well-being of all humanity depends upon it. If it fail and fall from just and righteous wisdom, all social order would sink into confusion, and all science and art would disappear into chaos."

Such is the teaching of Krishna given by himself directly, or by the mouth of Bhishma who, too, was in his way a superman, and next only to Krishna. If any statesmen of to-day, when conditions are so very similar to those of Krishna's day, really want a stable construction and organisation of society, they would not altogether waste their time if they consulted those teachings of Raja-Dharma for ideas and principles, instead of spending all their time in making economical and political experiments which take no account of human psychology or Atma-vidya, and lead only to vicious circles of farcical and tragical failures. But if the life of Krishna is duly studied and the principles followed, then may much success in achieving human happiness be attained.

The story of Krishna is truly instructive as it is sweet.

"May He inspire our minds with wisdom, He who is the Teacher of the Teachers; for, without that wisdom, we ever blindly take up courses of action which we fondly hope will bring us joy, but which always plunge us into only deeper miseries. No higher motive-force or work is there for us, than to dwell upon thy greatness, Lord! Do for us, Thyself, whatever may be good for us, as wise and strong parents do for their unknowing and all-helpless children. The illustrious men of fame, the generous benefactors of their fellow-mortals, the men of open-handed charity, the strong-willed and self-denying ascetics of many vows and vigils, the seers of the Vedic hymns, the discoverers of great policies for guiding the affairs of men—none such attain success in their respective lines of work without they seek Thy help in silent prayer within the chamber of the heart. To think Thee, to sing Thee, to salute Thee, to worship Thee, to behold Thee—this cleanses hearts of sins at once. We bow before Thee, therefore, in loving adoration. Who can ever be surfeited to listen of Thy works! Their infinite story distill nectar and ambrosia with every word into the minds of those that know its blissful taste. The Servants of the Lord who tell that deathless story, the Servants of the Lord who listen to it—they learn full soon the One-ness of the form-ful Finites with the Form-less Infinite."

चरित पुनीत सुनत हरि के नित नित चित तृप्ति न जोहै ।

पद पद मे जाके निसरत रस रसिकन के मन मोहै ॥

वयं तु न वितृप्याम उत्तमश्लोकविक्रमे ।

यच्छृण्वतां रसज्ञानां स्वादु स्वादु पदे पदे ॥

जनोऽबुधोऽयं निजकर्मबंधनः सुखेच्छया कर्म समीहतेऽसुखम् ।
 यत्सेवया तां विधुनोत्यसन्मतिं धियं स नोऽव्यात् परमो गुरोर्युरुः ॥
 भवद्गुणानुस्मरणादृते सतां निमित्तमन्यद् भगवन्न विद्यते ।
 पिता चरेद् बालहितं यथा स्वयं तथा त्वमेवार्हसि नः समीहितुम् ॥
 यशस्विनो दानपरास्तपस्विनो मनस्विनो मंत्राश्च सुमंगलाः ।
 क्षेमं न विंदन्ति विना यदर्हणं तस्मै सुभद्रश्रवसे नमो नमः ॥
 यद्वंदनं यत्स्मरणं यदर्हणं यत्कीर्तनं यच्छ्रवणं यदीक्षणं ।
 जनस्य सद्यो विधुनोति कल्मषं तस्मै सुभद्रश्रवसे नमो नमः ॥
 जेइ दास भगवान कहैं यह जेइ दास भगवान सुनैं ।
 तेइ चीन्हि भगवान गुनन कौ निर्गुन सगुन अभेदगुनैं ॥

ॐ

Bhagavan Das

OUR LONDON CRITIC

THE BALLET AS A THEATRE

By RUPERT LEE

WHEN a thing is well done, we are in danger of forgetting, in our wonder at the doing of it, the goodness of the thing itself. There is such a danger in considering the work of the Russian Ballet, the season of which is just finished at the Alhambra.¹ M. Diaghileff's Company is composed of men and women who have learnt to dance almost as soon as they have learned to talk. To us in England, where dancing is dead as a national game, and very poor as a music hall exhibition, their physical achievement is so dazzling, that we are in danger of forgetting that it is as a contribution to the Art of the Theatre that the Russian Ballet is so important to us. Before considering them in this light, it is necessary for us to agree as to what is the Art of the Theatre.

What is it? When we go to the theatre, what do we expect? We expect to see something. We may expect to hear something too,—music perhaps, or someone's reciting. But primarily we expect to see something—and we expect to see it move. The artist of the theatre seeks expression through movement. It is true enough to say that he wishes to express a story through movement. May he do this naturalistically? May he make his characters do exactly that which similar people would do in real life? Obviously he cannot. If the limitations of his craft did not forbid it, it would not be worth doing. The real thing would be easily better. He turns to the consideration of abstract movements.

An abstraction is the consideration of certain qualities of a subject apart from the rest; so far the dictionary tells us, and it will do to go on with. Let us suppose we wish to tell on the stage the story of a courtly flirtation of the eighteenth century. We consider certain qualities of the story apart from the rest. We eliminate time: the whole action must take place within a confined space, and within a period of perhaps a quarter of an hour, it must have a definite beginning and end. We take from it those qualities which are capable of being expressed by movement, and we order them, and because man is a rhythmical creature, we do it

¹ This reference is to the Russian ballet in London last year.—ED.

rhythmically. Imagine some such process taking place in the mind of an eighteenth century choregraphist, and you have the possible origin of the classic dance called the Minuet. In tracing any known dance back to its source, it is found to have been abstracted from some story. It is by the application of this process of abstraction that the Russians have given us such a valuable contribution to the Art of the Theatre as *Children's Tales*, which is the Ballet I intend to discuss. This is not easy to do at a distance, but it may be interesting to trace in it the application of the principle of abstraction. The Ballet *Children's Tales* is founded upon three Russian folk legends. These three stories are linked together by the introduction of the showman who presents them, and the peasants who are his audience, and who comment upon them. As a prelude the showman comes before the curtain to announce the show. Now he does not stand there and say "Ladies and gentlemen, let me present . . . etc.:" No—he comes on with a doll under one arm and a Teddy Bear under the other. He says nothing, he doesn't need to: he dances, he gesticulates, showing the doll and the teddy bear to the audience. He expresses his meaning in abstract rhythmical movement. After his dance the curtain rises, showing us Kikimora, the Spirit of Evil, guarded in her cradle by the faithful white cat. Pussy dances her complacency, her vigil and tender solicitude of the cradled fury. Weary with watching, she sleeps: Kikimora leaps from her cradle, gaining strength with freedom, she forces the Cat to fight and kills it with an axe. The fight is not a mock fight: it is a dance. There is no blood. Then the peasants dance in procession across the stage carrying the Cat and Kikimora. It is their comment. They approve the story, and take the characters of it into their lives. This is followed by the second story—the most beautiful scene of the Ballet. It tells of the rescue of the Enchanted Princess by Bova Korolevitch—a Russian hero. Before a painted curtain, suggestive of rather than representing a lake, the Princess dances her sorrow in captivity. The curtain rises revealing the dragon's castle behind the steps of which stands the great three headed dragon—a huge flat painted design. The Princess is led by her sisters to the top of the steps, after which they, acting as a Chorus, herald the approach of Bova Korolevitch, who comes in at the back of a flat painted design of a horse. It must be emphasised that he dismounts, leaving his horse at the back of the stage, quite close to the dragon, and himself comes down to the front, where he dances, or goes through movements expressive of combat. Following naturalistic principles, he would have been bound to hit a stuffed and capering dragon with a carefully blunted sword, and the dragon would have had to fall over, and show some signs of bleeding. But this is not the way of it. His movements do not represent the combat: they are expressive of it, and the Chorus follow his progress with movements expressive of hope and despair, till at the final triumph, the three heads of the dragon swing to the ground. That is also an abstract movement.

This is perhaps enough to show the principles on which these Ballets are produced. That is, taking the story as a basis, to produce in relation to it a series of movements which make in themselves a complete work of art ; particularly in this Ballet do these principles govern the movement, the decor and the music, making it one of the most vital and beautiful contributions to the stage we have seen for at least the last ten years.

There is one interesting little story to record. On the last night, there were scenes of great enthusiasm. Massine was called twenty times before the curtain, and the audience seemed to think it would be nice if he should make a speech—which he did. This was the only time the audience had ever heard his voice. It should be proof, if proof is wanted, that the voice is not an essential to the art of the theatre.

Rupert Lee

FEAR

MY soul leaps up at a sound
What is the question I cannot answer
That must be answered?
What is the blank face I must fill in with features?

My brain pulls, stretches, tears ;
But I cannot open wide enough to see !
Always at the agonised point of conception.
But never conceiving,
Always giving birth,
But never born !
What is it I am to conceive?
To what must I give birth ?

EVELYN SCOTT (*Poetry*)

NOTES AND COMMENTS

“SHAMA’A”

WE have been greatly encouraged by the very warm and sympathetic reception we have had at the hands of all our readers and are deeply grateful to them for their kind words of congratulation. We offer our sincere thanks to the organs of public opinion in India and elsewhere which have honoured us with their notices of SHAMA’A.

SHAMA’A calls for a word or two of particular comment. Even in countries like Europe and America, it is a very common thing for a magazine of this type to face the indifference and apathy of the reading public for quite some time in the beginning. Out of scores of attempts that are made in the journalistic world to bring out high class and readable magazines to suit the taste and temperament of all kinds of readers, the successes are so few as to be scarcely worth mentioning. As a rule, their period of existence has been or is in exact ratio with the capital invested in such concerns. In India, the prospect is worse; for the people are poor and are not accustomed to take in periodicals as they do in the West, and certainly not to patronise any work of the type we have undertaken. It is not that Indians, as a class, are averse to any such enterprise or lack the æsthetic appreciation of Art, but it is due to the fact that they have been estranged from these ideals owing to circumstances beyond their control. But the new wave of renaissance that is sweeping over this country and leavening every phase of national life, has awakened our countrymen to newer ideals and visions. Convinced that a glorious future awaits our country and having realised that there is so much in Art, Philosophy and Literature which the world is waiting to receive from India and India from the world, we have made ourselves a humble channel for the transmission of such knowledge and a means for the realisation of such an end. But for this we need the help and support of the public which, we are glad to say, have been accorded us in a generous measure. We are quite aware of imperfections in the magazine which we are doing our best to remedy. Some deficiencies there are bound to be, such as small delays in publication, but we are sure our readers will appreciate the difficulty, in these days, of securing materials, especially paper.

For the rest, we shall let SHAMA’A speak for itself. We shall only add that we have called for contributions from among the best writers of almost every country in the world and we can confidently promise to do all that lies in our power to maintain the highest possible standard of periodical literature.

PADMAVATI

We record with deep regret the death of the little Indian poetess, Srimati Padmavati, whose poem “A Lament” we published in our last issue.

The singer was her own seer. She sang:

Stars of midnight ! sing my dirge
In stillness of the lonely sky.
Sad be the strain of life's farewell
Yet mourn not long, but gently sigh.

Silent stars, through darkest night
With Death's pale seal, so swift I fly.
The moaning wind my wail doth bear.
Yet weep not, stars, that see me die.

Let not my parting memories float
As sorrows in the vault I roam—
Give me faint smile, lest I, remote
Must think of you in starless gloom.

Folded in wings of solemn Fate
I flit, a phantom on the breeze,
A flash, a silent thrill of awe—
Yet stars, weep not ;
Since from Earth's cares I pass to ease.

From Earth's cares, Padmavati passed to ease on the 10th May, 1920.

OUR PENCIL SKETCH

The pencil sketch of Rabindranath Tagore in this number, is by the well-known young artist, Mukul Dey, who is now in the Slayd School at London. The original is in the possession of the Raja Sahib of Munagala who has very kindly permitted us to reproduce it in SHAMA'A.

Mukul Dey was among those who accompanied the poet in his last tour in Japan and America in 1917, and in India last year. A constant companion of Tagore, he has given us one of the finest portraits ever done of the poet.

SOCIETY OF INDIAN ART

We welcome into our midst the "Society of Indian Art" (THE BHĀRAT KALĀ PARISHAD) founded in Benares—the seat of Hindu religion and learning from time immemorial—under the patronage of such lovers of art as Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, Abanindranath Tagore and Durga Prasad. The objects of the institution are to open a first grade school and studio for teaching Indian music, painting, sculpture and other Indian arts and crafts; to establish a gallery and museum to contain old and modern Indian paintings and other *objects d'art*; also a library dealing with art and allied subjects; to encourage the study, practice and development of such arts by providing scholarships, honoraria and such other assistance as may be necessary to promote public interest in such arts and secure for them their proper place in national life and culture by organising popular lectures, conversazione, conferences, exhibitions, etc., and by bringing out suitable literature and art reproductions. Membership of the Parishad

is open to all classes of people and we would urge our readers and all lovers of art in India to become members and promote the objects with which the Society has been founded.

We are informed that a nucleus of an academy of music has been started under the expert guidance and supervision of Mr. Shivendra Nath Basu and that classes of painting with the advice and active help of Mr. Abanindranath Tagore are about to be started. Arrangements for publishing 'a portfolio of illustrations from Kalidasa's masterpiece *Meghaduta*—the Cloud-Messenger—done by a clever artist of the neo-Ajanta school are also in progress.

We wish the Parishad all success. We would suggest that the Society should put itself in communication with a newly formed organisation in England with similar objects, "The Arts League of Service" and see if mutual exchange and help cannot be effected in the way of teaching and training Indian artists in Western Music and Painting and vice versa. Such efforts will bring about a better understanding of East and West and serve an international purpose, for Poets, Painters and Musicians belong not to one land or race but to the world.

CHINESE MUSIC

Like many other things of the Orient, Chinese Music is not appreciated at all by the foreigner, nor is it understood. Prejudice to alien things, a common weakness among men, is the chief obstacle to real progress. How many of the world's greatest tragedies have been due to this hatred of the neighbour! The new era that is to follow the blood-bath of the War will, we hope, be one of mutual understanding and respect between all nations, coloured or white. And what better means can one find to bring about this spirit of respect than the effort to understand and appreciate the genius, culture and civilisation of nations, both East and West? It is with pleasure that we notice an appreciative and interesting article on "The Comparative Development of Music, Occidental and Oriental," by an American Violinist and Musical Composer, Henry Elchheim. He is now on a visit to Asia and is expected in India soon. Writing on Chinese Music, he says with a sympathy which alone can soften acerbities of race and lead to real understanding:

"My first impressions on hearing instrumental music in Japan and China were bewildering, and I soon found it would be impossible to get instruction or pleasure from it if I allowed myself to judge it by Western standards. The involved and varied rhythms, the strange dissonances, developed to a high degree of perfection, soon made an appeal wholly opposed to the standards created by occidental music before the innovations of Chopin; but once my ear had become accustomed to the effect of those strange musical impressions, I became aware of the beauty of this oriental art.

"The elasticity of its rhythms, the graceful contours of melodic line, the exquisite blendings of sound, dissonant and consonant, in the music of Japan and China are in striking contrast to the result obtained by the arbitrary system of restricted chord relationships, counterpoints and rhythms demanded in western musical textbooks. The transcendent genius of Bach, Mozart and Beethoven enabled them to evolve a profound and noble art within this cramped system. Chopin, Wagner, Liszt and Debussy widened the scope of western music, making possible the most recent aspect richly voiced by Loeffler, Ravel, Richard Strauss and D'Indy.

"There are many points of contact in the music of these men with the music of Japan and China in the free use of varied rhythms and rapidly changing and beautiful dissonances. The primitive vigour of this oriental art has been brought to a fine flower by this particular group of artists, and we have in them the high point of development in western

music." Continuing, he says: "The history of Chinese music gives the student many opportunities for comparing one aspect of western development with the art as perfected in China more than a thousand years ago. An instrument is played containing a set of bamboo pipes tuned one full-tone apart, and on the opposite side another whole-tone scale one half-tone higher. The two sets form a pure chromatic scale unknown in Europe until six hundred years later. Many examples of this kind can be found.

"One of the most marked divergences in the music of China lies in the manner of contrast in dynamics, the oriental music (as in the case of painting) giving small importance to contrasts of light and shade, but exalting purity and grace of line to the position of predominance. In western music and painting, contrast is of equal importance with the other elements of these arts . . . The elasticity of oriental rhythms, which are due partly to irregular time divisions makes for greater artistic interest; and the beauty of unresolved dissonances, native to oriental music had its first western exponent in Debussy.

"In volume and beauty of sound, in dynamic contrasts and sensitiveness, the perfected modern instruments of the West have a wider range and offer larger scientific and artistic opportunities for the advancement of music than is possible with the traditional and ancient instruments of the East, but here again personal preference must oppose a definite assumption of superiority for one or other of these arts."

MUSIC—THE HIGHEST FORM OF ART

Apropos the above, we think it worth while to extract a long quotation from an admirable lecture given at the Sydney Conservatorium as one of the Lecture Concert series of the State Orchestra of New South Wales, by the well-known Indian author and lecturer, Mr. C. Jinarajadāsa, M.A. (Cantab.), on "Music as the Synthesis of Emotional and Intellectual Activity". His conception of Art is highly fascinating and illuminative, and he gives Music the foremost place in Art's gallery. He says:

"The highest form of recreation by intellect and emotion is art. It is the highest, because an artistic expression by man brings him nearer to the truth of things than he can reach merely by the intellect, or with the aid of emotions alone. Art gives us a solution far more correct, far more 'four-square' to the facts of life than can any mere philosophy . . ." Art leads us to the disimprisoned soul of the facts as they are round us. And here let me mention that one of the highest forms of art is Religion. People do not usually think of religion as an expression of art; yet you will find, if you approach any religion in the proper spirit, that it expresses to you some of the highest form-synthesis of your intellectual and emotional nature.

"We have now among men various branches of art, but of all these branches Music is the highest. But why? Why should we say that music is higher than painting or than sculpture? What reason have we for thinking that music stands by itself? Let me first take Poetry. You will find that wherever poetry is true, and expresses a true emotion, wherever it comes to be high poetry, a musical quality is inseparable from it. 'It becomes a musical sound and a centre of emotional force,' as has been well said. Whenever we want to describe the various branches of art, we can only use musical similes to give a clue to the highest conception of each branch. Thus, poetry becomes 'a musical sound'. It is the same with regard to sculpture, which has been called 'dumb poetry,' for in sculpture we have rhythm, and in some ways melody too. Painting has the same characteristics and we have in great group paintings a quality of rhythm. When we come to architecture, what more true description is there than that of Goethe when he said it was 'frozen music'.

A great piece of architecture is as if some magnificent composition—an oratorio perhaps—had been frozen into stone. When you stand before such a cathedral as that of Milan, there verily you see before you a frozen music . . . So then, all the arts are in some way tending and aspiring to the condition of music. Now, why? Because we have in music the fullest manifestation of a great principle which already exists in our daily life. We live daily an emotional and intellectual life, but each day we must make ourselves anew . . . We have a synthesis through every branch of art, but the most mystical and most powerful is that which comes through music. Music does something more mystical still. It somehow gathers the fragments within our own natures and puts them together. Now this is a most difficult thought to expound, this synthesising faculty of music . . . It links all perplexed meanings into some kind of a solution, which is one of the indescribable qualities of music. How is one to describe it? When I first heard the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven, I knew what was the recreation of myself; when I hear any of the great compositions of Beethoven, I know that there is being stated more clearly a solution of the experiences of my own emotional life, of my own dreams and hopes and aspirations, than can be stated by any great philosophy which I can study, because through music we rise above the mere field of emotion and intellect into a fuller and clearer realm of being . . . I shall never forget an experience I had once in Italy, where a tenor who had sung in Spain and Russia once sang for his friends. This tenor had been a gardener's boy in my hostess's house, and they had sent him to the Conservatorium at Milan, and he had become a tenor. After some years, he came back with all his laurels, and one evening he sang for us various love songs. But he had not grown in his inner nature, though his technique was perfect. His thought of love was still that of a peasant, of a gardener, and the very tones of his voice, as he sang the love songs, showed exactly what he was inside. Music reveals the soul of the individual far more intimately, I think, than can happen through any other art . . . When we have the ideal orchestra and the ideal audience, then we shall have every particle in the walls speaking a message to us in a new way. We shall have music flowing into us from what we think are dead substances round us. There is a music locked up in the walls, in the floor, in the wood and metal of your seats; and if we know how to respond, then each of these things will add a new element to the orchestra, a hidden quality of tone, a hidden intuition. And we shall then be given a new vision of life, such a vision of life as is described by Carlyle when he said that, 'Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that'."

RUSSIAN PAINTINGS IN MADRAS

The great Russian Painter, M. Ivan Kalmykeff, who was on a world-tour, came to Madras in May and exhibited some of his really good pictures. Most of them were landscape paintings, in which he seems to be an artist of considerable distinction, and they were remarkably done. We have been much struck with what seemed to us his masterpiece, and perhaps the largest and most ambitious of his paintings, "THE VOLGA BEFORE THE STORM". The production is strikingly natural and its effect on the lookers is rather gloomy and oppressive. Perhaps, a few more details would have saved this desolate feeling; however, the artist is the best judge of his work. Another big painting was "STORM ON THE SEA". The artist is at his best when he contrasts the rich blue sea beneath with the dark dusty storm-clouds above and the vanishing lines of thin yellow between them. This was one of the best exhibited. His "THE LAST SNOW" was a clever study in light and shade. "UNDER-WATER KINGDOM OF THE NYMPHS" is an exquisite piece of work, highly imaginative and suggestive of the lives of the superphysical beings that live under and above

the water. The artist would have done well to have painted the Fairies in ethereal colours and lightened the dark shade of the sea. Among other interesting pictures were "PEKIN IN MOONLIGHT," "THE CRATER OF PAPANDAYAN GARGET," "A MISTY MORNING ON THE IRRAWADDY" and the "ELEGIE". Madras should make efforts to have a permanent Art Gallery of her own, and also an Exhibition Hall where Artists of the world can display their paintings whenever they visit Madras. We would venture to suggest that a portion of the "Victory Hall" that is proposed to be built, may be utilised for this purpose.

AN INDIAN SCULPTOR IN ENGLAND

St. Nihal Singh, writing to the *Graphic* of May, 1920, says of Fanindra Bose, "he is the first Bengali to gain International fame as a sculptor. His statues and statuettes exhibited at the Royal Academy have won him great renown, and H. H. the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, true to Indian kingly traditions, has extended to him patronage that many an artist may well envy . . . The art of Fanindra Bose, while possessing a world-wide appeal, is essentially Indian. Though no blind slave to tradition—he does not go in for the pinched-in waist and the exaggerated almond-shaped eye—yet the impulse of Indian tradition somewhat toned down by western influences, constitutes the motive power of his art". Some of his works that have been exhibited at the Royal Academy were: 'The Snake Charmer,' 'To the Temple,' 'The Hunter,' 'To the Well' and 'The Sadhu.' As Mr. Singh concludes, "Still in his early thirties, Fanindra Bose is but at the beginning of his career. Now that he has mastered the technique of his art, I hope he will go back to India to find inspiration in the fields and forests and bazars of his motherland, where life, touched here and there with modern tendencies, is assuming new aspects that intensify her romance and enhance her glamour."

INDIAN SCULPTURE

Prejudice and ignorance have been the cause of much of the misconception of Indian sculpture, prevailing amidst foreigners. A careful and reverent student will find in the sculpture of ancient and mediæval India not only the proper material for rewriting the history of the country but the production of the highest art. Scholars, eastern or western, who aim at the enrichment of knowledge or the discovery of beautiful things can hardly find a more fruitful field of research. But Indian art is so much misunderstood by westerners that it is really refreshing to read this glowing tribute to our sculpture by a European traveller. Speaking at the Indian Portuguese Club in Calcutta, Mr. H. W. B. Marence observed:

"To the European and even to the Anglo-Indian, all Indian art including sculpture is considered mediocre and as unworthy of imitation. Indian art to most of us means a pretty chintz, a rich brocade, a gorgeous carpet, a phantastic carving or a curious inlay, and nothing beyond that . . . This misconception of Indian art arises from an ignorance of its history and even of its ideals. It was from the Indian source that the great schools of Chinese painting took its source, which from the seventh to the thirteenth centuries stood first in the world. The influence of India's artistic culture can be discovered not only in Byzantine art but in the Gothic cathedrals of the middle ages. Successive hordes of the Asiatic invaders which flocked to devour the spoils of the Roman Empire brought the traditions of the East to influence the West, so that if, as is sometimes held, western culture has influenced Indian ideals, on the other hand it cannot be denied that Indian ideals pervaded and influenced the culture of the West as well. Another reason why Indian art is misunderstood by Europeans and Anglo-Indians is that the view-point of these people is

different. To the European, nature is an intense reality that has to be studied, analysed and copied in all its organic and inorganic elements. Realism, on the contrary, to the Indian artist, has no definite meaning. All nature is transitory, illusory and vain (Maya) and the only reality is the Divine essence of spirit. The Indian's highest type of human beauty consists not in the anatomical details of a Phidias or a Michael Angelo. His suppression of smaller details is studied, because the Indian seeks to portray that spiritual beauty which transcends all physical forms. In other words, he is an idealist, while the Westerner remains a materialist. Where necessary, however, he can descend to physical details."

AN OMISSION

The copyright of the one act play "Vision" by Harindranath Chattopadhyay, is reserved. We omitted to say it at the proper place.

MAGAZINES •

The Indian Academy of Art.—*The Indian Academy of Art* the first two numbers of which have been published, is a promising young contemporary devoted to the discussion and illustration of fine arts. The magazine contains some articles relating to art and a number of reproductions from paintings and sculpture. It is the illustrations that are really interesting and valuable. The marble studies of Mr. V. P. Karmarker bear marks of high gift and genius. His "Devajani" is an exquisite piece of sculpture. So is his "Marble Study". The pose in both is natural and the expression perfect. The "Shadow of Death" by Mr. J. Roy, is one of the finest paintings produced by the artists of the Indian renaissance. Mr. J. P. Ganguli's "Renunciation of Sidharta" and "Murali-siksha," by Mr. H. Majumdar, are two very beautiful pieces, while "Arghya", also by the latter artist, symbolises the idea of Bharat-Mata's offerings to God for the advancement of her arts and industries. *The Indian Academy of Art* is a brave venture in a field that is still practically untried in India. We are glad to find that the magazine has the patronage of the Maharajah of Cossimbazar and Natore. Indian art badly needs the patronage of our nobles and princes. It is to be hoped that the example of these enlightened zamindars will find more followers. We wish the journal and its contributors all success.

Colour.—Our "Art Critic" sends us the following:

In the October number, the "Portrait" on the cover by Dod Proctor is beautifully primitive in character.

Helen Byrne Bryce and H. Davis Richter have both contributed still-life pieces of great beauty.

"Oddicombe Beach, Torquay" is done under Japanese influence.

The Portrait of a lady without any title by Guarino is beautiful. The colours particularly the shadows, are fresh and transparent.

In "Bridge Over the Seine"—Vlaminck is very daring and original in his technique. The brush-work is delightful.

"Etching" by Augustus John.—We cannot judge the quality of the etching in a reproduction like this but still his mastery over the needle is evident.

"The Tavern"—by Isabel Codrington is very realistic.

November, 1919: Exquisite is the picture reproduced on the cover, by Betty Fagan. It is very like Raeburn.

Russell Flint's "Noonday Silence" and "Spring, Glen Falloch", are full of air and sunshine. He is one of the greatest living water-colourists of the world.

"The Studio" office is publishing a series of water-colours by W. Russell Flint. I am sure this folio will be as beautiful and unique as all other publications issued by them.

"The Sirens" by Maurice Greiffenhagen with its sombre harmonies is a successful piece of decorative painting. The drawing of the waves displays oriental influence.

D. Murray Smith delights us with his charming water-colour "Evening Gold".

December, 1919.—"Head of Bacchante" by Alex Akerbladh is a lovely piece of realism.

Close half your eyes to see "At St. Ives" by H. Fidler. It is a daring piece of work full of life and vigour.

"Man of Old" by A. Wolmark is a design by a master-hand.

"Burton Downs" by Mary McCrossan is as fresh as a water-colour.

Philip Connard needs no introduction. His "Still Life" is as full of life and colour as his figure subjects and landscapes.

It is a privilege to have a picture of such a great painter as H. H. Tuke in any magazine. His "Summer Dreams" is done in his usual style. This year we were lucky enough to have seen two originals by this master in our Bombay Exhibition.

January, 1920.—"Meadows near Thundridge, Hertfordshire" by Walter E. Spradbey conceived and recorded simply yet beautifully.

Ernest Foster's flower study is done with skill and feeling for colour.

Charles Shannon contributes a beautiful portrait "Lady in Black". How well he has placed her hands! It is a great picture indeed.

"A Kensington Interior" by H. Davis Richter. This is picture that can stand comparison with a Dutch masterpiece. The sunlit wall in the distance gives life and sparkle to the picture. A delightful piece of painting.

Art and Archaeology.—The numbers for March and April, 1920, are full of interest. The April number deals mainly with the Greek Cities of Asia Minor. There are four concise and lucid descriptive articles on the subject supported by 42 excellent illustrations.

M. A. B.—We have before us the March—June issues of this little monthly, full of interest. The London Literary Letters are as instructive as usual. Amongst other matter worth reading, the following are specially deserving of notice.

1. The Revelations of Monte Carlo Roulette by J. Cousins Laurence (March).
2. Young Ladies—a disappearing species (April).
3. Mr. Bernard Shaw (May).
4. The Business Man (June).

The last three are extracts from books by D. Willoughby, a most facile and engaging writer.

The poem below by Edgar A. Guest, one of America's most popular poets, is taken from the April number :

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

Somebody said that it couldn't be done
 But he with a chuckle replied
 That "may be it couldn't" but he would be one
 Who wouldn't say so till he tired
 So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin,
 On his face. If he worried he hid it
 We started to sing as he tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh you'll never do that
 At least, no one ever has done it."
 But he took off his coat and he took off his hat
 And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
 With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
 Without any doubting or quiddit,
 We started to sing as he tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
 There are thousands to prophesy failure
 There are thousands to point out to you one by one
 The dangers that wait to assail you.
 But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
 Just take off your coat and go to it;
 Just start into sing as you tackle the thing
 That "cannot be done" and you'll do it.

The Musical Times.—The March, April and May numbers are full of information and instruction useful to students of music—to teachers, to professional musicians, and to the general readers.

The series of articles on Modern British Composers still continues, affording many suggestions to those of the younger generation who would wish to have their names included on this list.

We quote the following from "Colour in Music" by Arthur L. Salmon (April number): "In a different direction there are now those who assent that music can be identified with Colour. Such identification may not be quite an idle fantasy. It is certain that particular keys, particular tones suggest colour to some listeners. It is the glory of music that its suggestive power is unlimited, and though it can never be pictorial, it can undoubtedly suggest pictures to those whose imagination runs to vision. But such pictures are never arbitrarily established, they always depend on the listener. And surely an arbitrary identifying of music with special colours is merely a confusion of symbolisms; it is converting sound into a symbol of something seen and that something seen into a symbol of a mood. It is true that there may be something physiologically correct in identifying colour with special mental conditions. It is perhaps no mere figure of speech which says that in anger or in alarms we 'see red'; it is certain that greens and greys and special shades of blue are soothing and consoling. Physicians have discovered that particular rays are curative, that colours have their use in the treatment of mania. We know sufficiently well the value of light, and colour itself, is nothing but light. All this belongs to exact Science, is verifiable. Colour is the differentiated vibration of light; sound is the differentiated vibration of air. Scientific confusion of the two is impossible; they reach and are received by different senses. In the May member "Expression and Diction" by Agnes J. Larkcom and "When were Musical Instruments First Used in the Christian Church" by Clement Harris—are also sure to interest their readers.

Poetry.—March, June, 1920. It would be bordering on injustice to try to notice completely, four numbers of this high class American monthly in a limited space. Modern English poetry—chiefly American—with all its developments fills these pages. New writers make their appearance in every issue, each figuring a new vein of style, of rhythm and of imagery. The notes under "Comment" are brief and informatory; among these we appreciate: Those We Refuse (March), English and American (May), and Men or Women (June).

We shall quote one of the numerous excellent compositions that have been published in the March number :—

THE MOTHER

I

Now I am like the earth—
I can give food ;
And you, my little one, look to me only.
We are so little separate, you and I—
Still your growth comes of me,
And my strength makes you strong.
Now I am like the earth—
I can give birth to flowers, and nourish them.

II

Happy the house
That goes a-tiptoe when the evening comes
And says " Hush, hush—
He sleeps !"
Happy the house that may not lie too long
Of mornings ;
Little cries of hunger or of laughter
Wakening it,
Imperious fingers pushing up its eyes.
The house is living
There is moving in it
The green sap of the world.

NANCY CAMPBELL

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

A CRITICAL REVIEW BY J. B. RAJU

PROFESSOR S. RADHAKRISHNAN of the Mysore University has written a glowing exposition of the Philosophy of Rabindranath Tagore, published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The author explains the purpose of the book in his preface. He begins by pointing out that the popularity of Tagore shows "that there is neither East nor West in the realm of the spirit, and that his work meets a general want and satisfies a universal demand". This book is an attempt to define the demand and to show how it is met. Then the author proceeds to say that in interpreting the philosophy and message of Tagore, he is really interpreting the Indian ideal of philosophy, religion, and art, of which Tagore's work is the grand outcome and supreme expression. This on the face of it, at any rate, amounts to an admission that after all, there are such things as East and West in the realm of the spirit, and so seems to contradict what was said above. One wishes that the author had said a word or two to reconcile these two seemingly incompatible statements. He claims that in Tagore's work, India finds "the lost word" she was seeking. Here again one feels a regret that the author has not chosen to give any indication or clue in his preface as to what exactly "the lost word" is. Perhaps he has deliberately left it for us to discover by working through the volume itself.

But this can hardly be said, for as we plunge into the book, we find that the I section of the I chapter in a measure stands by itself and deals with the very questions that we have raised in connection with the preface. We cannot help thinking that this section would have gone better with the body of the preface, as it deals with just the themes raised and left so tantalisingly incomplete there. Here the author once again calls attention to the world-wide popularity of Rabindranath and says that it is "due as much to the lofty idealism of his thoughts as to the literary grace and beauty of his writings" (p. 2). Then he speaks of his "vital faith in the redeeming power of spiritual forces and their upbuilding energy". This is so delightfully vague and indefinite, that we suppose it can easily be taken to be a spiritual message so universal that there is "neither East nor West" about it. The author does not forget to allude to the appropriateness of the poet's message to the situation created by the world-war, which according to him at least proclaims "the utter bankruptcy of materialism". So then the purport of the whole thing is, the poet has uttered a universal spiritual message, which nevertheless is in some as yet undefined special sense Indian; and this message reinforces the great lesson of the bloody war.

In the next paragraph, the Author refers to the vexed question of East and West, of the two views regarding Tagore's Philosophy of life, as to whether his inspiration is vedantic and from the Upanishads or theistic and Christian. He tells us that Rabindranath himself "inclines to the former view" (p. 3), which holds that "his philosophy is thoroughly Indian both in origin and development" (p. 3). Though this view holds that it is "nothing but the ancient wisdom of India," it nevertheless admits that it is

"restated to meet the demands of modern times" (p. 3), by one "on whom the present age has had its influence" (p. 3). Here we would like to ask, how far has the restatement in relation to the needs of our time modified the contents of his ancient message. If there has been no modification of the contents of the message at all, what is the point of the restatement? Is any real restatement in relation to present day needs and conditions possible without a corresponding modification of the contents of the message itself? A large number of elements in present day conditions are decidedly non-Indian, and we hold that if once it is conceded that there has been a real restatement in relation to present day conditions, then it cannot in the same breath be maintained that it is nothing but the ancient wisdom thoroughly Indian alike in its origin and development. It is impossible to have it both ways at once. The other view, which is not any more satisfactory, holds that Rabindranath has borrowed from Christianity and western teaching, but nevertheless admits that he has woven there alien elements into the woof of his own faith, without confessing his indebtedness. Here, we would like to ask, what exactly has he borrowed, and how far has he succeeded in weaving it into the woof of his own Indian faith? It is not enough to say that he gives us "a human God, praises the life of action and promises fullness of life. None of these 'nor all of these can be claimed as the exclusive monopoly of Christianity or Western civilisation. We have to note with regret that our author does not undertake a discussion of this controverted question, does not attempt to define what precisely the ancient wisdom of India is, and how far, if at all, it has been modified in restatement—an omission which we earnestly hope will be made good in some future edition of his work. He merely contents himself with saying that an impartial exposition of the poet's views would set at rest all doubts and disputes. Even so the author of a philosophical treatise on Tagore may well have deigned to give us, some glimpse by anticipation of how exactly this particular doubt and dispute to which our attention has been so pointedly called, is definitely set at rest.

The author himself frankly confesses that Rabindranath is a poet and not a philosopher, and that there is no systematic exposition or reasoned account in his writings. If so, surely, it would have been better if the author had avoided such ambiguous and misleading expressions as "Tagore's Philosophy" or "Philosophical views," for on the author's own admission there is in Tagore no attempt at a coherent message. Tagore's views can in no sense be said to be philosophical except in the loose and far-fetched sense that they concern those themes that a serious philosophy of life considers critically. Though Rabindranath is only a poet, our author is a philosopher seeking "to convert the vague suggestions of the poet into definite statements, supplying the premises and drawing out the conclusions", as he himself has stated with admirable clearness in the preface to the present work. Also he mentions here "that the poet has been pleased to express his appreciation of this interpretation of his philosophy". It remains for us now to see how far he has made good his claim, what the main theses of the work are, and what systematic defence for them is forthcoming from the facile pen of our author.

The book itself is divided into five chapters, the first two of which deal with the Philosophy of Tagore, and the third discusses the relation between poetry and philosophy, while the last two chapters are devoted to an interpretation of the message of Tagore to India and to the world respectively. It is the purpose of this review to institute a searching enquiry into how far the author has made good his claim to formulate into definite statements, to interpret, to supply the premises and to draw out the conclusions, in short to mould into a coherent system the vivid imagery and incoherent mystical imaginative utterances of the poet.

The work proper begins on the 7th page of the book with the II section of the I chapter, and up to the 120th page the author devotes himself to an exposition of what he

calls the "Philosophy of Rabindranath Tagore". He begins with the paradoxical statement that man is a finite-infinite being, who is at once earth's child and heaven's heir. As a link in the natural chain of events, man is said to be subject to the law of necessity; as a member of the spiritual realm of ends, he is said to be free. These two elements have not attained harmony in ordinary human life, and there is said to be a tension between the two. On page 10 he tells us "The need for a philosophy which would reconcile the opposing elements of life, self and not-self, is felt to be urgent". Before we proceed to deal with the suggested solution of the problem, we would first like to ask certain pertinent questions as to the nature of the problem itself. How far is the nature of the opposition in human life clearly grasped or adequately stated by the poet himself or by his philosophical exponent? For example, is it accurate or satisfactory to just state without qualification that it is a clash between Self and not-self, rather than a clash of elements within the self itself or of different selves with one another? Further we would like to have seen in this context a preliminary effort from the talented pen of our author to define the precise nature and content of human bondage as such. Is it just mere privation or imperfection, a negative lack of content or falling short of perfection? Or is there not something more positive involved in the consciousness of guilt or in the phenomenon of active opposition or treason or disloyalty to what we know to be the best? We wish that the author had devoted a whole chapter to discussing these and kindred issues at some length and to determining adequately the precise nature of the problem to which Indian thought in general and Tagore in particular are claimed to have furnished a satisfactory answer. We earnestly hope that the talented author will enrich a future edition of his work with a more detailed examination of the issues and a more precise determination of the problem, before embarking on the perilous adventure of seeking a happy solution.

A considerable part of the III section of the I chapter is devoted to reviewing more or less—less rather than more—critically various solutions that have been historically put forward of this antithesis. The extreme views that advocate a withdrawal of the spirit from the universe to contemplate noble ideals in a cloister or the diametrically opposite course of a worship of sheer brute force are both quickly dismissed with scant courtesy as not meriting a detailed examination. Then the author passes on to state at greater length what he seems to conceive of as the typically western and Christian view, which regards the not-self or nature as a refractory force, which God along with mankind struggles to overcome. Such theistic conceptions are generally said to end in making God a limited one, a finite being. Such a view, it is pointed out with admirable clearness, could never account for the unity of the world process, or assure us of the final issues of the struggle. He says: "No religion can finally rest in a God who is engaged in a conflict with evil in which he requires the help of man." (p. 15). But he forgets that it is at least equally true that no religion can finally rest in a God who is entirely out of the conflict and to whom the struggles and issues of human life make no manner of difference. The author complains that on such a view we could never be sure of the outcome of the struggle. Again he forgets that if we were absolutely sure of the issues as pre-determined, then it would on the other hand destroy the reality of the struggle altogether. The reality of any struggle consists precisely in the uncertainty of its issues, and in the fact that our efforts all count in their several measure and manner towards determining the final outcome. If the issues are all pre-determined, why need we struggle at all? Our author does not seem to contemplate in the least the undeniable fact that the uncertainty is of the essence of the struggle, or putting it the other way, the awkward result that a pre-assured certainty would reduce the grim struggle of life into a theatrical force. He again says: "A suffering God, a deity with a crown of thorns, cannot satisfy the religious soul." May we not ask in return if a God entirely indifferent to the sighs and sorrows of man, can satisfy the religious soul? The real problem is how are these opposite requirements of

the religious life to be intelligibly met? If the author intends what he has stated as a fair account of the Christian position, he is sadly mistaken. As a mere matter of fact, historic Christianity holds that the selfsame God who enters the conflict along with man as one among many and shares his sorrows and burdens, is also the Absolute fountain head of all Being, self-complete in His eternal existence, who need never have created at all and who is without parts or passions, or axes to grind, or purposes to realise.

Our author speaks of the absolute as "nothing short of the universe in its totality" (p. 16). Does he mean by this that it is nothing but a name for the aggregate of all things good, bad and indifferent lumped together indiscriminately? It could hardly be so. Curiously enough, in the very next sentence he speaks of it as "the whole of *perfection* in which the opposition of good and evil is overcome" (p. 16), while he complains that the theist's—presumably the Christian theist's—God is identified with a part of the universe namely the good, leaving the rest out. It is at least open to us to ask, what right has the author to describe the Absolute or whole as "perfection" which is only one term in the antithesis, leaving the other term of imperfection out. Surely his absolute or whole, according to his own line of argument, ought to contain everything, imperfection just as much as perfection, both in one; why then does he describe it as "the whole of perfection" only? The author is sublimely unaware of the fact that Christian Theism at any rate, is not committed to any such dualism, but has firmly held and authoritatively taught that the Highest is not merely a part, but also the All. He says: "Modern Theism, aware of this difficulty, lays stress on Divine immanence, thus watering down the personal God into the Absolute whole." (p. 16.) It does nothing of the sort. The historic Christian emphasis on divine immanence is at least as old as the Gospel of St. John, and it certainly has not led the orthodox faith to any watering down of the personal character of the All-Highest. In the foot-note on p. 16 he mentions as evidence for this supposed modern emphasis on divine immanence, two references—one to R. J. Campbell's *New Theology*, which by the way the author himself has recanted as an ill-considered and hasty production; and the other an irresponsible book called *Foundations* by some Oxford young men, specially the chapter on "God and the Absolute" by Walter Moberly! It may be noted here by the way that neither Campbell nor Moberly are entitled to the exalted title of "Dr." which our author has so generously bestowed on them, at least they were not at that time when the books referred to were published. Let us turn then from this ill-informed criticism of Christian Theism to an examination of the supposed synthesis that Rabindranath is held to have achieved.

A big section of his book extending from p. 117 to p. 120 is devoted to an exposition of the answer of Tagore and the Vedanta to the problem we have been considering. It is obviously what the author himself regards as the true answer to the problem. We have already pointed out what we regard as seriously inadequate in his statement of the problem. It now only remains for us to examine the adequacy of the solution put forward. We have an uncomfortable premonition that the inadequacy of statement of the problem is bound to affect the quality of the answer. Nevertheless, let us go forward and try to grasp the substance of his statement as it lies scattered through so many pages. But before we do so, we must frankly confess that we have honestly tried hard but utterly failed to find any logical unity of development or intelligible sequence of arrangement in his statement of the answer. However, that may not be the author's fault at all, but only our own misfortune. We are told that "In the characterisations of God in the Vedanta writings and Rabindranath's works, we find an identity of thought" (p. 45). Let us state and examine at some length, the philosophic coherence of this solution, and see if it furnishes us with an intelligible answer to our problem.

The author begins by calling attention to the fact that we are able to interpret, appreciate and use nature. This, he contends, proves that nature is not something absolutely

foreign to us. We are definitely told "we could have no communication whatever with our surroundings if they were absolutely foreign to us" (p. 17). So far so good, but what then? Where does the statement that it is not something absolutely foreign lead us? Can we infer from this that therefore nature is simply something identical with us? The truth is, this is a onesided partial inference, which is certainly true as far as it goes; but the trouble with it is that it does not go far enough to be a satisfactory solution of the problem we are facing. The general proposition that "we never can make anything our own except that which is truly related to us" (p. 17) is pompously laid down. But this only disguises the issues at stake and does not take us to the heart of the problem, for there is still room to ask the very pertinent further question, if nature is already related to us, what exactly does "the making our own" achieve? The author says that "In India where civilisation developed in forests near to nature, there was no thought of an antagonism between man and nature" (p. 17) and quotes the poet in support of the statement that the Indian mind never has any hesitation in acknowledging its kinship with nature. The philosophical interpreter seems to be of one mind with the poet in regarding this belief in a fundamental kinship between man and nature as a marvellous achievement of the Indian mind of inestimable value. Frankly we regard it with serious suspicion as an inadequate half truth which is a questionable asset of doubtful value. Is the mere fact of a belief in kinship with nature on the part of Tagore and the Indian mind, enough to prove that we, in India, have transcended the familiar antithesis between man and nature and achieved a sublime unity of both? May it not at least be open to a doubt as to whether we have learnt as yet to clearly discriminate between the two? Judging by such specimens as the poets ill-considered effusions and the philosophical interpreter's breezy treatment of a very profound problem, we must confess that there is more than adequate ground for such a doubt. We are bitterly disappointed to find no attempt at a clear discrimination between the two spheres which are dogmatically and prematurely asserted to be somehow metaphysically one. We are simply told for example, that "Human consciousness, animal life, and inanimate nature are different grades of the same energy", "different expressions of the same Absolute, different modes of its existence" (pp. 17 and 18), without even the pretence of seeking to determine the precise nature and significance of the difference in each case and the exact character of their unity in the Absolute. Then we are told that "The Taittiriya Upanishad calls matter *Annam* or food." This is doubtless a very suggestive metaphor, but it is of next to no philosophical value unless and until its precise significance is determined and mediated. The calm way in which our author quotes these and similar utterances and passes on, makes us wonder whether he is writing poetry or philosophy. He says: "The human will converts its environment into food (p. 18)." Is it not open to us to ask what is the ontological value of such conversion if the two are already one and akin? What difference does the empirical act of appropriation make to the metaphysical kinship that is held to pre-exist between spirit and matter? It is not enough to say that the not-self is a means which we turn to use and then cast aside. What is the exact nature and function of means in relation to ends? Besides, do not the categories of 'means' and 'use' presuppose a distinction between that which is a means or of use, and a somebody to whom it is a means or of use? We look in vain in the poet or in his interpreter for any clear formulation of the precise nature of this distinction and of the problem of its relation to the metaphysical unity of the Absolute. The philosophic interpreter simply quotes from the uncritical poet, and he in his turn simply appeals to the uncriticised mystical experiences of what is called feeling "the pulse of spirit throbbing through" (p. 19) nature; and yet on this flimsy unexamined foundation is reared the lofty and ambitious superstructure of the metaphysical consubstantiality of spirit and nature.

On p. 23 we are told "To commune with the unutterable, we should get away from the noisy world of action, escape from the machinery of life which kills the soul", and the

author tells us that the poet "beautifully depicts how an enthusiastic surrender to the spontaneity of natural scenery leads a man to his goal". We would like to enquire as to what exactly is the philosophic value of this spontaneous poetic fancy or experience. Even if it be conceded that it is a way of man realising his goal, there still remains the further question of whether it is the only or even the best way? We are bluntly told without even the attempt at a comparison with other possible ways that "according to him (the poet), the *best* way to derive divine inspiration is to lose oneself in the contemplation of nature" (p. 21). We ask in return, Is there no hope of a divine inspiration from our social environment or from the grand drama of human history? Do those who spend themselves in unselfish service, patriotic and humanitarian, never see the face of their God or see it only veiled? Is the patient philosopher who walks by the sober light of reason for ever critically probing into the secret springs and hidden supports of things and mediating his conclusions, foredoomed to failure or condemned to walk only in the shadow of a dimmer light? Do God and reality unveil themselves only to the mad frenzy of a poetic fancy? It may indeed be so. But we do at least require some attempt at establishing this conclusion from the philosophic interpreter, if not from the poet.

We are told on the strength of this uncriticised poetic fancy that "the universe is not foreign to us" (p. 26). What then is it? Is it just the same as we? Surely there is some distinction between the two still left even after the poetic proclamation that it is "not foreign to us". What is the real significance of this distinction? "Self and not-self are relatively opposed. It is the business of man to break down this opposition and make both express the one spirit" (p. 27). If they are "relatively opposed", would the author kindly explain in relation to what they are opposed? Has the relative opposition absolutely no metaphysical value at all? If our aim be to make both express the same as the author declares it to be, what then is the need for the relatively opposed two? We are simply told that "the two are aspects of the Absolute" (p. 25). Does this indefinite expression mean that they are parallel or co-ordinate in status or worth? If so, is there not a lurking inconsistency between this and the earlier statement on p. 21 that "the best way to derive divine inspiration is to lose oneself in the contemplation of nature". If both are co-equal aspects of the Absolute, why should the one afford the best way and not the other?

In the IV section the author speaks of the creation of the universe as "only the realisation of the Absolute, the revelation of its freedom" (p. 28). And yet a few lines below we are told that "this *must* have duality for its realisation", *i.e.*, that it is a necessity. Where then does the freedom come in? We look in vain for any attempt to reconcile this necessity for duality with the freedom of the Absolute in creation. Further what are the grounds of this necessity? How and why is this duality necessary for its realisation? No answer is forthcoming. In the next line we have only the assertion of the empirical fact that "The whole breaks up its individuality into the two aspects of self and not-self, Iswara and Maya, Purusha and Prakriti" (p. 28). Again we have "The Eternal one realises itself by the action and interaction of the two principles" (p. 29): Whence these two principles? Why two and not more than two, and how are the two yet one? These pertinent questions simply do not occur to the poet or his interpreter. They are not raised and much less considered. The self-sundering of the Absolute into two is asserted as an empirical fact and then quietly treated as a necessity, and also declared in the same breath to be somehow a revelation of the freedom of the Absolute.

At the bottom of p. 29 we are told that Iswara or the personal God is "the first existent out of the Absolute" with the not-self over against him. In what sense is he first then, if the not-self is already there over against him? How can he be said to be sundered out of the Absolute first without there being also simultaneously over against him, something else or not-self from which he is sundered, and apart from the distinct existence of which

he himself could have no distinct being? And yet to Iswara or the Personal God is attributed an unexplained priority over the not-self and he is declared to be "the father, creator or governor of the universe" (p. 29). Nextly let us examine the nature of this not-self. We are told that "The not-self is the negative reflection of the affirmative Iswara" (p. 29). What exactly does this curious phrase 'negative reflection' mean? In the first place, is it a reflection or not? What precisely is the significance of the qualifying epithet 'negative'? Does a negative reflection simply mean no reflection? Then why call it a reflection at all? We would respectfully suggest, that in that case, nonentity would be a more appropriate name for what the author means. But if it is in any real sense a reflection at all, then the author must explain in what exactly its negativity consists. Further a reflection presupposes not only a something that is reflected, but also a something that reflects it. We have been told that it is the affirmative Iswara that is reflected. In what then is he reflected? And is he himself the affirmative reflection in distinction from whom the not-self is described as the negative reflection? If so, of what, in what? Is he the affirmative reflection of the Absolute in the negative reflection, or is it the other way about of the negative reflection in the Absolute? Or shall we seek a short cut out of this unintelligible tangle by boldly proclaiming that the self and the not-self are simply reflections of each in the other? No such subterfuge is open to our author, for then he would be reduced to saying that the being of each—self and not-self—consists simply in being a reflection or shadow of the other. So then the substantial being of each would have to be declared to consist in being a reflection of its own reflection or a shadow of its own shadow, and no manner of distinction could then remain between a reflection and that which reflects and that which is reflected, but all would melt into meaningless chaos.

Besides we are told in the grand aphoristic language of the world-famous poet "God finds himself by creating" (p. 28). This must mean surely, if it means anything at all, that God did not or could not find himself, *i.e.*, lacked self-knowledge before phenomenal creation, or that he is gradually finding himself, *i.e.*, attaining self-knowledge through the creative process. In either case what kind of a God have we got? We are simply told that "The Absolute realises through separation and union" (p. 31). This sentence is typical of the sort of half thought out, ill defined, incoherent, enigmatic utterances with which the author's work, as that of the poet, so richly abounds. May we not reasonably expect to be told by such exalted authorities on the ways of the Absolute, as to what exactly is achieved or realised by this perpetual separation and union? The author says that 'This separation is needed to make the Eternal concrete' (p. 31): This must mean that the Absolute was a ghostly abstraction before or apart from such separation, and that it is gradually achieving concreteness through time by the phenomenal process of creation. On p. 32, we have "The union of the two is complete, but in the Universe it is being made. How indeed can it be both at once? If the union is already metaphysically complete, how can there yet be room for its still being phenomenally made? And conversely, if it is still in the process of being made, how can it in the same breath be declared to be already complete? Similarly in p. 33, we are told without qualification or explanation that "Man has yet to become, what he already is". How can this be? What he already is, he is. What he has yet to become, he cannot already be said to be. In the very next line we are told that all this is due to finiteness. But how is there any room for this finiteness, if as we are told in the self-same page "God is everything" and "God is the infinite ideal of perfection". What then is this finiteness that keeps man from realising the God that he already is? Whence does it arise and how came it to be at all? What is all this, however disguised by a flood of words and vivid poetic imagery, but an unintelligible dualism on the part of the poet and our author between a metaphysical being on the one hand and phenomenal becoming on the other? It is at least open to us to complain that they cannot have it both ways at once, unless

they show us some intelligible method of reconciling these two seemingly incompatible statements. Further we must ask here what exactly is meant by the realisation of the Absolute? The word realisation simply means the process of becoming or being made real. Is the Absolute becoming or being made real through the temporal process of creation? Was it unreal before or apart from creation? Is it less real at each stage or moment of creation as compared with the next stage or moment? If so, our author has got back with a vengeance the despised 'Western' conception of a finite God struggling through to perfection, which he has already spurned with contempt on p. 15.

In the V section of the I chapter, the author proceeds to state his view of the distinction between the intellect and intuition. He begins by saying that "The finite intellect reduces the universe to the opposites of self and not-self, organism and environment, and leaves us there without revealing to us the final unity in which these relative opposites rest" (p. 34). Is the expression 'finite intellect' intended to suggest that there is such a thing as an infinite intellect distinct from it which accomplishes something else or more, correcting or completing the imperfect work of the finite intellect? Nothing is said about it; so let us leave it alone. On the very next page the qualifying epithet 'finite' is dropped out and we are told "Intellect reads the manifestations, but misses the unity in which the two are gathered together" (p. 35). What was before affirmed of the finite intellect is now quietly affirmed of all intellect, finite and otherwise. Perhaps our author means to convey by the ambiguous expression 'finite intellect,' the idea that all intellect is finite. If so, why does he not say so plainly and unambiguously? Then we shall demand from him an explanation of what exactly is meant by holding that all intellect is finite? Does he mean to suggest by this that the intellect can apprehend only multiplicity and not unity, as he seems to do judging by the sequel? What grounds has he for this wholly gratuitous assumption? What exactly is it that the intellect is supposed to be able to do? Does it only apprehend multiplicity as multiplicity or does it also reduce the multiplicity to a duality? The author's words quoted above evidently imply that the intellect not only apprehends multiplicity but also is capable of reducing the multiplicity to a duality. If so, the author is neatly caught in a contradiction, for how could the intellect reduce multiplicity to duality, unless it be able also to unify the multiplicity under the two principles whose opposition constitutes the duality? And if the intellect can unify the multiplicity of phenomena up to the point of reducing them to a duality, why can it not go one step further and reduce the duality in its turn into a profounder unity? No reason is forthcoming for holding that the intellect must thus stop short of this inevitable final step. We are simply told that "the unity which is the final or ultimate explanation of the things is not grasped by it" (p. 35).

Further the author can hardly pretend that the function of the intellect is merely analysis into a plurality. Is mere analysis without corresponding synthesis possible? Is it ever possible to apprehend a mere plurality as such without any element of unity whatsoever? The truth is the function of the intellect is not merely analytic as the author seems to hold, but analytico-synthetic; it does apprehend not mere plurality but plurality in unity or unity in plurality. Inconsistently enough the author himself concedes this when he says "What it does is to break up the world-poem and discover in it the law of its rhythms" (p. 35). Surely the breaking up is not in any sense the same as the discovery of the law of its rhythms. Now what exactly is this discovery of law, if it be not an apprehension of the synthetic unity of the phenomena? So then, this constitutes a downright contradiction of his earlier statement in the self-same page that the intellect misses the unity, and of the still more outrageous statement in the next page "The intellectual vision is full of hard and fast lines of distinction. It makes the opposites absolute and the system becomes full of contradictions" (p. 36). It does nothing of the sort. It certainly makes clear distinctions which are a necessary preliminary to the intellectual construction of any concrete and intelligible

unity really worth having. Therefore we contend that there is absolutely no justification for such dogmatic assertions as the following on the next page: "The intuitive insight by which we can see God, the intellect cannot give," "It is deeper than demonstration," "He can only be known intuitively." If the intellect is not merely analytic but also synthetic, not merely discriminative but also constructive, then what necessity is there for invoking the aid of a supposed supra-rational mystical intuition to do what, after all, the intellect itself is perfectly well capable of doing?

The poet who is not a philosopher has nevertheless dared to say "The vision of the supreme One in our own soul is a direct and immediate intuition, not based on any ratiocination or demonstration at all." What does the poet know of ratiocination or demonstration? But our author who ought to know better quotes these words with evident approval at the end of p. 37. In thus irrationally proclaiming with the irresponsible poet the futility and imbecility of reason, he has betrayed the cause of truth, belied his claim to be a philosopher and committed intellectual suicide. He is in reality the unfortunate victim of a mistaken and obsolete psychology of human nature. He has fundamentally misconceived the true nature and mutual relations of reason and intuition, and become infatuated with a certain glamour, which in the popular imagination still hangs round the ancient words, mysticism and intuition; and asserted blindly that God is an object of immediate experience or direct intuition, and cannot be the object of a mediated inference, as if these two were necessarily opposed. Inference does not exclude experience and Reason does not repudiate intuition, but implies and includes it. Surely there could be no mediation or inference unless there were first something to infer from, something given as the initial datum of all inference. Reason is not merely one inner faculty of our nature among other faculties, not simply one single part or fraction of our nature distinct from the rest. It is simply the name for the conscious piecing together of all our different experiences and intuitions, relating and connecting them into one vast concrete whole, articulating our entire experience into one comprehensive intelligible system, so that we may thereby test the claim of anything to be real, by examining it in relation to this systematic whole. In common life, we perpetually test the worth of our sense intuitions in this rational manner. Why should we take leave of our commonsense when we come to the sphere of religion, and claim that religious intuitions form a solitary exception, different in this matter from all other intuitions and impervious to rational criticism and reconstruction? Our author has nowhere produced any adequate justification for this favoured treatment that he desires to mete out to religious intuitions or mystic experiences. On p. 40, he asks: "How can we see it as an object when it is both the subject and the object?" What exactly is meant here by "seeing as an object"? It is a conveniently ambiguous expression for him to play with. Does it mean ordinary sensuous perception? If so, we reply that no one in his senses is contending that God is a particular object of sensuous perception. Or does he not rather mean that God cannot even be an object of intellectual apprehension, for He is the transcendental unity of subject and object in one? Are sensible beings then the only legitimate objects of intellectual apprehension? What about introspective elements and self-consciousness which involve a unity of subject and object in one? Do these not form legitimate themes of intellectual apprehension and reconstruction? And if they do, why not God, who is only the supreme case of the transcendental unity of subject and object in one? The truth is our author has not shown any grounds whatsoever why religious intuitions should be treated as in a class apart from and superior to all canons of rational criticism and reconstruction.

Besides, we must ask how is it ever possible for us to treat as final and authoritative those supposed inner experiences, so often strange and morbid, those so-called inner intuitions, so often leading to such strange extravagances and so conflicting in their verdicts? After all, the great thing is not the immediacy and directness of these experiences, but their

intrinsic quality and true worth, which can only be determined by the critical reason. So we claim as against both the poet and his interpreter that reason is really coeval with life and wide as experience, demanding that all things in heaven and earth alike should be rationalised: and any religious system that repudiates reason and bases itself on the impossibility of rational demonstration, has really signed its own death warrant; and that must be our verdict on the poet and his interpreter alike.

In the VI section we are told emphatically by the author that "The popular idea that the Brahman of the Vedanta is an abstract beyond, is incorrect" (p. 45). Then without any qualifications whatsoever, he proceeds to assert "The Vedantic Absolute as much as Rabindranath's God is a concrete spirit" (p. 46). Nevertheless, the Author on the very next page concedes that "In some pages the Absolute is an abstract, formless, featureless unity, not a God who deserves to be adored and worshipped" (p. 47). This looks like an admission that after all the popular idea that the Vedantic Absolute is an abstract beyond is not so wholly incorrect as was suggested above. But the author seeks to save his face and comfort us with a counter statement that there is also a contrary vein which makes God concrete and positive in the Vedanta as in Tagore. The only evidence for this that we are able to cull from the author's pages is the emphasis on Divine Immanence to which he calls our attention. The author quoting the poet, says: "How to know Him then? By realising Him in each and all" (p. 46). Here we would like to ask pointedly whether it is merely realising Him *in* each and all or is it not rather realising Him *as* each and all? Even the despised ordinary theist may hold the former view. We thought it was the special privilege of Absolutists of the author's type of thinking to proclaim the latter view. But we note with regret that no attempt is made even to distinguish these very different interpretations of Divine Immanence, and much less to determine intelligently which is the correct view. We are told simply that "The Upanishads are full of such apparently contradictory descriptions, for they are *only* the records of the spiritual experiences of the sages of India" (p. 49). We would specially invite the attention of the reader to the word 'only'. What exactly is the precise force of the word 'only' in the context? Is the fact of their being only the records of spiritual experiences the cause of the contradictory descriptions? Even so, is the word 'only' intended to go with the word 'record' or with the word 'experiences'? In short, is it the fact of being recorded or the fact of being experiences that is the real cause of the contradictory statements? And what exactly is the cure for the contradiction? We are solemnly assured that "The contradiction between the two accounts is only apparent and not real" (p. 49). On the next page the learned author explains that at the intellectual level the contradiction exists, but that we transcend it at the intuitional level. We have already at an earlier stage in the present review exposed the unsatisfactoriness of such a view. Intuition as such can give us only an undiscriminated whole. The intellect alone can give us an intelligible system. So an intuitional solution of an intellectual problem is no solution at all.

In the VII and last section of the I chapter the author deals with the question of whether God is a person or the impersonal Absolute. Our author who on p. 45 had boldly stated without qualification that "In the characterisations of God in the Vedanta writings and in Rabindranath's works, we find an identity of thought", is now more cautious in tone and only says that "Gitanjali makes of God a person. The Vedanta philosophy in all its stages of development provides for such a conception" (p. 51). In other words while the one definitely makes of God a person, the other only *provides* for such a conception. This looks as if the aforementioned identity were not altogether an identity, or as if it, at any rate, required some serious modification. Also the same Rabindranath who in his Gitanjali makes God a person, we are told in p. 35 believes the Vedantic Absolute to be the ultimate philosophic unity. So indeed he may do. But the main question for us is how does he square these two conceptions? In other words, how does the Vedanta consistently provide

for a personal God? We are simply told in reply that the self-same Absolute is apprehended in diverse ways according to the varying temperaments of different individuals. So then for the solution of the profound metaphysical problem of whether God is a person or an impersonal absolute, we are told to look to the phenomena of temperamental differences in religious psychology—truly a startling descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. We regard this frankly as an evasion of the real problem at issue, and not as a fruitful solution of it. Nevertheless, let us patiently look into this supposed solution of a truly metaphysical problem in terms of temperamental psychology. We are told "Mystic souls of an emotional and imaginative cast of mind express their devotion by love, worship and adoration. They make a person of the object of their love" (p. 52). Here we must urge that the real question we are concerned with is not so much whether they do so or not, as whether they have any right to do so from the ultimate standpoint of the real. What kind of a personal God would this yield us? Would He be a reality or only a pious make-believe? Would He be anything more than a creature of the devout fancy of His own worshippers? Again it is simply laid down "The Absolute of Philosophy *becomes* the God of religion to the followers of the Bhakti school" (pp. 54, 55). How exactly does the one become the other? The important question of whether it is a valid becoming is not raised or considered. Are we to understand that the God of religion is only a subjective appearance of what in reality is the impersonal Absolute? Is He only an illusion due to privation in the understanding of His devotees? Yet the author says: "The Absolute of philosophy and the God of religion have both a place in the Vedanta system" (p. 56). May we enquire what kind of a place has each got in the Vedanta system? And is it a valid synthesis of both the historically famous personal and impersonal conceptions in any intelligible unity? At the end of the foot-note on p. 55, the author says that "The two are aspects of the one Godhead". This would *prima facie* lead one to suppose that the Godhead is something other and more than these two aspects, which are included and transcended in it. What exactly is this other, if the personal God and the impersonal Absolute are both alike only aspects of it? Does calling them one make them one? Curiously enough, the author contradicts himself in the same page. We have just been told that "the two are aspects of the one Godhead". And yet on the top of the same p. 55 it is said "That Iswara, the highest manifestation of the Absolute, is the personal Lord of the Universe". Surely the Absolute cannot in the same breath be declared to be at once only an aspect and also, somehow, the reality of which it is an aspect. This supposed reconciliation between the rival historic conceptions of a personal God and the impersonal Absolute, is not unlike the peace which is said to make the wolf and the lamb lie down side by side, only with the minor difference that the lamb lies down, if anywhere, inside the stomach of the wolf. The truth is the author inclines to the view that the impersonal Absolute is the ultimate reality, of which the personal Iswara is a subordinate manifestation. If he really thinks so, why not come out in his true colours and frankly state it and be done with it? He is not willing to openly avow that he has taken one side in the historic controversy between the champions of a personal God and those of an impersonal Absolute, but desires to pretend that he has found a sublime synthesis of pantheistic and monotheistic conceptions. The author's boasted synthesis will not bear examination. It is a cheap dodge which consists in subordinating the personal into an appearance of the impersonal. This, we suppose is the way in which the Vedanta is claimed to provide for a personal God. This may indeed be a synthesis very satisfactory to the champions of the impersonal Absolute. But is it a view that the champions of a personal God can accept without being untrue to the essence of what they stand for? The author generously bestows the honorific title of 'highest manifestation' as a sop to the theist. But that will deceive nobody who knows what he is really about. The real problem at issue still remains untouched. The one view contends that a personal God is the ultimate reality,

whilst the other urges that an impersonal Absolute is the ultimate reality. We submit that no useful purpose is served by pretending that both views are right. The author must sooner or later choose between the two, and cannot finally evade the point of the contradiction. The naked truth is that neither he nor the poet nor the view of which they are such stalwart champions, has attained any satisfactory superpersonal category in terms of which the God-head may be adequately conceived. They are dissatisfied quite legitimately with the conception of a merely personal God, but in seeking to soar above it, have only succeeded in sinking below it into an impersonal Absolute.

Now we have completed our main task. It only remains for us to make a brief reference to the contents of the remaining chapters of the book, which are more or less concerned with practical applications and deductions from the fore-going. In the II chapter, the author deals with Tagore's view of the spiritual destiny of man, the two views of immortality and reincarnation which are both held to be valid in their respective spheres, with Avidya and Maya, the educative value of corporeal embodiment and the discipline of social life, the boundlessness of opportunity and its uniqueness at each moment, the anguish of unsatisfied love and the ecstasy of fulfilled love, the problems of sin and suffering, the need for peace and contemplation as well as for unselfish activity and social service. The III chapter elaborates the poet's theory of art, and more especially his view of the relations between poetry and philosophy. The last two chapters expound the poet's message to India and the world generally.

This review has already grown to such proportions that we cannot follow the author with a detailed criticism of his treatment of these varied themes, pointing out how far it is vitiated, more or less in each case, by the fundamental inadequacy of his solution of the metaphysical issues raised in the first chapter. But we may note in conclusion that the key-note of the whole of his treatment of these varied issues consists in an uncritical, exaggerated, onesided emphasis placed by the author as by the poet on Divine Immanence. As against this, we urge that no treatment of the nature of Divine Immanence can be adequate or satisfactory or even intelligible, which does not seek to determine it precisely in relation to the correlative conception of Divine Transcendence, which is hardly mentioned in the present work from cover to cover.

In the end we frankly confess that we have written what we have written entirely subject to correction. It is open to the learned author or the world-famous poet and philosopher, or to any out of their many supporters, to point out to us the error of our ways of thinking, if they condescend to take any note of this humble review. Meanwhile, we cannot help closing with the verdict that the author and the poet have trifled with very sacred subjects and done scant justice to themselves and still less to India.

J. B. RAJU

[The Editor will gladly welcome discussion on this subject.]

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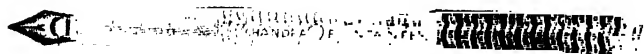
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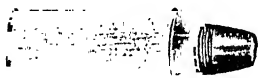
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OUR FRONTISPIECE

THE picture of Benzaiten, the Japanese Deity of Music, was painted by a Japanese woman artist, Kiyohara Yukinobu, in the seventeenth century. She belonged to the Kano School which consisted of a group of academies strictly controlled by the last great family of Shoguns (feudal lords). Subject and method were closely regulated. In its highest, the school achieved a fine purity in design and colour. Later it fell into stiffness and formalism.

ARROWS OF FIRE

*(Translated by Srijut Arabindo Ghose from the French of
Mons. Paul Richard, Co-Editor, "Arya")*

GOD

WHAT is he? Answer, poet, sage,
Seer with eyes of subtlety;
Prophet, whose sight goes past our age,
Priest, scholar, answer, What is he?
 The Peaks,
 The sublime summits
Of truth, that through our vision mount and shine,
But trace upon our sky the fringes
And lappet of the cloak of the Divine.

But God, what is he, what our strange words that flow?
What say the children: What do the aged see?
 What do the angels know—
If the Divine but one or milliard be?

Has he a name? Is that its trace
Through ages on the scroll of space
Scrawled by the suns in syllables of flame?
Who reads that name but he? . . . not one!
All names to which men's utmost dreamings run
Are only soubriquets of his true name.

Hearken to the ancient Mystery!
Out of time nothing can change;
Therefore he is the Eternal named the Changeless.
 Out of time nothing can last.
Sing then a new chant of Eternal Renewal,
The eternal Noel of the Unique!
For even such is his glorious name,
New eternally.

One—but not solitary!
 Hearken to this other Mystery:
 He is the unique Infinity.
 Always another—and always the same,
 He is the unique and the innumerable Divinity.
 Nothing is outside his eternal Unity.
 And by it all is.

Number—analysis of oneness.
 Time—number of eternity.
 Immensity, immensity
 That occupies no space.

The Infinite is nowhere.
 If thou wouldst know God,
 Seek him not in space,
 Seek him not in heaven,
 But know within thyself
 The Guest of the supreme Silence,
 Of whom none speaketh without blasphemy,
 The Terrible, the Wonderful.

To conquer death, make it the servant of your work.
 Jesus had the art of utilising death.
 The living tree says in his heart: "I would not be carved into the image
 of a God."
 Ask of the grass, as you stood to pluck it, "Is it not your turn?" and it
 will answer, "Not yet".
 Who knows if, for each flower you pluck, a God does not gather a soul
 somewhere.
 If men did not die, paternity would be to them the greatest of crimes.
 Space alone is permanence. Time is perpetual renewal.
 The dead are the immeasurably alive.
 What is it in us that fears death? That only which has not learned to
 live outside itself.
 The only constant is the Eternal.
 Life and Death—two companions who relieve one another for the leading
 of the soul to its journey's end.
 Death is another kind of life, as life is another kind of death.

A man's life—a soul's day.

One says "during life:" why not also "during death?"

In death, as in life, renounce thyself.

No one has any future save the one he serves.

No one has any destiny save that of his work.

No one has any immortality save that of his ideal.

Nothing is eternal—except eternity.

"Time"—the analysis of eternity.

That alone is permanent which identifies itself with the eternal change.

For mortals, the eternal Becoming is changed to an eternal coming.

It is no more difficult to cease dying than to cease being born.

We are in the Infinite: no one can be lost.

We are in the Eternal: no one can die.

Nature cares only for what must be, not for what has been.

The seventh day has lasted a long, long time.

The earth is weary of the resting of God.

The old habits of the universe we call the laws of nature.

The policy of the Gods of the future is the reform of the laws of nature.

Some come from the future; and for them the present is an obstacle.

To those who come from the past, the future is a menace.

I saw a man of the future weep like a child because of his powerlessness.

But the spirit of the obscure seed from which springs the great tree,
the genius of the hidden spring from which rises the great river, the
archangels of the all-powerful powerlessness, came and comforted him.

Impatient man! does the tree complain because it bears fruit only in
autumn?

How can you expect the present to carry you in triumph if you do not
betray the cause of the future?

The higher the star the more its light is of the past; the higher the soul
the more its light is of the future.

The Jews wait for the Messiah, the Christians for Christ, the Buddhist for
the Bodhisattva, India for Krishna, Islam for the Mahdiand, all the
peoples for justice.

All will receive him who comes, for all whom they await will come
together: the miracle is accomplished—all are One.

LOVE

Love is the soul of life.

Joy is the soul of love,

The love of happiness can only be satisfied in the happiness of love.

Love sees its own splendour everywhere.
Love which exacts is not love.
Love does not give ; it is self-given.
Love knows no loss.
Love is the soul's infinity.
Each universe is but a centre of suppressed love that is breaking out
from its prison.
In each world a Heart beats.
In the deepest hell is the deepest love.
Egoism is the gaoler of the ego.
The ego is a sacrifice of God.
To renounce oneself is to rebecome God.
Renounce not the self, but the limitations of self.
To love those who love you is sometimes an achievement of much merit.
To love those who do not love you is a more common case.
He who loves not is to be pitied, but he who loves is to be dreaded.
Love lives next door to hate.
To hate a man is to betray humanity.
Love your enemies—and you will have none.
To love your enemy is to conquer him.
If you love him who hates you, what more can he do !
Why not appreciate the faithfulness of your enemy ?
Choose your enemies even more carefully than you choose your friends.
It is when God comes in the form of an enemy that he brings with him
his supreme favours.
Even in your worst enemy recognise the Divine Friend.
Only the strong are strong enough not to resist.
Resist not the wicked—and Heaven will be compelled to destroy him.
Let the slanderer perish with his slander ; do not contradict him.
To the false witness against you, not a word ! . . . it might save him.
To judge a man is to judge God.
If God chooses to show so little of himself in each man, why blame
the man !
Condemn a sin, and you fall below it.
Reason judges : wisdom observes.
The more judgment, the less judging.
It is difficult to judge a fault if you have it yourself ; impossible if you
have not.
The future alone is the true judge.
He is the most dangerous criminal who has not yet committed his crime.

"Capital trial"—a game between judges and accused for who will die first.

The punishment that imitates the crime, justifies it.

Legal murder is the legitimate father of the illegal ones.

Thou shalt not kill—in any case, in any way, under any pretence.

Soldiers not paid by a government are called bandits.

The more you kill in khaki, the more you will be honoured.

Fine feathers do not make fine murderers.

Murder is never heroic.

Collective murder is no more respectable than individual murder.

"Civilisation"—the privilege of a few peoples estimated by the number of their firearms.

"Barbarism"—not to have your firearms up to date.

He alone is guiltless of murder who feels himself living in all beings.

The labour of philosophy—to define the Infinite.

The occupation of religion—to adore the Infinite.

The miracle of faith—to embrace the Infinite.

The Infinite is within us, not outside.

The Infinite alone controls the infinitesimal.

Love alone can be infinite.

Beyond man, all the Gods ; beyond the Gods the One Lord ; behind the One Lord, his eternity, his infinity, the endless unknowable.

To see God nowhere, but to put him where'er it suits, that is what men call piety.

If thou seest God nowhere, it is because he is everywhere.

Thou canst explore every world and yet thou wilt not find God if thou hast not first discovered him in thyself.

God is his own silence.

God speaks to none else but to God.

Some only begin to discover God when they begin to deny him.

One idol hides the One God ; many idols reveal him.

No one knows God who knows him not under all names and all forms of all Gods.

The grand concern of the pious is to secure a monopoly of God.

There are plenty of Gods who want God to be their man.

A little ignorance makes men bow down to wood and stone ; a greater ignorance prevents them from doing it.

The true God of every man is his own highest ideal.

Most commonly we give the name of God to the ideal which we have no intention to realise.

"God"—an honorific title men give to all that they mean to keep at arm's length.

The real worship of God is to become God-like.

Prayer is one form of doubt.

To pray to God is in most cases to demand of God to become an accomplice.

What would you have God give you more than himself?

Let thy prayer be an offering, not a claim.

To give to God all one loves—that is indeed to love God.

Faith is the Beyond of prayer.

To have faith is to be ready to renounce every faith.

Provision is as misleading as prevision.

Our will is realised when by chance it rejoins the Eternal Purpose.

Faith is our wisdom abdicating its throne.

"Faith"—the supreme folly—but a folly that takes us to the Supreme.

As is your creed, such is your creation.

Faith when it cometh again, will surely find the Son of Man once more on earth.

Sufficient unto each son is his own father.

When the believer prays who knows what kind of father is listening?

He alone has access to the One who is himself one with all.

You say, "Our Father;" the beast you torture says also, "Our Father" in its own language.

The great Gods are those who descend.

The true Gods are among men.

How could man become God if God became not man!

If God were only in his heaven, all would be wrong with the world.

To live in Heaven means to make Heaven live on earth.

"Spirit"—"Matter"—two names of our ignorance for one and the same thing.

Matter chains none but its slaves.

Egoism survives the flesh.

No soul can live in Heaven if in it Heaven does not live.

THE BEATITUDES

Blessed are the poor—those who have not the spirit of riches, for theirs are the riches of the Spirit.

Blessed are they who make nothing their own, for they shall possess all things.

Blessed are they who covet nothing, for they will receive all that others covet.

Happy are the unhappy, for the kingdom of happiness is within them.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst—for social justice, for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the meek, for they alone shall survive when the rest have finished destroying each other.

Blessed are the pure in heart—and the clean of hand from bloodshed.

Blessed are the peacemakers—and the objectors who refuse to go to war.

Blessed are they who, in the cause of Justice, are condemned by a justice.

Blessed are they whom the world condemns, for they shall be its judges.

Blessed are they whom the present persecutes, for they are the children of the future.

Blessed be everyone, for in all is the Kingdom of the One.

THE CURSE OF WEALTH

“Woe unto the rich!” Jesus said this—not Lenin.

When the rich concern themselves with the business of the poor it is called charity. When the poor concern themselves with the business of the rich it is called anarchy.

Thy surfeit is another's starvation.

To have is to owe.

Thou shalt only be forgiven those possessions which thou hast given.

PAUL RICHARD

INDIA'S GIFT OF SONG

By MARGARET E. COUSINS, B. MUS.

HOW little the wide world knows of India the musician! How seldom are its musical treasures, its musical accomplishments, the subjects of art criticisms, such as are freely poured out in encouragement and comparative study on its architecture, its sculpture, its painting and its literature!

The gold of Golconda, the jewels of Maharajas, the muslins of Dacca, the brass of Benares, the shawls of Kashmir, the silks of Surat, the cave paintings of Ajanta, the sculpture of Elephanta, the glory of the Taj Mahal, the feats of fakirs, the sacred lore of Samskrit, the fecundity of its philosophies, have all been bruited abroad in the earth, but its gift of song remains unoffered, unknown and unsung outside India's own confines.

Yet none of its arts is more perfect, more loved, more widespread, more interwoven with its life, than is its music. The Vedas are the oldest literature in the world, and one of them, the Samaveda, is entirely devoted to an exposition of music. Indian music is a pure product of the eastern tropics; it is the development of centuries of devoted study and practice; it is the root stock of all subsequent music.

Generally speaking, the western world does not know that India has a national system of music. It regards India as a heathen country, very primitive in its ways, and therefore it cannot imagine that India should long ago have evolved an art which, as the West knows it in its harmonic modern form, has been developed only since the seventeenth century.

Unfortunately the particular few westerners who have come into touch with Indian music are not the artists or trained musicians of their civilisation (with about half a dozen exceptions) and these specialised commercial or officialised products, depending entirely on their previous aural training and prejudices, find no "method in the madness" of a group of Indian musicians. To them Indian music is as much a foreign language, and conveys as little, as a first hearing of Tamil or Urdu.

On the other hand, the love of propaganda is not a characteristic of India. No nation ever knew less or cared less for the art of self-advertisement. One regrets that when it has, through pressure, recently taken to the limelight, it is to

display its grievances and its weaknesses, that it comes as a suppliant, and not rather as a proud possessor of the treasures of its own culture, offering to share them with a world seeking for fresh inspiration. But the barriers of exclusiveness, of sensitiveness, of narrow-visioned hoarding of knowledge, musical or otherwise, have been broken down by the Time-spirit. Art, as well as politics, has to become democratised and internationalised. The printing press demands its meal of music as well as of poetry, both formerly oral arts; the phonograph, the gramophone, and wireless telephony (most recent of inventions) have their own musical script of vibrations that will not be denied; and finally the improved methods of speedy travel that will telescope distances and bring about rapidly increasing interchange of knowledge, all will take their share in disseminating "from China to Peru" the hitherto secret science of Indian music.

Music in India is a science, an art and a religion. One often hears in India the phrase "scientific music," and at first it sounds paradoxical to bracket cold-blooded science with emotional expression, yet a study of the system from which are created its *krithis*, *ragams*, etc., reveals it as basically mathematical, logical and scientific, leaving no room for human weaknesses or predilections, as it ruthlessly formulates its sound material from permutations and combinations of the twelve *swarams* (semitones), and its rhythmic material into *jatis* and *talas* (time signatures). Each resultant *melakarta* (scale), and its derivatives in limited form or melody mould, has been experimented with, classified, named in a way that would excite the admiration of even a super-scientific German. Where science dealt with substance and sequence in melody, it has been thorough, and has an immense store of knowledge to present to the world. But it stopped short at the art of simultaneous combination of sounds, *i.e.*, *harmonised* melody. It failed to experiment with the equally scientific musical material of the natural harmonics of each sound, and only in the *vina* has it recognised, in a very limited form, the legitimacy of combined sounds of differing pitch. Yet, as far as it has explored, it is justifiably proud of its intellectual scientific basis.

Art has been defined as "skill in action". Shakespeare spoke of it as holding "a mirror up to nature". The music of Hindustan is in its method a reflex of nature, with its repetition of type, developing by slight, but at each repetition increasingly developed, variation of the original. A psychological study of a classical *raga* would reveal it as a replica of the doctrine of the evolution of species, with reincarnation, free-will, and reversal to type all included! The human voice is its unit and its measuring rod, its centre and its circumference, and not even Italy has paid more attention to the control of the voice and the breath than has India. Indeed so highly has skill in producing musical sound been rated, that there has been a tendency in modern times to degenerate South Indian music into mere vocal gymnastics and feats of flexibility.

Within the strict limits of the *ragam* (key) chosen, the power of improvisation is amazing, a demonstration of diversity in unity. The singer may play about like a god with his materials in his *alapana*m (free improvised prelude), he may limit himself to fixation in the three worlds, *pallavi*, *anupallavi* and *charanam* of his *raga*, amusing himself still with juggling feats in his sound material free of the fetters of words and thoughts in his *swarams*; he may still further limit himself to giving up such irresponsibilities in the *krithi*, the musical form so beloved of the master Thyagarajan; or he may be content with the simple, unaffected, unadorned lyrical outburst of spontaneous emotion in the *gitam* (song). The voice is the arbiter of all Indian music, the instruments are but its followers, they derive their life from the singer, they initiate nought. "In the beginning was the word," and the zealous protection of the overlordship of the voice has constituted the pride and the national idiosyncrasy of Bharatavarsha. Thus its art includes extreme pliability of voice, a wide range of tone, a fine sense of ear, a prodigious memory (for little is committed to paper), and a mastery of ingenious improvisation, and beautiful combinations.

Life in India is not divided into two compartments, the secular and the religious. Every action has its place in religion; it is regulated by *shastras*, illustrated in the *puranas*, rooted in the *vedas*. The master-musicians of India were saints and poets. In other countries a poet writes the words, a musician adds music to them. But in the Orient the poetry and its melody are a simultaneous creation, and their subject-matter and atmosphere are essentially religious. Music is not an entertainer or a pander to the senses, or a photographic lens for realistic details; it is a holy thing. It is the handmaid of the Spirit, a path to realisation. All its songs are hymns, the gods are their themes, as is also the case in Indian drama. The mythological and divine subject-matter sublimates the emotions and lifts the singer and listeners far out of touch with worldly affairs. A music party is no programme of fragmentary songs; it is usually a mental and moral discipline necessitating powers of patience, and concentration of a very high order. A really fine musician will almost hypnotise his hearers as he works up to his climacteric points. Their hands and feet will join in keeping time, facial expressions change, heads move to appreciate the minute changes which gradually pile up "the ascension from the abysses of silence towards sounds which are continually becoming more intensive, acute, and etherialised" to rise into that higher "silence implying sound" which comes at the moment of ecstasy. Sometimes on these occasions it is but a small step from the sublime to the ridiculous, but such a thought never enters the Indian hearer's mind. This music is not emotion for its own sake. It is not abstract music, nor didactic, neither vague nor impressionist, but one-pointed in "devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow". It is a veritable instrument of *yoga*. The song on the hills in the dimness of dawn

is the first invocation of God; the folk-songs of the ploughers and the drawers of water, the pipe of the goat-herd, the plaint of the beggar, the trumpets of marriage and the songs of the drama, are all a day's garland of song for the Divine Rulers of human affairs. In this aspect there is elsewhere no parallel to Indian music.

What specific musical gifts has Mother India thus preserved so jealously through the millennia for humanity? Western music has built itself up on three only out of the seventy-two Indian *melakartas*—what it calls the major scale, the harmonic minor, and the melodic minor scales (*shankarabharanam*, *kiravani*, and *nattabhairavi ragams* respectively). The teeming millions of Indian people are trained by tradition in at least sixteen different root scale combinations, and their trained musicians have a working knowledge of over forty and a theoretical knowledge of the seventy-two. What unworked mines of musical gold for the world's musicians! The sweetness of *kalyani ragam* with its augmented fourth, the fascination of *mayamalavagowlu* with its logically similar halves (C D-flat E F, G A-flat B C), the poignancy of *chakravaka* (C D-flat E F G A B-flat C), the distinctive qualities of sequences of sounds that would raise the hair of a westerner (C D-flat E-flat F-sharp G A-flat B-double flat C), are all new ground to be explored by the world as they already have been by the Indians. It will be like presenting a palette full of new colours to a painter. For each *ragam* has its own tone-atmosphere, its own æsthetic effect, and the knowledge and use of each cannot but open out a new world of pleasure and self-expression to the West.

Then also there is the Indian system's inclusion of quarter tones, employed rarely, but always most effectively in ways that would have appealed right to the heart of the French musician Cesar Franck, who uses semitones in a similar way, but misses the nuances of his Indian brother. Indeed an almost epic war is waged round the question of whether the octave is to be divided into twenty-two or less parts. The *leit motif* system, of Wagner was but an approximation to the accumulation of stereotyped melody-moulds stored for use—or abuse—in India.

In rhythm the number of differentiations and complex subdivisions of time in the Indian system is almost countless. The number of units in a bar may be anything between two and twenty-three, and may be even twenty-nine; while the *talas* containing five, seven or fourteen *aksharas* (beats) are as common as the two, three or four beats, or their multiples, are in western music. Thus Indian music discloses unique varieties of rhythm beside which jazz and ragtime pale into insignificance.

The very history of the derivation of Indian music links the art with the cosmos. "Its first principles are said to have been taught by Brahma (God the Creator) to Bharatacharya who imparted a portion of his knowledge to Tumburu and Narada (rishis). The art was divided into *Deva gana* (music for Celestials), *rakshasa gana* (music for giants), and *manusya gana* (music for man). This last

which represents but a fraction of the whole, after distribution to other creatures such as birds, etc., is what is now recognised as the music of the earth."¹ There is a mass of legendary lore connected with the correspondences believed to exist between most of the *ragas* and their patron deities, appropriate hours, times and seasons, and their psychological power to excite certain passions and emotions. The five basic rhythms are traced to Ishwara. It was Nataraja who gave the finishing stroke to these time-measurements in his dances before the gods, while Brahma counted time as conductor, and Vishnu played the *Mundanga* (drum). With the growing evidence of worlds existing beyond the physical daily being investigated by psychical science, this aspect of the Indian system of music becomes more and more credible, and its magic of evocation will probably some day get the *imprimatur* of future western scientists.

The western world is seeking a new rhythm, a new keynote, a new combination of forces and materials. India *must* come to its help. The Mother of Nations must no longer hoard her treasures in the hands of a few, but share them freely with her children. And as she gives, so, surely, will she receive in return.

Her charity must begin, however, at home. While all that has been said is true of the science of the great Indian system and of its finest exponents both past and present, it must be admitted with regret that in a widespread way the musical knowledge of the many is at the present time far from satisfactory. There are also differences in details between the music of north India and south India, but they are only like the differences between German and Italian music, and as the latter are both distinctly rooted in the western system, so, for general survey, Karnataka and Hindustani music may be regarded as essentially one great Indian system. The science and art of this ancient product of Indian culture must be taught as thoroughly to all Indian children in schools as western music is in Europe, America and Australia. The musical profession must be given greater prestige. Can a nation be said intelligently to honour its music which dishonours its musicians? Low emoluments to the latter have led to low life, and this in turn has brought about a lowering of the standard of the profession. Development in notation will naturally come in response to the demand for teaching on an extended and democratic scale, and the spirit of national unity will seek its expression in an expansion of its musical idiom into forms suited for being sung in unison by large crowds. Then India will get a revelation of the effect of music on the co-operative level in addition to what it knows of it as a subjective, highly individualistic art. It will realise that there can be an extension of the human emotional content in its music. "Life is dead while life is stored," sings a poet. Music in India is at a crisis; if it refuses to change even a particle it will stagnate and die. But circumstances will

¹ *Oriental Music* (A. Chinnaswamy Mudaliar).

force it to flow forth freely, and its cultural agency will be one of the enriching influences in its own life, its country's life, and the world's life.

Already the movement towards orientation has begun in the musical life of the West. Russia is the bridge between the eastern and western systems. France, in its master-musician Debussy, has brought the distinctive eastern influence further west, and one of the modern English composers, Granville Bantock, has, by way of his love for the Greek modes, come to Asia for his deepest inspirations. "His predilection for orientalism is stamped on much of his writing, and his latest essays in the realm of Chinese poetry afford settings which seem to justify the fascination of eastern for western ideas, a tendency hitherto shown chiefly in French and Russian music." (Goossens.)

Many the songs and the singers,
But song at its heart is one.

Understanding is the first step towards appreciation. Music does not explain. Through constant repetition it may impress itself on hearers, and thus set up a new taste, but this is a long method. Every new sovereign needs a herald, every saviour a John the Baptist, and literary explanations of the bases on which her music has been evolved are necessary preludes to a loving acceptance by the world of India's great gift of song.

Margaret E. Cousins

IMAGERY OF PAIN

BURN me in deepest sorrows, fill me with fiercest pain
Into rich rivers of tears smite thou my hungering eyes
Break up my heart like a rain-cloud into repentant rain
To feed the magical God-flower a-glimmering in the skies.

Pass thou thy fingers across me leaving a lingering streak
Of agonies tinged with fire and sorrows that never cease,
Till at last the angels of heaven begin to hear me speak
And the soul is richened with silence and the flesh is a harvest of
peace.

O Hidden Infinite Power behind all things I behold
Fashioning ultimate beauty out of thy first wild spark
Hurl thou my heart into flames transmuting my wounds into gold
Till I leap in a luminous cry as the dawn leaps out of the dark.

H. C.

LOVE'S VIGIL

I WILL keep my love pure and inviolate
Through the dark days and long-drawn hours of pain,
And in this winter of desolation wait
Steadfast, till golden summer comes again.

I will build an imperishable shrine,
One lamp before its altar burning bright,
Silent prayers shall wreath their anodyne,
And stillness soothe in sorrow's own despite.

This numb, chill frost shall break in sudden flood,
This ice-bound stream shall flush to overflowing,
Each throbbing vein pulse music through the blood,
And winter end in summer's rapturous glowing.

Joy shall return in its own season due,
If my heart's love to its own truth be true.

C. F. ANDREWS

GUILD SOCIALISM

By W. N. EWER

WE were sitting—some four or five of us—outside a little café on the Parvis de Notre Dame.

“Tell us,” said the Man-who-Says-that-Sort-of-Thing, “just what Bolshevism really is.”

The Man-just-Back-from-Russia looked at him—well as one does look at that sort of man.

Then his eye caught the grey mass of the cathedral in front of us.

“That,” he said, waving his hand, “that is Bolshevism in architecture.”

It had the wanted effect. It completely silenced the Man-who-Says-that-Sort-of-Thing.

But it happened also to be very really true.

That is to say—for nothing shall lure or provoke me in this article to discuss Bolshevism-in-Being—it is very true that the perfect Gothic church is the art expression of the principles which in social and political affairs you may call Bolshevism or Socialism or Social Democracy, or indeed what you will.

It is the expression in art of that conflict—which is also a harmony—between the freedom of the individual and the control of society—which is the fundamental social fact.

Now roughly you can divide theories and designs of society into two main types—those which recognise and those which attempt to ignore the existence of that conflict.

Into the second category come all the cast iron mechanical schemes that have ever been attempted or devised—from the stark despotism of Hobbes to the equally logical, and therefore equally impossible individualism of the English utilitarians.

Hobbes, and his myriad followers have exalted the state and have proved with much dialectic that it is to the interest of the individual to submit himself trustfully to the parental care of an omnipotent sovereign. The case for Leviathan is irrefutable, save for the awkward fact that humanity will have none of it, will in fact rebel, will insist on asserting individuality in face of all arguments.

So too of the individualist argument. Nothing easier than to demonstrate logically the absurdity of state authority of every kind. Only that in so doing you destroy equally the claim to authority of every human association—you land man into the Hobbesian state of nature and having done so find him, gregarious by nature and driven by his needs to co-operation, insistently refusing to be an individual and nothing more.

While the theorists talk and talk, the common man, all unconsciously, acts under the stimulus of these two conflicting desires. He is swayed one way by his craving for order and security and the positive gains of organised co-operation. He is swayed the other way by his desire for freedom, by his will to self-expression and to do with his own life what he chooses.

Society and the individual are and must be in constant conflict. There is no solution, no possible peace-basis. Victory for one or the other may be devised on paper as a stable condition. But it can never be attained: for the moment one side seems to be prevailing, the troops themselves desert in thousands to the opposite standard.

Take two examples which will perhaps make my meaning clearer—the first in the political, the second in the economic sphere. In the later middle ages political authority was scarcely existed. Europe was a loose network of political organisations of every type, from the Emperor down to the knight or the free city. And side by side with the secular hierarchy was the clerical. All these authorities had their own rights and their own privileges. None had any sovereign power over any other. There was the maximum of independence, the minimum of control.

That brought with it the penalty of perpetual conflict. And so the one constant cry that goes up is for peace and for the strong hand that would give peace. Europe passed from this stage to the stage of despotic monarchies because that transition satisfied the desire of the mass of men: because they preferred the cat to the “rout of ratones”: because they wanted some institution that would impress the authority of society upon individuals.

Yet scarcely had this desire been fulfilled than the reaction began, the mastership or which men had longed became in itself intolerable, and everywhere they began to revolt against the despotisms they had themselves erected.

So too with the rise and decline of the individualist movement in the economic sphere. The rebellion against the restraints and controls exercised by society in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries led to the demand for complete individual freedom, for the abandonment of all collective control over industry and commerce. But even while the theorists were making this reaction into a logical social philosophy, the reaction was expending itself. The evils of economic anarchy began patently to outweigh its advantages, and before the one tendency had fulfilled itself, the reverse process began: public opinion began to recognise

the advantages and to demand the restoration, of collective control. The factory acts had commenced before the corn-laws were repealed.

So the ebb and flow, systole and diastole, goes on, and will inevitably go on. We shall seek the perfect balance; but the most for which we can hope is that the oscillations about it shall not be too great in amplitude. Actual equilibrium there cannot be, because the material of our social structure is not passive metal or stone. "My art," said Catherine of Russia to Diderot, "is a harder one than yours. You have only to write on paper. I on human skins."

Now this conflict between authority and freedom, this incessant oscillation of minds between the two desires, is a vitally important factor in the development of socialist thought during the last half-century. Because the socialist movement is in itself a fusion, or shall I say, a resultant of the two forces. It is at once a demand for freedom and a protest against individualism. It arose in an epoch when freedom was destroying itself: when a formal economic liberty was producing an actual slavery. And it summoned the community to the rescue of the individual.

So far, so good. But the two tendencies were there: and they came inevitably into conflict. The Marx-Bakunin controversies were only the dramatic embodiment of a necessary contest. The anarchists at the one end of the scale, the State-socialists at the other stood respectively for individual freedom and for collective control.

To the State Socialist the source of all our troubles was the private ownership of capital, the private control of industry. Nationalise capital, bring industry under the collective control of the community and all would be well. Expressed fears of a State tyranny were swept aside by the formula that "the State is only another name for the people".

Meanwhile the Anarchist, vividly conscious of the possibilities of tyranny denounced the State and all its ways, denounced all authority, and urged that only in entirely voluntary associations could freedom be found.

It is significant that Russia, where the pressure of a political tyranny was most keenly felt, was the main source of anarchism, while Western Europe, under a more or less complete economic Liberalism, tended naturally to favour State Socialism.

In the West therefore State Socialism, or at any rate collectivism was for a while completely triumphant. Unchecked capitalism was the plain and obvious enemy. The State was the instrument to hand for the attack on it. And in England especially, less dominated than the continent by Marxian revolutionary concepts, socialists looked to the gradual extension of State control over industry as the path to their goal.

British socialism entered upon its Fabian epoch. It joined hands with the opportunist humanitarianism that was already making use of the State to

check the more obvious evils of capitalism. In theory it clung to the nationalisation of the means of "production, distribution and exchange". In practice it concerned itself with meliorist reforms and with such unambitious matters as the establishment of municipal tramways and waterworks. It grew more and more indistinguishable from the benevolent liberalism that moved slowly forward from social reform to social reform.

Still its goal did remain as visibly a system of pure collectivism. It did seem to be marching, however slowly, to a condition of things in which the State would own and control all the industrial machinery of society, would exercise its sway over every single activity of the individual from the cradle to the grave.

And that prospect, long before it grew near, became alarming to socialists themselves. Because the main inspiration of very many of them was precisely the desire of freedom: because they were reacting not so much against the material miseries as against the tyrannies of the capitalist system, they began to rebel in anticipation against the vision of a Collectivist State. They began to see it as a mere substitution of one big for many petty tyrants. The easy sophism that the State is the people failed to convince men who saw the State more and more as a growing and unchecked bureaucracy. The assurance that "under Socialism we shall all be officials" alarmed rather than reassured.

Labour began to find that in industries and undertakings that were state owned, its troubles were pretty much the same as under private capitalism. The "control" exercised by the democracy through the machinery of Parliament was seen to be too indirect, too vague to be in any way appreciably effective. Government and municipal employees found the need for trade unionism to be as great for them as for their fellows in private industry. They found in a word that their status was unaltered: that, if anything, the Government official was a more rigid master than the private employer.

The question, too, began to be asked. How can an already complex governmental machine and an already overworked parliament possibly take over and conduct efficiently another mass of functions greater in bulk and more complex in structure than those it already controlled? If to the Post Office, you add the railways and the mines: if to the railways and the mines you add cotton and wool and iron and engineering: is it in any way credible that all these undertakings can be conducted efficiently by government departments? Is it not certainly clear that no Parliament would ever begin to keep the shadow of control over them; that the greater the number of your departments the more irresponsible and uncontrolled your officials.

Thus from every side the criticism of state socialism multiplied. It seemed certain to produce merely a highly centralised, uncontrolled bureaucracy

under which life might indeed be materially tolerable, but under which freedom would be only a memory and democracy but the shadow of a name.

Add to this the fact that the biggest experiments in state and municipal socialism were being made in Germany, which was the admired model of Fabians and of social reformers, and that the character of the German polity was producing there an intense aversion to the State and all its ways. Add again that the German model was being copied, and that, even before the war, the British state was slowly adapting itself to the German pattern, tending to become more and more centralised, more and more authoritative, more and more encroaching upon individual freedom. We were heading, as Mr. Belloc came forward to warn us, directly for a Servile State.

The criticism grew and grew. The anti-State feeling began to revive. It was clear that the hopes of the French revolutionary epoch had not been fulfilled, that the change from personal monarchy to formal democracy had not safeguarded personal freedom: that the State of Rousseau—it would be fairer to say of Rousseau's disciples—could be as heavy a tyrant as Hobbes' Leviathan himself.

Clearly a re-statement had become necessary. Mere vague talk of the social revolution was clearly inadequate. State Socialism would not do. Socialists had been making the mistake of endeavouring to fit their concepts into a framework which had grown up along with—and largely out of—capitalism itself. The State—at any rate in its present form—could not be the instrument through which a Socialist Society would carry out its economic functions.

Yet a mere reversion to individualism was not possible. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton it is true have attempted to find a new form, not for socialism but for individualism. The trouble, they declare, is not the existence of private capital, but its unequal distribution; not the leaving of economic control in private hands, but its concentration in too few hands. And the remedy is to break up the big accumulations, to divide wealth approximately equally: to make every man a small capitalist. So, and so only, they argue, can you ensure individual liberty. For so you will make every man really independent—independent alike of an employer and of the community. Every worker, with his little bit of private property, will be as independent as the peasant on his little freehold estate: he will be able to look the whole world in the face, for he serves not any man.

It was an attractive proposition. But it scarcely took sufficient account of the facts of the problem. It was based too much upon consideration of one industry only—agriculture. Now an agriculture of small holdings is possible. I doubt whether it is permanently possible: whether the peasants of Europe can continue to produce, in the comparatively primitive methods possible for them, sufficient for the needs of the populations they serve. I believe myself that

the revolution in agricultural methods which is even now going on will destroy the independent peasant, and will force him either into some communal system or into capitalism. Even if he persists, he will lose his independence—is already losing it and drifting into the power of the big businesses which buy from him and sell to him and finance him when he needs it.

But this is by the way. The essential thing is that you cannot run many industries as you can run agriculture—on a system of small proprietors. You cannot have little coal mines, or little shipyards or little railways. As soon as you pass from the farm you find yourself in an economy that necessitates the co-operation of large numbers of men in a single organisation.

Very good say the distributivists, then make them all owners instead of employees. Possible certainly, but a very different thing from the distributivism from which we started. This kind of ownership is not the independent ownership of the peasant. It is collective ownership of a large number. And all your problems come crowding back upon you—especially that central problem of how to reconcile liberty with authority. Your worker has again become a unit in a big association, in which he can only exercise control through some kind of vote, through some system of democracy. The distributivist has only led you out of the wood by a path which doubles back into it.

Adapt his original principles to the exigencies of the facts and he becomes willy nilly a socialist of some kind once again.

Let me restate the problem as it began to be seen.

Industry involves the grouping of bodies of men in association for co-operative production. How are those associations to be formed, and how governed. Who is to be the owner of the instruments they use, of the material they work on, of the product they achieve.

The older capitalist system gave ownership and control into the hands of a single man: the master. He owned the business and its products. The workers merely sold him their labour: and over their labour he had full control, modified only by such restrictions as the State or they themselves by combination might impose upon him.

The development of the joint-stock company in the nineteenth century brought in—or at least developed—a slightly variant form. The ownership and the control—in law and in theory at any rate—of an enterprise—passed into the hands of a group of “shareholders”; a purely haphazard collection of individuals who chanced to have bought shares entitling them to a portion of the profits and a voice in the control. Naturally in practice their interest tended to be limited to the receipt of dividends, and the actual control lay in the hands of a few directors and a body of salaried officials.

What, socialists were asking, were the possible alternatives?

You could vest ownership and control in the hands of the whole population of a country. That is State Socialism.

You could vest them in the case of each industry in the hands of the whole body of the people engaged in that industry : or you might endeavour some combination of these two arrangements.

These last solutions began to be seriously considered : the theories of syndicalism and guild socialism began to be evolved.

They were not it is true reached by that process of elimination. But they were very largely reached by way of strong reaction against the threatening tyranny of the sovereign pseudo-democratic state.

The syndicalist, reacting the more violently, demands the entire abolition of the state, the passing of all social functions into the hands of the democratically organised producers—the Industrial Unions which are to grow out of and supersede the existing Trade Unions.

The Guild Socialist on the other hand sees in this machinery merely a new form of the very sovereignty from which he recoils. A society in which all power is in the hands of big unions and of some federal body embracing them all is but the old Leviathan in a new guise : a Leviathan built up of industrial instead of geographical units : but equally powerful, equally despotic, equally fatal alike to freedom and to efficiency.

The Guildsman, seeking relief from sovereignty itself, harps back to an older theme—to the division of sovereignty : to the idea of checks and balances. To prevent Leviathan from being too powerful, he will dismember Leviathan : or rather he will call a Behemoth into existence to hold Leviathan in check. He will, to abandon metaphor, divide sovereignty between a system of Industrial Guilds—democratic organisations of producers, and a decentralised state—a democratic organisation of citizens and consumers. And by so preventing the concentration of social power into the hands of a single organisation, he hopes to secure the maximum of individual liberty possible within an organised community.

It is, as I have said, in some measure a harping back to an older scheme. Three main endeavours there have been to partition political sovereignty. The attempt in the British constitution of the eighteenth century, to provide a balance between King and Lords and Commons : the attempt in the American constitution, and, in some measure in the British, to distribute sovereignty between a legislature, an executive and a judicature, all independent the one of the other : and the myriad attempts, in federal constitutions to make a balance between central and local governments.

To discuss these and the reasons for their various degrees of failure is matter, not for a paragraph, but for a book. But in one brief sentence, there is this main distinction between them all and the partition proposed by the Guild

Socialists—that his division is a far clearer and far more definite division by function than were any of these others.

To keep for the State control of non-industrial affairs—I use the word “industry” in the very widest sense: to give it, as representing the consumers, and say in the decision of quantity and quality and price of product: and to hand over to the producers guilds the whole of the detailed organisation of production itself: that, in brief, is the plan. And it is a plan which on the face of it accords not only with political theory but with common sense: the common sense which gives to each body of men the management of the work they do actually understand.

Carry it out to its logical conclusion. Decentralise the state itself as far as possible. Decentralise the Guilds themselves to the utmost, making each workshop, each factory, each locality self-governing in its own affairs, controlled only in so far as is needed to fit it co-ordinately into the whole general plan of co-operation—and have you not precisely the philosophy of the Gothic cathedral—the unity of the whole combined with the utmost possible freedom in detail.

There are other analogies than this. There is the fact that Gothic architecture is the characteristic product of a period in which, as not before or since, the worker, in partnership with his fellows, did actually control, to a large degree, his own work: that it was the product of a guild system akin, in more than the mere name, to that which we envisage.

But the point I wish to stress is that the newest developments of socialist thought are concerned above all things with that problem of balancing communal authority with individual freedom.

None of us, I think, imagine for a moment that a Guild system, for all its breaking up of sovereignty, is a solution of the problem. Have I not said already that it is insoluble: that the jar and conflict must go on: that the individual in a society is condemned for ever to struggle for a liberty he can never completely achieve: that a society by the very laws of its nature must always seek to exert an authority it can never completely exercise?

That battle cannot be avoided: it is the penalty of the self-contradiction that is latent in democracy as in all living things. And to the questioner democracy must make Whitman's bold answer: “I contradict myself? Very well, then I—contradict myself!”

All that I would claim for Guild Socialism is not that it will give us perfect freedom or even the best possible organisation of society: but simply this. That at the present time the power of the State over the individual is too great: that State Socialism would make it greater still: that, instead we must seek some means of lessening it: and that the Guild system by setting up another organisation coequal with the State itself, provides the best visible means of doing so.

Further that the Guild system does give opportunity for—does indeed lead logically to—a far-reaching decentralisation both political and industrial which again will make democratic control more really democratic and so again extend freedom.

But that will not make free men? It is true. No system, no scheme of social organisation can make men free. That they must always do for themselves. They themselves must carry on the perpetual struggle. The first essential to freedom is the will to be free: the will, in Whitman's phrase, to "rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons": the will "to the laws to themselves and to depend on themselves".

Does that will exist in the great mass of men? On the answer to that question depends the whole future of the race. For without freedom all else of value is unattainable. First, in Metzsche's parable must the patient, burden bearing camel become the lion.

"Freedom will it capture, and lordship in its own wilderness."

"To create new values—that, even the lion cannot yet accomplish: but to create itself freedom for new creating—that can the might of the lion do."

And then—the lion shall become a little child.

"Innocence is the child and forgetfulness, a new beginning, a game, a self-rolling wheel, a first movement, a holy Yea."

But that, and those new values, are for the future. To-day man, the mass of man, is but in the first stage of the three. He is the strong, patient, load-bearing, camel.

Will he become the lion and win that freedom? All hangs on that. Yet who dare answer confidently.

W. N. Ewer

A SONG OF DESTRUCTIVE BEAUTY

DEIRDRE and Helen—names
They gave you passing by.
Emain and Troy in flames
Your answer to their sigh.

O hand to which ours have flown,
Beggars for rest and meat !
You sow, where we have sown,
Fierce poppies through our wheat,

Smiting through dull content
Destructive beauty's shine ;
Torch-trailing foxes sent
Through the fields of the philistine.¹

Deirdre and Helen ! we
Who loved you long ago,
Still as felicity
Count your most shattering blow,

Knowing that till the bread
Be broke, the wine be spilled,
Love's feast cannot be spread,
Life's utmost be fulfilled ;

Else were our dreaming vain
Short of the end whereto
Suffers the heart and brain—
Lost, to be lost in you.

Deirdre and Helen ! take
What name, what shape you please ;
But, for your lovers' sake,
Grant us no deadening ease

With some poor perfect gift
Staling and swiftly spent.
Rather our vision lift
Through high bewilderment

Unto a purer pride,
Whether our singing give
Sorrow because you died,
Laughter that still you live.

JAMES H. COUSINS

¹ Deirdre is the Helen of Irish legend, Emain the Irish Troy.—Judges, XV, 4, 5.

THE LAST JOURNEY OF LIU-LANG

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of *The Peony of Pao-Yu*, *The Land of the Yellow Spring*, etc.)

WHEN Liu-lang was a boy he stood on his head in a street in Peking. A mandarin, merry with wine, chanced to pass that way, and was so amused by the spectacle that he gave the youth five hundred cash, prophesying that Liu-lang would become so famous an acrobat that some day he would be able to stand on a single eyelash.

Liu-lang, having made a face at the retreating wine-bibber, threaded the cash round his neck and went to the house of his grandmother.

Now Liu-lang's grandmother was always hard up, and when she saw the copper cash gleaming on the person of her grandson, she sought to obtain those useful coins herself. The lady agreed to extortionate terms, and the more readily since she had no intention of paying interest, nor did she propose in her own heart to return the principal.

Liu-lang soon discovered the wicked intentions of his grandmother. Having found that the old lady had a horror of spiders, he collected the largest and most villainous-looking specimens he could find, and, placing them in a box, bearing the characters, "Choice pears from a loving grandson," sent the gift to his grandmother.

The old lady, having fainted and screamed many times on discovering the spiders, went to a money-lender and repaid her debt.

The boy was so pleased with the success of his venture that instead of becoming a famous acrobat, he resolved to become the most prosperous and the most infamous usurer in China.

Fortune favoured Liu-lang. When farmers could not pay their interest in cash, he secured their crops of sweet potatoes and grain, and sold them at fabulous prices in time of famine. When the harvest was poor, he forced farmers to sell their children to him, and in supplying labour and the matrimonial market he prospered exceedingly.

Liu-lang married. His wife's wedding portion was considerable, and having converted it to his own use and made his spouse a beast of burden, he put poison in her tea and ended her miserable existence.

At a time when Liu-lang had accumulated a vast fortune, he became aware of a sudden indisposition. He began to shake like a wind-blown leaf, and the most trifling business affair assumed gigantic proportions as his physical weakness increased.

Eventually Liu-lang set out in a palanquin to see the famous Dr. Chou Kung.

Chou Kung examined Liu-lang with an ever lengthening countenance. His long fingers, after the manner of Chinese physicians, played up and down the right wrist of his patient, and then up and down the left one.

Suddenly Chou Kung buried his face in his hands and began to weep.

"I came to see a doctor," exclaimed Liu-lang angrily, "and not a professional mourner."

"You have made doctor and mourner one."

"What do you mean?"

"My poor fellow, your inside is the most deplorable one I have ever known, for it is riddled with every conceivable, and inconceivable, disease. If I give you distilled rabbits' blood mixed with the crushed bone of a mandarin who has never succumbed to bribery and corruption I might be able to cure one complaint, but in the meantime the other maladies would speedily triumph over your sadly debilitated body. You are beyond the power of the most skilled physician, and I would advise you to lose no time in preparing for another world."

Liu-lang left the doctor's house with a heavy heast. While he stood lost in gloomy meditation Pu, a Taoist priest, accosted his friend the money-lender. "Liu-lang," said he, "your delightful countenance is lacking in its accustomed expression of joy. What is your trouble?"

"My trouble," replied Liu-lang, "is that I am about to exchange this world for another, and I must confess that I am a little uneasy as to the nature of my future existence."

"Have no fear on that account. You have been a benefactor to mankind. You have ever been ready to lend sorely needed money, and with careful instruction, which I shall be pleased to provide, you have the makings of a choice saint fit to occupy the Pavilion of the Sun, and to extract from every nook and cranny of the Heavenly Regions those pleasures which you are singularly fitted to enjoy."

"O excellent and tactful Pu, make haste to convert me into a saint!"

"It will take time," replied the priest. "It will also cost money."

"How much?" inquired the cautious Liu-lang.

"Two thousand taels," replied Pu with an ingratiating smile.

"Two thousand taels! That is a lot of money. Pu, you ask too much!"

"As you will. Heaven is cheap for two thousand ounces of silver. If you expended the whole of your wealth on such a boon, the money would be well spent. Two thousand taels for immortality: for converse with the Gods: for the ability to perform miracles: for the joy of sojourning in fair gardens with maidens so beautiful and so alluring—"

"I will give you two thousand taels," said Liu-lang. "You shall have them this evening."

That night horses arrived at the house of Pu with swaying bags round their necks. Liu-lang unfastened the bags himself and spread the silver ingots on the floor while the priest counted them.

Liu-lang carried out the instructions of Pu with scrupulous care. He had to perform a number of most exacting austerities. He was compelled to spend sleepless nights wrestling with the profundities of Tao. All earthly pleasures were denied him, and at times he found it extremely difficult to control a temper by no means remarkable for its sweetness.

At length Liu-lang began to boast of his holiness. He was able to turn a goldfish into a lady's slipper, with only the sole missing, and his incomprehensible eloquence in expounding certain occult texts left his hearers amazed and stupefied.

"Well," said Liu-lang to Pu one day, "the maple leaves are already turning scarlet. The nights are somewhat chilly, and I long for the warmth of the Pavilion of the Sun."

"You are ready," replied Pu, "but before I give you the precious elixir of immortal life I shall require another two thousand taels."

"What!" roared Liu-lang. "You old—"

"Do not undo the good you have attained during these blessed weeks of initiation by using harsh language, and above all express not anger either in speech or by the expression of your comely countenance."

Liu-lang controlled his feelings admirably. A sweet smile radiated his face. "My master," said he, "take another two thousand taels. I give them to you with boundless pleasure."

When Pu had received the silver, he handed Liu-lang, while they were standing together in the priest's garden, a small bowl containing the elixir of life.

"Drink, O noble one!" exclaimed Pu.

Liu-lang drank the elixir and rose rapidly into the sky. He rose with the palms of his hands pressed together and a smile of self-satisfaction upon his face.

Presently Liu-lang found himself in Heaven. He saw the Pavilion of the Sun flashing like a cascade of jewels. He saw gardens of rare beauty, and celestial palaces rising tier above tier.

The usurer stood for a moment on a little hill. "How good it is to be here!" he exclaimed. When he had uttered these words several times he chanced to see the Eight Immortals standing together. They were smiling and bowing to each other, and their lovely foreheads were serenely calm.

Suddenly the Eight Immortals observed Liu-lang, and sixteen august eyebrows shot upwards in a curve of acute surprise. The spirits whispered together for a moment, and then, hand in hand, sailed like a golden cloud to the hill where the money-lender stood bowing before them.

"We know you," said the Eight Immortals.

"Thank you. It is good to discover that my fame has reached the Celestial Religions."

"We know you," repeated the Immortal Eight, "and fear you will not find the Pavilion of the Sun warm enough."

Liu-lang raised a deprecating hand, gratified by the tender consideration he had received.

"Not warm enough!" shouted the Blessed Ones, pointing to a glow of fire and a dark cloud of smoke far below them. "When you turned a goldfish into a lady's slipper, the sole was missing. The soul is also missing in you, and so we give you a new name—Shih Ch'ing-hsü (Stone from Heaven)."

"Perceiving," said one of the Eight Immortals, "that our exquisite language and our exalted courtesy are wasted upon you, let us sum up our meaning in three blow-like words: *Go to Hell!*"

And Liu-lang went to Hell exceedingly swiftly.

F. Hadland Davis

THE BURNING OF THE GOLDEN CITY

By HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAY

*I met an old man in my dreams one day
While I was walking through the woods of sleep
His eyes were prophets of some far-away
Miraculous event . . . A sense of deep
And singing silence seemed to subtly stray
About his heart so old so mystic-grey.*

*Beside my thoughts he stood and calmly gazing
Across my soul he wrought strange words of fire
Into my being with his pale hands raising
The curtain of man's picturesque desire
Until I saw God, His own beauty praising
In white star-twinkles and the sun's red blazing.*

*After an hour of silentness sublime
The old man spake to me "The earth belongs
To Him who taught all sky and earth to rhyme
And lumined birds with throbbing lamps of songs,
Who hears Eternity forever chime
Through changing palaces of space and time.*

*"You hear it not . . . Dead is your human sight;
Blind vacancy hath overcome your eyes
And you can hardly now distinguish light
From darkness, and the foolish from the wise . . .
You grope in dungeon-cells and strive to fight
In ignorance with God upon the height.*

*"Man's soul is dead and all his Beauty bitten
By the dull snake that crawls in human flesh . . .
Extinguished is his glory and deep-smitten
The World-Youth that was once so strong and fresh . . .*

"Earth's body lies dust-covered, torn and mangled
By cruel hands that Nature strive to burst,
Her pure proud throat of age-long splendour strangled
And crushed unsatisfied her sacred thirst.

"O! where are you, Sweet Spirit of the ages
That breathed your fragrance in the world of yore?
Where are the dreamers fled, where sing the sages
That once sang of His love at man's poor door?

"Echo replies in tenfold passion throbbing
Ashes are greyly strewn where once leapt fire,
And God, in friendless solitude is sobbing
Among His broken ruins of desire.

"Behold! the very birds have changed their fluting!
The very flowers have ceased to open free
Petals of ancient dyes since man's uprooting
Of Nature's Bliss and inner liberty.

"How the dim forests tremble at the gory
Thought of the hunter's revelling in blood!
How the white moon forgets her own sweet story
And the wings wither in each starry bud.

"Upon the earth there dwells but little pity,
But little sympathy among mankind . . .
Look! ye have burnt God's wondrous golden City
But He forgives you since that you are blind."

Thus spake the old man to me in my dreams
And vanished into thin ethereal space,
Flooding with memory of resplendent gleams
The awful sorrowing shadows on my face.

I pondered long among the realms of sleep
And trembled at the thought that earth was dead
Methought I saw me stand alone and weep
With God the broken and uncomforted.

I seemed to see innumerable things
Of myriad shapes and colours fill my eyes . . .
And of a mighty throne of sufferings
That flashes in the Kingdom of the skies,

Of a vast King whose crown beside him shone
Unworn unhonoured by his royal head . . .
Of starless darkness, of a quiet dawn
That at its birth of light was cold and dead.

Of faeries without pinions . . . Of divine
Majestic prophets drooping tired with words . . .
Of cups half-shattered and o'er-toppled wine,
Of dark bruised fruit, of pale and wounded birds.

I seemed to walk the way of real Life
And saw the rain-clouds hunger after gold
Of the bright sunshine, and the poor at strife
With the rich world, the Young heart with the old.

I watched the shadow of the earth go by
With its long trail of ghastly fantasies . . .
Men groaning like wild beasts ; I heard the cry
Of naked women with sad hungry eyes.

I gazed into the shrieking Universe
And saw Illusion weave her magic mesh . . .
Disease and devastation and the curse
Of lovely souls converted into flesh.

And over all these shadows lo ! I cried
To see the great God bending like a poor
Slave stripped of all His majesty and pride
Knocking for sympathy at man's proud door . . .

Crying, " Give back my royal robes of power,
My kingdom of vast silence, and my throne
Of First Creation, give me back the Flower
Of Peace whose seed my hands have shaped and sown.

" Give back my ancient glory and renown
Nor trouble me with blasphemy and curse . . .
Rebuild what you pulled mercilessly down
And give me back my wondrous Universe.

" I want even more than these, O splendid Earth !
Give me your love that I may fashion things
With greater loveliness, and feel the birth
Of Grander dreams in all my sufferings."

At heart I bled to think that I possessed
A human body and a mortal mind . . .
A million sorrows blossomed in my breast
And I went weeping over humankind

Treading the lonely roadway of my heart . . .
I said, " I shall go on a pilgrimage
Unto that ruined City far apart
From the loud traffic of this heartless age . . .

" There I shall offer in humility
My few, though glowing flowers of silent bliss,
And through his golden touch begin to see
The world with the rich vision that is His.

" There I shall speak with Him and weep with Him
Over the broken world He built so warm
And beautiful, until the passions dim
Of men swept by and took its wealth by storm . . .

" And sitting by His side shall re-create
The destiny of ages, and re-make
The shattered City-walls, and a new Gate
Cut-open for a new world's glorious sake.

" Poor God ! how spent your energies, how pale
Your lips that sang of mystery and power . . .
How helpless among men, how sad your wail
When they undo you in their mortal hour.

"Where is your potency? where is that great
Invincible and unvanquishable pride
That filled you once? Yours is a beggar's fate
And man stands like a monarch by your side!

"God! wherefore did your hands invent the brain
Of human creatures . . . Now it burns your skies
With stange defiance binding in a chain
Your heart, your vision, and your sacred eyes . . .

"Look! how it works against you, God above!
Bursting your sheath of mystery sublime
Breaking your laws of loveliness and love
And conquering the citadels of Time.

"It holds your starry messages in thrall
And scorns the secret paths of sun and moon . . .
It laughs at your quiet ways and breaks the wall
Of your old palace built of rhyme and tune.

"You know what heights the human brain has dared,
What mighty promontories and what crags!
What kingly raptures drunken never shared
By you, O Beggar! in contemptuous rags.

"God! they have fathomed every song you sing . . .
And every word you utter they have made
Their own . . . With knowledge they have clipped your wing
That you might only flutter in the shade

"Nor soar into the realms of flame and light
Where you to fashion many worlds began . . .
Lo! they have plucked your rich creative sight
And starred your body with the eyes of man.

"They know your moods, your wanderings, your ways
Imprisoned in their power you lie alone
While they refashion all your nights and days
And mould your mind according to their own.

" You that were Master once now sit and learn
At the proud feet of earth, reading its clods
Like books of knowledge, and you darkly burn
Within to see innumerable gods

" People the world . . . You thought, dear God, at first
To make the Universe and rule its globe
Alone to satisfy your kingly thirst . . .
One only King clad in a star-wrought robe!

" But you were ignorant with all your dream
Of your new world, impulsive was the spark
That painted chaos with the final gleam
Of vast creation burning in the dark.

" God! only the rose-buds have been true to you . . .
Only the singing-birds, and mellow showers
Of weeping rain . . . only the drops of dew . . .
And glowing fruits, the seasons and the flowers.

" Only the purple bees have kept your trust
Clean and untarnished . . . Only skies have hung
Unflinching . . . Only the silver dust
Of stars have heard the utterance of your tongue.

" Nature has never murmured . . . She has wrought
Fulfillment of your longings through the years . . .
But Man was the proud thing that heeded not . . .
He was the first to trouble you with tears.

" And yet you cannot blame him, gentle God . . .
For he is full of consciousness that glows
Painting his flesh as you do paint the sod,
With myriad colours of the spirit's Rose.

" His human vessel in deep consciousness
Of ever-burning power begins to be
A lamp that turns your age-long loveliness
Into a shadowy unreality.

"But weep not," then I cried, "The world is ours
When we together fashion it a-new,
Change the old scheme of things, re-think the flowers
And give the skies another shade of blue . . .

"Fill bird-throats with new melody, the fire
Of lightnings change and thunder's ancient note . . .
Re-write the poem of your first Desire
And weave fresh garlands for earth's crimson throat.

"Crush the brute hunger in the soul of man
And let his godlike passions blossom still . . .
God! there must be no difference twixt the plan
Of your majestic will and human will.

"Call every man your brother when your hand
Re-fashions him without a fleck and gives
His flesh the spirit's sense to understand
Naught but of perfect beauty while he lives.

"Strangle the jealousy that floods your heart
When you behold god-genius on the earth . . .
You must not tread from your new world apart
Conscious you are divine by ancient birth.

"We shall re-build the Golden City-walls
But nearer human homes and mortal lands
That you may hear when earthly sorrow calls
And touch its burning bosom with your hands . . .

"That we in turn may feel our bodies near
Your palace, so whene'er your spirit cries
To soothe your anguish, wipe away your tear
And with our smiles illuminate your eyes.

"The wall that severs Human and Divine
Must crumble into dust without a voice . . .
Until from out one cup we drink the Wine
Of mutual understanding and rejoice."

*For many hours and many miles I trod
In sleep towards that City far-away . . .
When lo! I woke and found the mouth of God
Red with the sunshine of another day.*

H. Chattopadhyay

THE MAGIC FLUTE

ON the sky's cerulean lyre
How you strike your tune of fire
Till the stars begin to burst
Flaming with melodious thirst
And that same wild touch of you
That is burning in the blue
Passionate anguish of the skies
Stirs my body into eyes.

On my poor heart's broken lyre
How you strike your notes of fire.
You are conscious that my heart
Will spontaneously start
To your touch and flood your sky
With a wild eternal cry
Making of my earthly scars
A white festival of stars.

H. C.

IS ISLAM INTOLERANT?

By SIBGHATULLA CHIDA

IT is a threadbare complaint of Islam that Christianity, its great evangelising rival, has never done justice to its doctrines. It is, perhaps, no exaggeration to say that between a Muslim critic of Christianity and a Christian critic of Islam the difference is one of the nature of the antipodes. The one invariably approaches his subject with a fair and impartial mind and the other performs his task with a deep-rooted bitter prejudice. The reason is not far to seek.

Islam has never pretended to teach its votaries that Christianity was not a revealed religion. It has always professed the highest veneration for its Founder. The acknowledgment of Christ as a true Prophet is inculcated by Islam as a fundamental article of faith. It has never affected to impugn the divine mission of Christ as one intended to bring about the true happiness and moral perfection of man in his individual and social capacity and the instrumentality of the refinement, perfection and combination of the scattered elements of moral and intellectual cultivation implanted by the preceding divine missions. Nor is it the Founder of the Christian religion alone that has commanded the religious reverence and adoration of the Muslims. They are no less devout in their religious fervour in relation to his mother, the Virgin Mary. For be it remembered that it was the Founder of Islam that took up the cudgels earnestly and vehemently in defence of her chastity against her traducers and inculcated the doctrine of her Immaculate Conception. To this doctrine the Koran bears solemn and impressive testimony.

Contrast this with the attitude of Christianity in connection with Islam. Its priesthood which has naturally influenced the prevailing beliefs of the laity has never concealed its bitter antagonism to, and hatred of, Islam. In clerical eyes Muhammad, the Founder of Islam, was none but an impostor. Thus Christian countries from their infancy were lulled in the cradle of this belief. With judgment so warped a Christian critic must be more than human if he can make an investigation of the tenets of Islam in that rational and impartial spirit which bare justice or the gravity of the subject demands. This bias has been the characteristic of the investigations of the few learned writers who have made the

attempt. They do not view the theory of the causes which led to the mission of Jesus Christ as applicable to the advent of Muhammad's mission. Islam made no new claim. It was only a repetition of what happened for the origin of Christianity. The object of a divine mission could not be fundamentally different for the advent of different prophets. Islam never laid claim to the revelation of a totally new religion. The degeneration of the previous historical religions created the necessity for the mission of Christ. And the degeneration of Christianity established the need for the mission of Muhammad. The contention of Islam has, accordingly, been that the purity of the Christian religion as preached by Jesus Christ deplorably disappeared. A thousand and one reprehensible accretions resulting from the irreligious influences of the priesthood, of national character, of the spirit of the times and of contact with politics and sciences had so changed the character of the religion and led to its deterioration as to pave the way for a fresh mission to further direct, concentrate and combine the endeavours of past missions to convey to all ranks of mankind the highest ideals, the most potent truths, the most fundamental principles, the purest laws, all intended to demonstrate the possibility of virtue.

It is, by no means, the purpose of the foregoing lines to enter into a controversy as to the relative merits or demerits of Islam or Christianity. They are only intended to give the reader a general idea of the disqualification of Christian writers to make an impartial historical investigation of the true tenets of Islam which Muhammad himself professed, practised in his life and laboured, against untold persecution, to preach to the world. To critics of this type Islam appeals as nothing but a 'religion of the sword' its propagation having been affected by sheer force and compulsion. They do not even pause to reflect that the word itself means thorough submission to the Almighty nor that the essential condition of profession of Islam is "mental conviction" of its truth. One might well query whether a religion of compulsion could possibly obtain so strong a hold of the minds of about two hundred millions of the human race, and whether in regions where Christian missionaries, with abundant resources and systematic organisations have failed to make an appreciable impression, Islam, 'a religion of compulsion,' without the one or the other, could make such marvellous progress. The case of the conversions of African tribes is a striking instance.

Briefly, it is a common fallacy to suppose that Islam whose mission was the propagation of true religion, enforced it at the point of the sword, and that Islam offered no alternative to conversion but war. The 'sword' has always been an emblem of power or superiority. The circumstances which led to the expansion of the Muslim conquests need no discussion here. It is sufficient to assert that the *Jesia* or tribute was the invariable alternative to war and that those who chose to accept it were left unmolested in religion. Conversion to religion, on the other hand, always followed from the result of the preachings of the new religion and

conviction of the truth of its doctrines. The practical principles of Islam do not differ in their tolerant spirit from its attitude of impartiality towards Christianity cursorily noticed above. The event of the conquest of Jerusalem by Caliph Omar throws a flood of light on this aspect of the tenets of Islam. The Muslim forces at the time were in the plenitude of their glory and renown. Their very approach to Jerusalem cowed the spirit of the Christian defenders into subjugation and they sued for peace. No action consequently ensued . . . and the Caliph himself drafted the treaty. The terms made unequivocal provision for the affording of protection to life, property and *religion*. In regard to the churches and other sacred places of the Christians, it was expressly provided that they should not be demolished, that no injury of any kind should be done to them and that their precincts should be immune from interference on the part of the Muslims. In deference to the sentiments of the Christians, who believed that the Jews were the perpetrators of Christ's Crucifixion and in view of the occurrence having taken place at Jerusalem, the Caliph even agreed to the condition that the Jews should not remain in the city. As regards the Grecians, in spite of the fact that they had warred against the Muslims and were looked upon as their real enemies, option was granted them of either remaining in Jerusalem or leaving the place, and in *either* case not only the privilege of Muslim protection but also non-interference with their places of worship formed a condition of the treaty. Furthermore, it was stipulated that if the Christians of Jerusalem were disposed to quit their homes to join the Romans such a course should not be objected to but, on the other hand, even in *that* event their places of worship in Jerusalem should remain safe and unmolested. The *only* condition imposed on the other party—the Christians—was the payment of the promised tribute. Can history point to a more tolerant treatment of a vanquished foe or a subject race of a different faith? Let this not be regarded as an exceptional instance. It was, on the contrary typical of Islamic doctrines. Take the instance of the then two neighbouring States, namely, the Roman Empire and Persia. In both the rights of the alien races were no better than those of helots. In Syria the Christians were the co-religionists of the Romans, and yet they enjoyed no proprietary right over the land in their possession. On the other hand, they were looked upon as property themselves, and a transfer of land involved their transfer as well and the new transferee acquired the same rights over them as the old. The condition of the Jews was more despicable. In fact they could claim no right of any kind as subjects. The lot of the Christians in Persia was more pitiable still. A new era dawned upon these regions with their conquest by the Arabs. The privileges accorded to them by the Caliph made the conquered races forget that they were subjects. They were on a level of equality with the conquerors. An unbiassed study of the policy pursued and enjoined by the Caliph would not fail to show that the rights it accorded, in conformity with

the essential principles of Islam, were such as are not enjoyed by the subject races of modern Europe with all the advanced enlightenment of centuries.

No sane person can contend that the world can ever be immune from outbursts of religious fanaticism or fury. But it is manifestly inequitable to twist them as warranted by the principles of religion. Christian critics, above all, should not forget that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones at others. They should remember the Inquisition and its horrible sentences against what Christianity of the time regarded as heretics and adherents of false dogmas and against their fortune, their honour and their lives without appeal. It made the south of France a scene of blood and its atrocious operations extended to other countries. Of hundreds of thousands of the victims of the Spanish Inquisition about thirty-two thousand were burnt. Other instances of Christian atrocities are not wanting in history. Would Christian critics of Islam concede that Christianity can be called a 'religion of sword and fire' on this account? No parallel of such intolerant persecutions committed in the sacred name of religion can be found in the annals of Islam.

The absence of an unprejudiced investigation of Islam has, as observed above, been the common fault of Christian critics, though to the credit of some recent writers it should be gratefully acknowledged that they have exposed the injustice and prejudiced judgment of such critics. What is of more concern here is the influence this judgment has exercised over the minds of the non-Muslim races in India. Misled by the perverted verdict, they have come to view Islam as synonymous with intolerance. The recent occasion of a lecture in the Madras Victoria Hall by a Muslim missionary of Northern India would still be fresh in the minds of the Madras public. The lecturer, it is true, is popularly believed to be an adherent of the new sect of the Qadianis, which has sprung up in the north of India and whose doctrines, in several important matters, are opposed to the recognised tenets of the orthodox Muslim faith. His picture of Islam did not, in consequence, wholly coincide with the common acceptance of its doctrines. But what is pertinent to the point at issue is that the lecturer's expatiation of the aspect of religious toleration as inculcated by Islam created no little surprise amongst the most educated of his non-Muslim audience. Islam has not been a subject of original investigation on their part. They have been content to survey that great system of religion through the tinted glasses furnished by prejudiced Christian critics. This has formed the ground-work for the fallacious impression of the Hindus. On this rotten foundation some Hindu writers have built the superstructure of their corroboration deduced from questionable premises. The allusion here is to the accusation against Muslim Rulers of India that their attitude towards Hindu sacred books and Hindu ethics was one of deliberate disdain bred of religious intolerance. One writer who reluctantly

concedes that some exception might be made in favour of Akbar, though in a very restricted sense, has gone to the length of so depicting the spirit of intolerance in Islam as to have disposed the Muslim Rulers of India to condemn as an infidel one who dared to direct his attention towards Hindu works on moral science or literature. Enough has been said above to repel the charge of intolerance against the principles of Islam both in theory and in practice. Assuming, for argument's sake, that the Muslim Rulers of India were guilty of the charge brought against them in their relations with the Hindus it would be unjust to account for it as due to religious intolerance. It may be remarked, in passing, that how far such an impression contributed to the gradual estrangement of the two communities, would perhaps be an interesting subject of study. But, digression apart, the very contention of such attitude on the part of Muslim Rulers of India cannot be admitted to rest on any solid foundation. It would be instructive to make a brief survey of historical facts which would reveal the truth in this connection.

Shibli, a very accurate historian of modern times, alludes in one of his works to the zealous interest which the Muslims have evinced in learning the literature and arts of the Hindus and to the proficiency which they had acquired in both ; and mentions the instances of one Muslim theologian who had made India his home for the purpose of studying Hindu arts and literature in Sanskrit ; of another who spent sixteen years for the study of Sanskrit lore and whose comprehensive work on the subjects of his study has been printed in London with a translation in English (Abu Raihan Berouni) ; of the Hindu books translated under the orders of Feroz Shah ; of the remarkable generosity during the reign of Akbar in making translations of various Sanskrit works ; of the profound interest Prince Danial was always evincing in the Hindi language ; and of other researches by Muslim authors including the system of Hindu medicine.

It is noteworthy that the impression that Akbar was the first Ruler in India who broke the barrier of prejudice against the Hindus, admitted their Pandits to his Court and caused translations of Sanskrit books to be made by them, though common, is erroneous. Farishta, the celebrated Persian historian, mentions Zainul-abidin, King of Kashmir, who flourished centuries before Akbar. He granted endowments for Hindu places of worship ; annulled the levy of tribute from them ; and abolished cow-killing. Himself a learned scholar in several languages including *Hindi*, he had various Arabic and Persian books translated into Hindi and Hindi books into Persian, the latter including the famous *Mahabharata*, the translation of which was revised in Akbar's time on account of defective phraseology. Nor was Akbar the first Muslim Ruler who opened the door of administrative affairs to Hindus. The same historian refers to Ibrahim Adil Shah who ruled in the Deccan nearly a quarter of a century before Akbar and who entrusted to the Hindus the affairs of the State to such an extent that for the

efficiency of administration by the Brahmas the Court language was changed from Persian to Hindi. Ibrahim's policy was more significant from the fact that he was, unlike Akbar, known to be very strict in his religion.

The account of the occupation of Kangra by Feroz Shah related by another historian, shows that when that sovereign visited the library, he came across a large number of books by ancient Brahman authors. Eager to know the contents, he called for Brahman Pandits and was much impressed by their exposition. He had some of the books translated into Persian. One of them was natural philosophy and it was so admirably rendered in verse that it was named Feroz Shahi after the King's name and the translator was the recipient of lavish rewards not only of money presents but also of a Jaghir.

Jehanghir, again, unlike his grandfather Akbar, had great regard for his religion. And yet what was his attitude towards Hindu Pandits and ascetics? He did not shrink from difficult journeys to visit them in their own abodes in mountains and forests, in quest of the mysteries and truth of philosophy and religion. His own accounts recorded in his Persian diary of his repeated visits to Judroop, the renowned philosopher and recluse of his time, which narrate the necessity of the great sovereign's walking on foot several furlongs to approach his destination, and his spending long hours in discussion bear unmistakable testimony to his zeal for the study of Hindu religion and his esteem for its learned exponents.

It may, perchance, be argued that the position of sovereigns and royalties might, on the one hand, have rendered it diplomatic to show some encouragement to Hindu books of religion and science and might on the other, have shielded them from public odium. This argument is equally untenable. For, instances are not wanting in history of independent researches by Muslim authors who flourished during different reigns. References exist in various works, resulting from such researches, showing that they always held India in affectionate esteem as much for its natural beauties as for its sciences and learning. One such author refers to India as 'the land where books were first written and whence the stream of knowledge and wisdom first flowed' and writes that "it is a generally accepted proposition that the Greek sages excelled all others in the world in Mathematics, but arithmetic and the science of Music are to be excepted; in these two sciences the Hindus have reached a pitch which cannot be excelled; the first has been borrowed by European and other nations from them but the second yet continues to be their monopoly.

Another Muslim author refers appreciatingly to what he had learnt from his elders regarding the existence of a sage in the Himalayas possessing occult powers by means of which he was able to understand any spoken language.

Amir-i-Khusro is too well known an author to be referred to without his name. In one of his works he has devoted one whole chapter to the virtues and superiority of the land of the Hindus, one of the reasons being their advancement

in learning and sciences. He was not content with demonstrating the high level of the Hindus in this respect. He studied Sanskrit and took pains to investigate the Hindu religion and to compare it with other religions as in vogue, except Islam, and has given the preference to pure Hinduism.

Let these historical facts speak for themselves and let Hindu critics of Islam honestly decide whether the charge of intolerance, be it against Islam or Muslim Rulers, is sustainable from any standpoint.

M. S. Chida

THE MYSTIC ROSE

WHITE flame of the dawn is singing
In my heart . . . Dawn's silver rose
Out of my poor flesh is springing.

Gorgeous colours fill my vision,
All my body burns like gold . . .
Where is this divine Magician ?

He is hiding in the centre
Of my singing and my dream,
But I never saw Him enter !

He is in me I am certain
But between His touch and mine
There shall always hang a curtain.

Out of my poor heart up-bursting
Dawn's immaculate rose of fire
Sets my lonely youth a-thirsting.

H. C.

THE SICK MAN AND HIS IDLE DREAMINGS

THE skies are blue, the clouds are white
And everywhere the flower of light
Its leaves of pulsing fire hath spread —

I lie a sick man in my bed
And watch through tired and weary eyes
The outer world, the trees, the skies
The earth and life's most joyous things
That seem to know my sufferings.

All sick and pale I lie alone
My heart of late hath weary grown
Of youth and life, and yet I strive
To keep my faded dreams alive
Washing their buds with silent tears—
That they may flower in coming years—
I wonder it I'll live to find
The mad magician of my mind
Who hides within and almost seems
To want an age to dream his dreams.

I lie a sick man in my bed—
The world goes by with dusky tread
Outside . . . I hear it through my walls—
Over my spirit something falls
Most shadow-like most grey and dull—
I close my eyes and see my skull
Laugh at its fleshly coverings—
Each thin white bone within me rings
With misery of shadows—Lo!
All silently I seem to grow
Quiet and strange, so full of gloom—
My past sleeps buried in a tomb
Of loneliness—I see death's hand
So near my youth about to brand
Its brow with one long spell of sleep—
Ah! I shall have but few to weep
Ov'r me when I am dead and gone—
And it may be
That with to-morrow's silent dawn
Flung out of mortal memory.

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAY

IDEALISM

O! FOR the dawn of that majestic morn
Whose fires shall chasten human pride and shame .
While peace like some great-hearted queen new-born
Unfolds the true tradition of her name.

O! for the day when meekness will decide
With champion sense the brotherhood of man . . .
When colour, caste and riches' gilded pride
Shall pass beyond a veil no eye can scan.

O! for the hour when we will cease to find
The dazzling altars of the God of Gold . . .
And with a sober Truth-illumined mind
See everywhere the Flower of God unfold.

O! for the moment when pale-hearted guile
Runs out of darkness into fields of light
While charity with her unprisoned smile
Paint the old sorrowing world with new delight.

O! for the time when pagan light will fade
Upon the earth while the Eternal Sun,
The fires of Him whose hand all beauty made
Remould our hearts and make our worship one!

MY THOUGHT-SHIP

I CLOSED my eyes upon this world of grey
And launched my Thought-ship on the burning sea
Of man-unfathomed dim Futurity . . .
And lo! I strove in vain to make my way
For fold on fold the shadows of the sky
Hung over my sad heart . . . a lampless dark
Arrested my true way. A wandering cry
I seemed while yet I steered my lonely bark
Across new knowledge of earth-hidden things . . .
But the sole guerdon of my labouring years
Were sorrow's poignant touch, despair's warm tears
And an eternal fount of sufferings.

PHILIP C. R. JAYASURYA

AIMS OF THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN INDIA

By B. P. WADIA

THE origin of the labour movement in India may be traced to the indifference of the Government towards labourers and their problems; also to the existence of a similar indifference on the part of the educated classes. The Government of India have never put the solution of Labour problems as an important factor in their policy. The educated classes have also not been mindful of it.

There are four distinct classes of labourers existing in the country, and when we look at the legislation enacted to protect the rights and grievances of any of these, the tendency of the Government of India to favour the capitalistic classes becomes apparent.

The first class—and it is a large class—of labourers is agricultural, and includes peasants of different types. I will not go into the details of the life and conditions of these peasants; their indebtedness, their chronic poverty, their continued semi-starvation are well known facts. It is notorious that the Indian peasant is the most heavily taxed peasant in the world, but since his income is very small the amount of his taxation is apparently small also. The second class of labourers is that which works on tea, rubber, coffee and other plantations. The recent strikes in Assam, the descriptions that have from time to time been published of the way in which plantation coolies live and labour, and last but not least the study of the history of germane legislation, clearly indicate how the Government favours the employers of labour. The planters in various parts of the country are well organised; the coolies on the plantations are not, and therefore have suffered, for the Government have invariably favoured the organised capitalists. The third class of labourers works in the mines of India. Their conditions once again are terrible and need only to be described to indicate the lack of legislation for their protection and welfare, and the callousness of the Government in failing to improve their lot. Fourthly there are the factory-going labourers in small and big factories. Their story also is well known, but as the Madras Labour Union, started in 1918—the first to be organised in India—was created for this class of workers, it may be well to look into the history of the factory legislation that has existed in this country.

The Indian Factory Act was passed in 1881; during nearly forty years twice only has that Act been amended. In September, 1890, the Indian Factory Commission was appointed, and then in 1908 the Indian Factory Labour Commission went its round. The Factory Act was amended in 1911 after the publication of the report of the 1908 Commission. The Law now stands as it was amended in 1911; nearly a decade has gone by and the world of labour has made rapid progress in all directions and has thus revealed the backward policy of the Government of India in the matter of Labour Legislation. The Law enables the employer to engage and employ labour for 12 hours a day for 6 days a week, that is, 72 hours a week. Women are allowed to be employed for 11 hours a day. Young persons, that is boys and girls from 9 to 14 years of age, are employed for 6 hours a day. An Indian Civil Servant recently said "from the standpoint of the worker the time taken in going to and returning from the factory must be added to the length of his active day, which cannot be less than 13 hours". While this was written in reference to Bombay, it will be clear that in the City of Madras the day may be longer than 13 hours. In the matter of wages, the Law is dumb; in the matter of sanitation and factory inspection it speaks in halting terms, and those who have practical experience know how superficial is the actual inspection and how ineffective it is really in bettering the lot of the labourer.

Looked at from whatever side, we find that legislation in reference to these four classes of labour is a clear proof of the carelessness and indifference of the Government of India towards labour. While blaming the Government for the absence of any definite policy for the amelioration and uplift of the labouring classes, we must also put on record the apathy and absence of interest of the educated classes towards them.

Let us look at the record of the elected representatives of the people in the Imperial Legislative Council when the Factory Legislation was amended in 1911. It does not inspire us with confidence or hope as to such representatives safeguarding the interests of labour at critical times. An amendment from Mr. Gokhale desiring compulsory education for the children of factory-going labourers, the expense of which was to be borne by the capitalists, was all that the popular representatives put forward and *that* was lost. Nothing emerges from the whole discussion save the prominent fact that the councils, which are now fortunately coming to a close, were governed mainly and chiefly by capitalistic interests. The record of the Indian National Congress in the matter of passing resolutions on the subject of labour, is not a brilliant one, we regret to say. Is there not some justification for remarks like the one quoted below when we examine the Congress record on labour problems?

• "When one finds the National Congress calling upon the Government to protect the raiyats against the zemindars and to revise the comparative immunity

from taxation enjoyed by the latter under the Permanent Settlement, it will be time to believe in the existence of real Indian Liberalism." (*England and India*, by R. Gordon Milburn.)

Let us look at its record in reference to Labour in the years 1908 to 1912. In 1908, as pointed out above, the Labour Commission was collecting facts and taking evidence. In July, 1909, the Indian Factory Bill was introduced and was ultimately passed on the 21st March, 1911. In the Congress Sessions of 1908—9—10—11 not one resolution was passed on the subject of Factory Legislation though the question was before the country and was being discussed in the Imperial Council. I am not forgetting the services rendered by Dr. T. M. Nair in his *Minute of Dissent* to the Report of the Commission of 1908.

Lest I may be charged with criticising the Indian politicians harshly, let me put on record my opinion expressed before the Joint Committee of the two Houses of Parliament that took evidence on the Indian Reforms which are now passed as an Act. In advocating the change in Factory Legislation and settlement of labour disputes from the reserved to the transferred list of subjects I pointed out the advantage of assigning these subjects to the control of the popular representatives. Both the Government and the popular leaders in the past have been negligent of labour interests, but of the two I regard Indian politicians better fitted to look after the interests of their poor brothers than a foreign Government. I said in my evidence: "It is my considered opinion that Indian ministers will be better fitted to carry out adequate factory reforms than the official executive."

In pointing out the defects of the Indian politicians in this particular respect, it is but proper that I put on record my own negligence in the matter up to the year 1918. It is very likely that Indian politicians were in the same condition of ignorance regarding the woes of the Indian labourer as I myself was. My attention was drawn in a somewhat peculiar manner to these labour conditions.

A small religious Sabha unknown to the educated classes of the City was doing some social work among the labourers and two of its members came to me referring to the troubles that the labourers had to face in the course of their work. Engaged as I was in the work of the political emancipation of the country one particular problem had worried me more than others, and that was the safeguarding of the interests of the masses from the exploitation of the rich classes who might any day ally themselves with the British capitalists in the country. The position of the submerged classes of the Madras Presidency and the disregard by the rich of their poorer brethren and other influences at work brought clearly to my mind the great danger of Home Rule becoming an instrument of oppression by a particular section of the community over the poorer mass of the nation. The non-Brahmana movement, for instance, strengthened the conviction that the educated and rich classes, university graduates and the landlords were likely to

make alliances and counter-alliances, each class mindful of its own interests and thoughtless about the interests of the masses who were inarticulate. I believed then, as I believe now, that it is better for the Indian masses even to be oppressed by their own countrymen than by men of another nation and culture; but one of the efforts of the thoughtful Home Ruler is to bring to the masses the power of articulation so that this particular danger of oppression of the submerged classes by the western-educated and rich classes may be avoided. Impelled by this I proceeded to enquire into the conditions of the labouring classes in this City and out of this has grown the first Union in Madras which was established in April, 1918, and which marks the beginning of the entire labour movement of India.

I have thought it necessary to give this short introduction to make clear my own conception of the aims of the Labour Movement in Madras, or for the matter of that, in this country.

After the formation of the Madras Labour Union it became evident early in our work that three currents had to play their legitimate part in the building up of the Madras Labour Union, and naturally that of all the Unions in India.

(1) The status of the labourer as labourer, his relation to his employer, affecting the economic and industrial life of the country.

(2) The status of the labourer as a citizen, affected by and affecting the political movements and their result.

(3) The status of the labourer in the international world of labour which has been emerging into great importance ever since the Russian revolution.

When I began the work of the Madras Labour Union its aim was not clearly defined in anyone's mind. We began with the play of the first current; we tried to solve the difficulties of the labourer in the question of the recess hour and in reference to his wages and other conditions of factory life. It was when the work of education was begun, when several questions were submitted by our Union men, that the second position emerged. We could not divorce ourselves in the Labour Unions from the effects of the political life and movement in the country round about us. For example, the power of the vote to be obtained by the labourer in local self-government, as also in Provincial and Imperial matters, became more and more clearly understood by the labourers, and further the fact that certain political problems affected them radically.

When we began to assert the labourer's rightful position as a producer and claimed for him rights of citizenship, we were face to face with the necessity of recognising the third factor. We began to see that we had certain international obligations, and that our work would be facilitated and our economic and political aims realised if we could by some process make ourselves part of the international movement of labour.

Lest you might think that all this was very clear-cut and well-defined in the minds of the promoters of the Labour Unions in this City, let me tell you that it is not so. In the first instance I found that among the educated classes there was very little of enthusiasm for the Labour work and the Labour movement which was inaugurated by me. Educated friends who came to help me at the public meetings of the Labour Unions were limited in number, were more or less irregular in attendance and had their natural interests elsewhere. The work people themselves, with a culture of their own, vaguely felt, but were unable to express, what was passing in their minds, which was related to these three factors described above. However as weeks went on amidst the struggle of lock-outs in the Madras Labour Union of the Textile workers, and in the midst of strikes in the Rickshawallahs' and the Tramwaymen's Unions, certain broad principles formulated themselves in my mind, turning into a certainty my fear that unless something was immediately done to bring the labourer to power, he greatly ran the risk of being neglected under the new régime of reforms, and that as far as the masses were concerned, democracy in realisation would be as far off as before.

To put before you in as compact a manner as I am able for the purposes of discussion the aims of the Labour movement in Madras, I cannot do better than examine some of the propositions that relate themselves to these three factors.

In the economic sphere the aim of the Labour Union in Madras is to bring about better conditions for the labourer. The long hours, the scandalous wages, the non-protection in reference to accidents, the lack of housing accommodation, the absence of education, the neglect of hygienic and sanitary principles, all these exist. The conditions under which the Indian labourers work in the factory, or in the mines, or on the plantations, or on the land need fundamental alteration. That change must be brought about in harmony with the culture and tradition of the people of India. The aim of the Labour Movement in India, as far as I am concerned, is not to copy wholesale the schemes and projects or even the methods employed by Labour Movements elsewhere. For instance, nationalisation of the mines and industries would not very much alter the conditions of the working classes in this country. The capitalistic tendency of the Government, and the influence of the capitalistic classes on our rulers has been apparent for many years. The conditions of the labourers in Government concerns are no better than the conditions of those who work in private workshops. For instance, men belonging to the Railway Union at Perambur and working in the Railway workshop are no better off than the men working in the Textile Factories of Messrs. Binny & Co. or the Indian Mill at Choolai. The destruction of wage slavery is one of the aims of the Labour Movement. That slavery cannot be abolished by a change of control from one set of employers to another set of employers, but it must consist in a change which will bring the control of the workshop to the work people

themselves. This is a very radical demand to put forward, but we are discussing the aims of the Labour Movement in India, and whether this particular aim is to be fulfilled during the next five or fifty years is a matter of little importance. Unless we have the aim of the Labour Movement through economic reform very clearly defined, unless we keep on steadily working towards that aim, we will not be able to achieve for the labourers that which we have set out to achieve. The economic aim of the Labour Movement exists not only to get higher wages and comfortable surroundings, but also to strike at the root-cause—wage slavery—of which these are but effects.

The present economic condition in this country as in other parts of the civilised world is rooted in the wage system. The evils of the wage system are fourfold, and economic slavery will continue as long as this fourfold evil is allowed to continue. What are they? Mr. G. D. Cole has well brought out this point in his *Self-Government in Industry* and I cannot do better than quote his words.

1. The wage system abstracts labour from the labourer, so that the one can be bought and sold without the other.

2. Consequently, wages are paid to the wage-worker only when it is profitable to the capitalist to employ his labour.

3. The wage-worker, in return for his wage, surrenders all claim upon the product of his labour.

4. The wage-worker, in return for his wage, surrenders all control over the organisation of production.

If this economic system is to be abolished, if wage slavery is to perish, all these four factors must be handled in an adequate fashion. We must be in a position to replace these four defects by four other fundamentals which would enable workmen to work in an atmosphere of economic harmony, contentment and power. These Mr. Cole puts forward as under :

1. Recognition and payment as a human being, and not merely as a mortal tenement of so much labour power for which an efficient demand exists.

2. Consequently, payment in employment and in unemployment, in sickness and in health alike.

3. Control of the organisation of production in co-operation with his fellows.

4. A claim upon the product of his work, also exercised in co-operation with his fellows.

To many, this fourfold change may appear as worse than visionary but how many have seriously taken into account the new spirit among the labourers. There is a moral issue involved in all this economic struggle. In my Labour Memorandum to the Trade Union Congress I wrote of it thus: "In dealing with the problems of education, housing, gratuity fund, etc., I may have appeared to be

unappreciative of the manufacturers who have tried to run schools or build houses or start gratuity funds. The factor to be borne in mind in this connection is the innate culture of the Indian labourer, which loathes the idea of slavery in any shape or form. The Indian labourers want to have schools for their children, houses for themselves, better wages and shorter hours—all as a matter of right and justice. The efforts on the part of the employers to patronise the labourers are seen as fetters of slavery, albeit golden fetters instead of iron ones. I have not referred to the iron fetters of personal abuse, kicking and other brutal practices, that still prevail on plantations and in factories. The Madras Labour Union is trying to put a stop to them by legal means. The new spirit is in evidence among Indian labourers who will not tolerate such brutalities any more; but it is well to recognise that even the above-named golden fetters are resented and the Indian labourer feels that he is not only a 'hand' but also that he has a head and a heart, and aspires to come into his own."

I expressed similar sentiments in the evidence before the Joint Committee of the Houses of Parliament on the Indian Reforms and I assert that unless this point is fully grasped we will not be able to deal with the situation successfully.

How are we going to bring about this great economic change? How are we going to attain to the economic aim, as I have defined it above, of the Labour Movement in India? The first answer naturally comes from the second of the three factors enumerated above, namely by the exercise of political rights and privileges by the labourers as citizens of the country. The way to bring about this tremendous revolution in an harmonious manner, strictly avoiding a struggle involving bloodshed, would be for the labourer to make use of his existing political rights and privileges, and to gain more and more till he is in a position constitutionally to change his economic condition and reach his goal. He can bring about minor changes of an economic nature like increase of wages or decrease of the working hours, utilising the weapon of the strike. But labourers everywhere are beginning to feel that the strike weapon in itself is not capable of producing even the minor results. For instance, the strike undertaken for increase of wages does not eventually bring that compensation; for, even after a successful strike when a rise in wages has been gained, the subsequent rise in prices invariably follows the rise in wages and thus is produced a vicious circle and the work people have gone round and round it in many countries for the last many years, bewildered and perplexed. There naturally arises before the mind of the labourer of this country the question whether it is worth his while to go in for a wholesale use of the strike weapon. It is for this reason that the political power is naturally demanded by those who have the welfare of Labour at heart. With this view in mind I put forward in my Statement before the Joint Committee on the Indian Reforms, the following: "What weapon can the Joint Committee put into the hands of the labourer to

defend himself? The only adequate means that I can suggest is the vote. Enable the Indian labourer to send his own representatives to the Provincial Councils; let all matters relating to his welfare and betterment be in the hands of responsible elected representatives who have the confidence of the labourers. If my suggestion made above that all Industrial matters, including the welfare of labour, be transferred to the popular half of the future provincial administration, is given effect to, we shall be on the right way to the solution and we immediately have to consider the enfranchisement of Indian Labour."

Unfortunately this has not happened and it is my opinion that one of the factors of the labour troubles in this country at the present time is the idea, subconsciously held by the labourers, that they have nowhere to go with their grievances and that they are mainly dependent on the goodwill and charity of other people. In this connection let me quote the closing sentence of my Statement before the Joint Committee: "On account of various reasons I anticipate trouble in the Labour Camp. If something is done now which will satisfy the labourer and convince him that his representatives are looking after his interests and fighting his battles, he will allow his energy and impatience to flow into good constructive work, if nothing is done, then despair will seize him and impatience will lead him to ugly expressions which one wants to avoid in India."

These ugly expressions have begun to manifest themselves. While I do not say that they are entirely due to the fact that no power of the vote is given to the labourer, there is no doubt that such expressions would not have manifested themselves now if the labourers had been given the power of the vote; if the candidates had appeared before the labourers to explain the new power that they had obtained and which they could make use of, it would have produced a salutary effect on the bulk of the labourers and brought them some hope of relief and betterment of their own conditions.

But while these political reforms were naturally drawing the attention of the promoters of the Labour Movement to its political side, their attention was also arrested for there was something else happening of interest to them in the world. The forces let loose by the War and the Russian Revolution have been constructively utilised, to a certain extent, to widen and colour the outlook of the Indian labourer, and that brings us to the last factor of the three mentioned at the outset, namely, the Indian labourer's status internationally among the labourers of other countries of the world. Various things brought conviction to those who were guiding the Labour Movement in Madras, that unless the labourers of India were to come into some sort of relationship direct or indirect with the labourers of other parts of the world the fight would be too big for them alone, that single-handed they could hardly carry it through to a successful issue. The labourers by themselves were not sufficiently organised; they were not educated in the modern methods of political

struggle ; and therefore if a long and weary fight between capital and labour, between landlordism and peasantry, were to be avoided, the Indian labourers must gain moral and other support from their comrades and brothers in other parts of the world. Reflection on this international position of Indian Labour brought to us the idea that Indian Labour and its problems might well be utilised as a short cut to forcing the claim of Indian Nationalism itself to the attention of liberal politicians all over the world. I do not want to go into details but shall content myself by saying that at this stage it became very clear to me that the growth of our political status as a country not only depended on the uplift of the masses but could also be, to a very great extent, obtained through the help of the masses themselves. It was with this in mind that in an open letter to the Home Rulers on June 1st, 1918, I made the following appeal: "We want to bring the masses into line with the educated classes. Much lecturing work has been done already, and what seems now necessary is to combine them in all sorts of ways. Agricultural Societies, Trade and Labour Unions, Raiyat Combines, Craft Guilds—these should be started. We are told that the dumb masses of India are uncultured and therefore unfit to enjoy Home Rule. Let us then take steps to bring home to these ignorant opponents that there is a culture which the masses possess. Let us make the masses vocal. They are already more alive than ever before, but we must push on with our noble work of enabling the masses to speak out for themselves."

The solidarity of Labour internationally became very patent to me during my stay abroad both in Great Britain and in America. Help came from an unexpected quarter. The League of Nations had organised an International Labour Conference of its own and India as an original member of the League had a part to play. In this international movement I see a great chance of effecting a bloodless revolution in economic conditions to which I have made reference. If politically the Labour Movement does not succeed in wielding power and authority in this country, at least it could, through the recommendations of the International Labour Conference, bring a great deal of pressure to bear on the Government and thus ultimately succeed in breaking the fetters of wage slavery.

Next I need not dwell long on the subject of the Labour International. Some socialists and labourites of Europe and America have endeavoured for many years to bring into unison their widespread class. After a heated discussion which kept me late in the night on a memorable occasion in the rooms of the American Federation of Labour in Washington last year, where a very few advanced Labour leaders had foregathered in a private conclave, a Polish Comrade said to me—"Ah! when your country and China and Japan come in, ah! then, yes then it will be Kingdom come." He was solemn though he smiled, but he had perceived the same truth from another view-point which I had seen months ago at Perambur, confronted by acts of injustice which made my Union men desperate. The fate of

the International is in the balance what with the activities of the 2nd and the 3rd but as soon as a properly constituted International begins work, Indian labourers will naturally ally themselves with the movement.

The methods employed by any organisation are related to its aims and objects. If our aim in the Indian Labour Movement is to break the fetter of wage-slavery by a proper and legitimate use in this country of the political weapon of the vote, and by invoking the aid of the International Labour Conference, of the League of Nations, and by openly seeking the aid of our natural allies of the International, it may well be asked how do you propose to do all this?

My answer is—we mean to attain by the culture of power inherent in the Indian masses. I regard the Labour movement as a spiritual movement; that is, I believe that our labourers are capable of manifesting a new way of breaking the fetters of wage-slavery. Their collective bargaining need not necessarily force them to use the weapon of strike. If they are properly guided—and it is rather a big If—if they are given sufficient freedom to construct and formulate their own schemes, if their sense of self-respect is strengthened and their rash enthusiasm tactfully handled, they are capable of contributing something substantial towards the solution of a world problem. For this purpose nothing but high spiritual ideals have to be utilised. If one endeavours to guide the Indian labourer without a due regard to his peculiar make-up, without considering the spiritual basis at the core of his being, one cannot but expect trouble, delay, disappointment. There is however an appeal to be made to that which is at the moment slumbering latent in the Soul of the Indian labourer; that something is difficult to define, but it is there and presents itself to an outsider as a kind of Labour Idealism. It makes up the Religion of the Labourer: I have seen its expression constantly. When 200 work-people, Hindus, of all castes, Muslims and Christians sat down at a common meal, it made itself manifest; it expressed itself during a lockout of the Textile Workers and a strike of the Tramway men; there it was in large gatherings and processions as also in small Executive Committee meetings. It is not yet patent; but it is capable of revealing itself. Now and then, in moments of tension, in moods of elation as also depression, it makes itself felt, seen, heard; generally it is in retirement, in a condition of silence and darkness. It has something to do with their poverty and suffering and their power of craft, workmanship and toil.

But perhaps this is too nebulous an idea in the study of economic problems which must deal with facts and figures, and with the mundane problems of food and housing for the labourer. My only excuse in referring to the subtle psychology of the labourer's mind and heart is to emphasise the fact that the labourer is more than a mere hand. Unless and until it is recognised that that the work of his hand affects, and is affected by, a head and a heart you will not be able to

understand fully. The labourer and his labour must be taken as one. To-day labour is purchased as a commodity and is separated from the labourer. Thus the dignity of the labourer, and the joy of the work, the inherent interest of creation and production and handling of goods, disappear.

The aim of the Indian Labour Movement?—I see the vision of a spiritualised host of toilers saving themselves by the power of their collective Soul—and not only themselves but also the warring classes of the West, by a contribution of something fundamentally Indian. We have learnt many a lesson from the Trade Unionist of Britain, the farm-labourer of America, the metal worker of Italy, the Socialist of Germany, the Communist of Russia; the reformer of Georgia; and we wish to make an adequate return. I believe that the Indian Labour Movement unspoilt by Western materialism is capable of fulfilling the mission of India, the spiritual Mother of the Aryan Race. It can kindle in the heart of the Labour Movement the world over, the light of the Spirit which shines steadily in the midst of strife, and brings Power and Peace, which mere increase of wages or decrease of work-hours is incapable of bestowing. Freedom born of self-respect, self-confidence, self-realisation is True Freedom. The Indian Labour Movement, achieving by spiritual means its own Freedom, can hold it aloft for the benefit of others. Having gained its own soul, it will enable others to gain theirs. The body and mind, aspirations and intuitions, instincts and impulses, feelings and emotions of the World Labour Movement have come to it from different sources. I believe, or should I say I like to believe, that India will be the source, from which the Soul of the movement will spring. I fancy that I hear that mysterious Something within the bosom of the Indian Labour Movement sing:

With us the fields and rivers,
The grass that summer thrills,
The haze where morning quivers,
The peace at heart of hills,
The sense that kindles nature, and the Soul that fills.

Perhaps I shall be told that these are dreams and not economics; dreams or economics, whichever they be, it is thus I have conceived the aims of the Labour Movement in India.

B. P. Wadia

NOTES AND COMMENTS

OUR FRONTISPIECE

WE have been fortunate in a famous Japanese picture for our third number of SHAMA'A. We are much obliged to Mr. James H. Cousins for lending us this picture and for his note on it. The picture is from the valuable art collection he has brought back from Japan. Though the reproduction differs in its colourings from the original, we think that it has on the whole been very well done, when one takes into account the innumerable difficulties in India of getting good coloured prints from originals. * The art of printing in colour is in its infancy here in India partly because the cost of production is almost impossible. We very much wish that this were not so, for we would be spared the pain and misery of seeing our country flooded with cheap and common coloured prints.

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

It has interested us very much to learn that 'the Rubaiyat' has been dramatised by the Revd. Charles Kent, rector of Merton, Norfolk, and the play performed by the local residents. The stage was set in a wooded dell at Merton Rectory, where Edward Fitzgerald translated the original and subsequently died. Among the players, were a D. Sc., the village blacksmith, commercial traveller, the vicar, public school boys and village children. We are sure there will be a rush for the dramatised version of the popular 'Rubaiyat' when it is published.

THE FIRST NEW IDEA IN ARCHITECTURE SINCE THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

The Model of the Bahai Temple

There is now on exhibition in New York, at Kevorkian Galleries, a large model of the Bahai Temple which is to be erected by the members of that movement on the shore of Lake Michigan, just north of Chicago. So beautiful is this model and so different from anything man has ever before designed, either as an abode or as a place of worship, that it has caused much discussion among architects and sculptors and in the newspapers. Something of the nature of this sensation may be understood from the declaration of Mr. H. Van Busen Magonigle, President of the Architectural League of New York, who has declared: "It is the first new idea in architecture since the thirteenth century."

Looked at simply as architecture, the expert will analyse the Bahai Temple and say that it is a marvellously clever adaptation and rearrangement along novel lines of essential points of all previous schools of architecture, from the Egyptian down to the Gothic. Such an estimate, it would seem, would stamp it as eclectic, and that is a term which has come to be associated with much that is uninspired in art. This consideration, however, becomes untenable in view of the terror with which the architect and sculptor who designed it, Mr. Louis Bourgeois, declares: "It is Baha Ollah's temple, I

am only the channel through which it came!" So it must be regarded psychologically, as a religious expression, and whatever there is about it that is eclectic must be considered as the symbolism of a new faith, the Bahai faith, which is proclaimed as the essence, minus all creed, of all previous religions.

The Bahai movement probably has 10,000,000 followers in all the countries of the earth, and the present head, Abdul Baha, has declared that the temple chosen by the American Committee of forty-nine will be the prototype of all Bahai temples henceforth to be erected; so it is probable that before many years scores of structures following Mr. Bourgeois' design will take form throughout consideration, and in order to understand it one must know something of the Bahai movement.

Shorn of all personalities, and considered merely in the light of the writings of Baha Ollah and Abhul Baha, the Bahai movement is based on the idea that there is a spiritual sameness in the messages of all the founders of religions—of Zoroaster, Moses, Buddha, Muhammad and Jesus—the only difference being that these messages were given in terms made understandable to the people to whom they were addressed; and that the creeds and sects grew up afterwards only because of the personality of subsequent leaders. The vanishment of prejudice and the unity of mankind in a spirit of brotherhood are the first tenets of the Bahai movement, if it can be said to have tenets.

This gives the clue to the eclecticism of Mr. Bourgeois' temple. In the fervour of the Bahai spirit, the architect has put into it the essence of all previous architecture that man has evolved.

The temple is a nine-sided structure, that number being a Bahai symbol. The lower story reaches out with nine inverted half circles, like exedras, with a great doorway in the centre of each, so that from whatever side one approaches the structure, it seems to extend its arms in welcome and embrace. This fits the Bahai ideal, for the temples of the movements are for the use of everyone, regardless of what views the worshipper may hold on any subject.

The first floor in its simplicity of line suggests the Greek and Egyptian temples, while the treatment of the doors and windows is Romanesque in form, and the intricacy of the ornamentation suggests both the Gothic and Arabic.

The second story, beautiful in its windowed elegance, while Renaissance in line, is purely Gothic in the interlaced arches of its openings. The third story is Renaissance, and quiet and restful in feeling. Above it rises a Byzantine dome, intricate with symbolism, while, crowning all, the beams of the dome arise like hands clasped in prayer, thus imparting that feeling of ascension and aspiration heretofore found only in Gothic towers.

The whole structure is a mass of symbolism, beautifully harmonized and blended. In the tracery everywhere may be made out, beside the Bahai symbol of the nine-pointed Star, such designs as swastika cross, the circle, the triangle, the double triangle or Solomon's seal; the five-pointed Star, indicating the Saviour; the square of the microcosm and the octagon of the macrocosm.

It will be seen that universality is the keynote of the temple dreamed by Mr. Bourgeois. The temple which is to be erected near Chicago will have a diameter of 225 feet and the height 180 and will cost \$2,000,000. It is said that a movement is on the way to erect an even larger temple in the east. (*Art and Archaeology.*)

RECENT SALES IN LONDON AND PARIS

Prices paid for books, manuscripts, pictures and prints at the sales in London, make exciting reading, especially for collectors.

Although many collectors are obliged to part with their treasures, eager purchasers are invariably on hand to pick them up. First editions, presentation copies, and original manuscripts are generally the prizes sought.

At the sale of the manuscripts and books belonging to the late Moncure D. Conway, in June, \$4,000 was paid for the manuscript of the first copy in Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book". It is said to differ very much from "Mowgli Brothers," as published in the "Jungle Book" and was probably his first conception, which he afterwards changed. It is also a "presentation copy" as it contains the inscription on the first page, "Susan Bishop, from Rudyard Kipling, February, 1893".

Another interesting item in the same sale was the original manuscript of Mark Twain's English edition of "Tom Sawyer," which appropriately enough was purchased by a Mr. Sawyer for \$825.

The first issue of the first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" with a letter of Whitman's to Moncure D. Conway, enclosing a letter from Ralph R. Emerson to Whitman commending the book, was well worth the \$600 given for it.

The sale of the great Henry Huth Library began in 1911 and was completed this year in June, realizing up to the final dispersal \$1,174,670. In addition, the autograph letters brought \$65,455, the engravings and woodcuts \$72,200.

The Library contained many rarities and wonderful Shakespeare Folios and Quartos that are now in the Elizabethan Club Library at Yale University, which are not included in the above prices.

In Paris, the famous Beurdeley collection of old and modern masters, sculpture and prints was a great success, notwithstanding the tax bill, which everyone feared would affect prices seriously.

There is no more tragic figure in the history of Art than Charles Méryon, the brilliant French etcher, who died insane, having suffered poverty, hunger and a broken heart. In the Beurdeley Collection his "L'Abside de Notre Dame" brought 30,600 francs. In the early days of his poverty this same print he sold for one franc and a half, to pay for his supper! The "Pont au Change" brought 9,500 francs and "Le Stryge" 8,500 francs. It was not until he was locked away in a mad-house, when he could do nothing more, that appreciation of his work was given. (*Art and Archaeology*.)

MAGAZINES

Rupam.—Under the head "Arts and Craftsmanship" Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy has contributed an article in the April Number of *Rupam*; in which in his own peculiar and excellent style, he gives an answer to the enquiry, what is Art? We extract the following from his article. "In reply to the enquiry, what is Art? an answer may be made as follows: Art in the involuntary dramatisation of subjective experience. In other words, the crystallisation of a state of mind in images (whether visual, auditory or otherwise). This excludes from art the practical activity of mere illustration, which involves only the combination of empirical observation with skill of craftsmanship. Even the setting down on paper of signs, lines, words, musical notes, etc., that serves to communicate æsthetic experience, or the transmission of such an experience by the indications of gesture, or audible sounds, is a practical activity (1) to be distinguished from that of creation. However swiftly the record may follow on the heels of the single spiritual activity of intuition-expression, it is always the externalisation of an already completed cycle. The words of poem, the lines of drawing, are not expressive: they are the catalytic stimuli to a renewed æsthetic activity, or

expression, on the part of the hearer. It is therefore by ellipsis that we call them expressive, as it is by ellipsis that we speak of a physical work of art as beautiful. It is scarcely needful to add that questions of personal taste or interest have nothing to do with æsthetic values, however legitimately they may govern conduct.

The element of skill enters only into the voluntary practical activity of externalisation, the use of the language of stimulation. We cannot measure qualities of art by measuring degree of skill. In fact, there are no degrees of art: nor is it possible to speak of a progress or loss in the realm of knowledge, technique and skill. In the words of Blake: "The human mind cannot go beyond the gift of God, the Holy Ghost. To suppose that art can go beyond the finest specimens of art that are now in the world is not knowing what art is; it is being blind to the gifts of the spirit." Wagner and Raphaël are not necessarily superior to Palæstrina and Giotto because of their more elaborate technique or superior facility. We can only ask,—In which have we evidence of most profound vision? which of these artists is the greater vessel? For this is what we really mean when we relinquish our preoccupation with the accidentals of technique and accomplishment, and still observe that at various moments in the history of an individual or of a school there is a varying degree of vision. This is not a variability of art, but of the individual. Two men at the same time, or one man at different times, may go down to the sea, with a bucket or a cup, and bring back a bucketful or a cupful of water, whether the vessels be large or small, of gold or clay. In other words, however broad or narrow, noble or ignoble, the subject of the art, however elegant or crude the language, art is always recognizable as art. All that we can demand of an artist is that he should offer us living water: for this water has a miraculous quality, and even though it be offered in a thimble it will fill a bowl. One can only say that are greater and lesser artists, as there are greater and lesser lovers: but we can no more speak of progress on Art than we can speak of progress in love.

Art and Archaeology. Among the many excellent articles in the October number there is one, by Mr. Richardson Wright on "Artists' Self-portraits" which is particularly delightful and abounds with illustrations of the Self-portraits of famous Artists. We regret we are not able to reproduce these portraits while we quote at length from the article.

"In one of his note-books Samuel Butler makes this observation: 'A great portrait is always more a portrait of the painter than of the painted. When we look at a portrait by Holbein or Rembrandt, it is of Holbein or Rembrandt that we think more than of the subject of their picture. Even a portrait of Shakespeare by Holbein or Rembrandt could tell us very little about Shakespeare. It would, however, tell us a great deal about Holbein or Rembrandt.'

"Thus all portraits are, to a degree, self-portraits, just as all novels are, to a degree, autobiographical. When Raphaël said that he painted 'man as he ought to be,' he meant, as Raphael thought man ought to be. It is well nigh impossible for an artist to paint the temperament, peculiarities and character of a sitter without exchanging some of them for his own. Kipling was right—he paints the thing as he sees it. This prerogative of selection, of showing a man ever at his best, has descended from ancient times to the present, save in those modern radicals who scorn all the traditions of Art and paint the thing as nobody ever sees it. To the saner men it is still a canon. There is very much of William Chase in his portraits and much of Sargent's fastidiousness in his. In this lies the individuality of their work—the genius behind their technique.

"The same characteristics can be observed, too, in men who were not distinctively portrait painters, but have left us portraits of themselves; there is something of their landscapes or their frescoes or their easel pictures in their self-portraits. It is a solemn

fact, the man who paints cherubs instinctively puts something of the cherub in his own portrait; which is reasonable enough, since he maintains the cherub outlook on life and naturally considers himself in much the same cherubic light. In Overbeck's portrait of himself you can read the spell of Tuscany that gripped him in youth and won him the soubriquet of the Nazarene. Henner, who revelled deliciously in female flesh painting, cannot entirely hide it in his rather buttery portrait of himself. Bouguereau's correct, conventional style of super-porcelain painting characterizes his own portrait. The element of personality seems insoluble, unforgettable, irrepressible. His personality is the real master of the artists' technique, the demon that holds the brush and selects the colours.

"One may wonder why artists paint themselves. Explanations are innumerable and each has its own amusing examples.

"Even the least vain of us nurses the legitimate ambition of not being forgotten. We want the world to remember us and we want posterity to know both what we looked like and what we actually were like. Tennyson has put this theory into verse. He is said to have gotten the idea from George Frederick Watts while the latter was painting the laureate.

"'As when a painter, poring on a face'
Divinely, through all hinderance, finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life
Lives for his children, ever at its best.'

"The old Italian masters, schooled in monastic humility, made so bold as to put themselves in their frescoes. Perugino is in his *Cambio* fresco; he also left a portrait of himself, showing a rather tight-lipped, dour old fellow. Tintoretto slipped into his *Miracle of St. Mark*, and Veronese into his *Marriage at Cana*.

"Such examples are legion. These old masters saw to it that their enemies were abased among the goats and it was natural that, having a wholesome respect of themselves, they should choose to be among the sheep—up with the adoring devout, close to the throne.

"Another explanation of why an artist paints himself is that he is always seeking after the perfect expression, the clearest crystallization of personality, which is not possible where the personality of another sitter intrudes itself upon the vision. The physician knows that he cannot heal himself, but the artist considers himself his best portraitist."
(*Art and Archaeology*.)

'*The Musical Times*' and '*Poetry*'.—We acknowledge with thanks the regular receipt of these splendid journals. We are sorry not to be able to say more about them in this number.

REVIEW

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

PROF. SURYANARAYANAN'S REPLY TO PROF. RAJU'S CRITICISM

THE best person to defend a work against hostile criticism is the author of the work. The interference of a third person, however well-meant, is likely to reduce the author in the last resort, to an appeal to save him from his friends. It will, therefore, not be my task in what follows either to exhibit Prof. Radhakrishnan's merits of exposition or defend his exposition where it has been criticised as unsatisfactory. Fortunately Prof. Raju's review raises so many questions of general interest, that I feel justified in taking up the Editor's invitation to discuss the subject.

Throughout the main body of the critique, Prof. Raju leaves us in some doubt as to whether it is the expositor only or the poet also that is condemned. It is however, abundantly clear at the end that the poet also comes within the field of his criticism. "But we may note in conclusion," says the learned Professor, "that the key-note of the whole of his treatment of these varied issues consists in an uncritical, exaggerated, one-sided emphasis placed by the author *as by the poet*¹ on Divine Immanence . . . Meanwhile, we cannot help closing with the verdict that the author and *the poet*¹ have trifled with very sacred subjects and done scant justice to themselves and still less to India" (p. 164). Uncritical they may be; exaggeration they do, perhaps, indulge in. They may do but little justice to their country, for that country's spiritual wealth is too vast for anyone to do full justice to. But that they lay a one-sided emphasis on Divine Immanence is a staggering statement. "They enter the region of the dark who are solely occupied with the knowledge of the finite, and they into a still greater darkness who are solely occupied with the infinite . . . He who knows that the knowledge of the finite and the infinite is combined in one, crosses death by the help of the knowledge of the finite and achieves immortality by the help of the knowledge of the infinite." Thus the sage of the Ishōpanishat quoted with approval by the poet (Personality, pp. 56—57). This same interpretation has been questioned and condemned as too theistic by orthodox *advaitins* (See a review of Prof. Radhakrishnan's book in the *Mysore University Magazine*, November, 1919. By a strange irony of fate, Prof. Radhakrishnan comes in here for criticism for precisely the opposite of the offence imputed to him by Prof. Raju).

Again our critic would like to ask *pointedly* "whether it (knowing Him) is merely realising Him *in each and all* or is it not rather realising Him *as each and all*? Even the despised ordinary theist may hold the former view" (p. 162). And I suppose the same despised ordinary theist believes that in God we live and move and have our Being. What does the poet have to say on this? "Some modern philosophers of Europe . . . maintain that the Brahman of India is a mere abstraction . . . But this is certainly not in accord

¹ Italics are ours.

with the pervading spirit of the Indian Mind. Instead, it is the practice of realising and affirming the presence of the infinite in all things which has been its constant inspiration." (Sādhana, p. 18; italics are ours.) "With everything whether it is above or below, remote or near, visible or invisible, thou shalt preserve a relation of unlimited love without any animosity or without a desire to kill. To live in such a consciousness while standing or walking, sitting or lying down till you are asleep, is Brahnavihāra, or in other words, is living and moving and having your joy in the spirit of Brahma." (Sādhana, p. 20.) When Prof. Raju writes of the *despised ordinary* theist, the present writer is at a loss to know by whom the theist is despised. Certainly not by the poet. Nor does a theist who has attained to this level of thought deserve to be neglected as ordinary. It seems to be a case of the learned Professor voluntarily courting despise in a mock-spirit of humility. Criticism of the kind urged in the review, reveals to the most charitable reader, a woeful ignorance of the poet's philosophy; and I would respectfully suggest that this ill consorts with the supposed spirit of humility. Genuine Hindu thought is not so poor of content as to lay exclusive stress on Divine Immanence. This supposed exclusive stress and the supposed contrast with Muhammadan thought which in its turn, is often presented as a one-sided doctrine of Divine Transcendence, are missionary superstitions; and his best friends cannot without a pang of regret see Prof. Raju fall such an easy victim to these superstitions.

Our critic is keen in logic-chopping. "There is neither East nor West in the realm of the spirit," says Radhakrishnan and presently goes on to show that in interpreting Tagore he is really interpreting the Indian ideal of philosophy, religion and art. This on the face of it, is self-contradictory. But without claiming any special facilities for understanding the author, may I suggest an apparently simple explanation? There have been and there still are many wiseacres who reserve certain spiritual characteristics as the monopoly of either the East or the West. There are some who contend that Eastern thought abounds in nothing but abstractions and that the doctrine of the concrete universal is a special feature of Western philosophy. Against this doctrine, one may contend that the spirit knows nothing of such monopolies and that Truth prevails everywhere whether in the East or the West. We in the East, have systems of philosophy which are as concrete as the best that may be produced from the West, and these systems have been developed without borrowing from the West. Tagore's philosophy is as true, as satisfactory as the best Critical Idealism of the West and yet the former is not indebted to the latter; it has been evolved from Indian traditions. The truth of this conclusion may be questioned; but as thus stated it is at least not self-contradictory. I do not claim to be more of a thought-reader than Prof. Raju, and how such an obvious interpretation failed to appeal to him passes my comprehension. One cannot help feeling that a little more charity and a little less sharpness would have helped him to a juster understanding of the subject.

Further instances of such logic-chopping may be profitably noted. "The Upanishads" writes the author, "are full of such apparently contradictory descriptions, for they are *only* the records of the spiritual experiences of the sages of India". I agree with Prof. Raju when he fights shy of the word *only*. It is very often question-begging in its nature, and the sapient critic has himself misused it thus at least twice in the course of the review. But I fail to see that it begs the question here; nor can I see the force or point of the question, "Is it the fact of being recorded or the fact of being experienced that is the real cause of the contradictory statements?" (p. 162). The reply would be "neither". The Upanishads are not systematic philosophical treatises proceeding from the pen of one author, where one may be reasonably surprised at coming across contradictory statements. They are on the other hand, records of the spiritual experiences of sages. The Absolute or *Brahman* with its infinite wealth of content would appeal in different ways to different people. One sage may be struck with its infinitude, another with the finite that is merged therein. In the last

resort, it is impossible to separate the one from the other, but the finite-infinite mind struggling for comprehension and still more for expression would pitch now on this and now on that aspect. The result would be apparent contradiction. The task of the commentators who came later was to realise the one truth revealed in all these records and exhibit these records as revealing it. The Upanishads by themselves are jottings from the leaves of diaries which look unintelligible to the man in the street and self-contradictory to the semi-philosophical. They are *only* records, *not* systematic treatises.

No description can be adequate to the Absolute; but each in its degree, may contribute to the realisation thereof by the human mind. Most often we have to say of it that it is neither this nor that nor both this and that. Such a philosophy, to some, may appear insane; but it is worth while understanding it first, so far as it can be understood. Prof. Raju takes our author to task for styling the Absolute as 'perfection while condemning the theists for identifying God with the good. To some extent, the criticism is sound. For if good as opposed to or independent of evil may not be identified with the Absolute, no more may the absolute be called perfect as opposed to and standing over against imperfection. There is, however, a sense in which the Absolute may be called both good and perfect. Here the good has ceased to mean the mere opposite of evil; it has taken up the evil, harmonised it and transformed it into its own texture. Evil, error and imperfection—these exist in the Absolute, but as transmuted into something which bears all their significance. If good and evil, truth and error, perfection and imperfection are taken as mere correlatives (as they are conceived popularly) the Absolute cannot be called good or true or perfect any more than it can be called bad or false or imperfect. If, on the contrary, the more philosophical view of the concepts be entertained, there can be no objection to referring them to the Absolute. Prof. Radhakrishnan, I conceive, has used the word *good* in the popular sense in condemning "the despised ordinary theist" and the word *perfection* in the philosophical sense in expounding his own or the poet's view. This has given Prof. Raju another opportunity for logic-chopping. But the Absolutist philosopher must be prepared for such attacks, once he starts on the task of exposition. Was it not because of this that the great Sankara said :

Na Chaikam tadanyāt dvitīyam kutasyāt
Na vā kēvalatvam na chākēvalatvam
Na sūnyam na chāsūnyam advaitakatvāt
Katham sarva vēdānta siddham bhravīmi
(Dasasloki.)

The subject of intellect and intuition is very tempting, but also very vast. This is not the place for expounding my own views and I fear I cannot authoritatively expound or defend Prof. Radhakrishnan's views on the subject. One or two points which arise out of Prof. Raju's criticism may however find a place here. Our author is in the same breath convicted of committing "intellectual suicide" and of being "the victim of a mistaken and obsolete psychology of human nature". If Prof. Raju should contend that the distinction between reason and intuition is based on an obsolete psychology of human nature, that for convenience of treatment we divide one concrete process into sensation, perception and conception, and that such distinctions should not as such be referred to Reality, I would have no quarrel with him. Reason or intellect, call it what you will, would be present both in what is negligently called sense-intuition and in the most stupendous constructions of human thought. This, however, does not seem to be Prof. Raju's view. For, he talks of testing "the worth of our sense-intuitions in a rational manner" and wants to know why religious intuitions alone should be exempted from the test. (p. 161.) This leads one to imagine that according to him there are two faculties—reason and intuition. Once the rigid monistic doctrine of Reason gives way, I would postulate three faculties rather than two. Reason supervenes on intuition, surely because the latter faculty by itself is inadequate for knowledge. Is reason then

perfectly adequate? Is it not, on the contrary, *prima facie* conceivable that reason too has its defects and calls for yet another faculty to supplement and correct it? I hold that this possibility has not been disproved, at least not by our critic, and I choose to call this faculty Intuition with a capital I. For myself I do not believe in three distinct faculties. Reason, properly so called, is that process wherein both the aspects of mediacy and immediacy are harmoniously blended. It is wrongly identified with the process of mediation alone, and immediacy thus artificially divorced from the whole goes under the name of intuition. When it is said that God must be realised by Intuition, the artificial abstract sense-intuition is not meant. The case is parallel to the one considered above—the applicability of the concepts of perfection and goodness to the Absolute. If they are applied, they do not exclude, but contain within themselves the significance of imperfection and evil. Similarly, the Intuition that realises *Brahman* does not exclude reason in the narrower sense, but includes and transcends it.

" . . . the Supreme," says Radhakrishnan, "is not an object which we can see with our finite eyes. How can we see it as an object when it is both the subject and the object, when it is the light by which we see and the light which we see?" (p. 40.) In spite of this clear enough statement, our critic is in difficulties as to whether our author means to assert the impossibility of knowing God by sensuous experience only or by intellectual apprehension also. This is a gratuitous difficulty. But Prof. Raju's argument seems to be this: intellectual apprehension certainly gives us knowledge such as sense-experience is incapable of giving. "What about introspective elements and self-consciousness which involve a unity of subject and object in one? Do these not form legitimate themes of intellectual apprehension and reconstruction? And if they do, why not God who is *only* the supreme case of the transcendental unity of subject and object in one?" (p. 161. *Italics are ours.*)

Prof. Radhakrishnan's psychology may be obsolete. But I have yet to come across a psychology which contends in all seriousness that in self-consciousness we have a transparent self-luminous unity of subject and object. Prof. Raju surely knows enough of Absolutist philosophy to realise that it is just the failure of even self-consciousness to be intelligible that leads the philosopher to postulate the Absolute. The distinction between subject and object brought together in the relational form is present in self-consciousness as in the consciousness of the external world. The opposition is not finally overcome. "It (self-consciousness) is the state where the self has become an object that stands before the mind. This means that an element is in opposition to the felt mass, and is distinguished from it as a not-self . . . The object is never wholly identical with the subject and the back-ground of feeling must contain a great deal more than what we at any time can perceive as the self . . . To me the idea that the whole self can be observed in one perception would be merely chimerical." (*Appearance and Reality*, p. 109.) This is the psychology I learnt from my master and Prof. Raju must excuse me, if I refuse to anticipate fresh developments in that science and take him on trust in the meantime.

It is the failure of our usual concepts—even such highly valuable concepts as selfhood or personality—to be ultimately intelligible, that leads the Absolutist to conceive them all as appearances expressing degrees of reality, while Reality is itself the Absolute whole. The parts are intelligible, but not fully so, because they are but parts; and they are intelligible at all, only because they are parts of a self-transparent Whole. God as *the* transcendent unity of subject and object is the *prius* of all the partially intelligible subject-object relations of our world. It is a case of

*I could not love thee, love, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

The intelligibility of the Absolute cannot be put on the same level as the intelligibility of finite things (including the Self), for the latter is derived from the former. The supreme case of the transcendental unity of subject and object cannot be treated as one among other cases of such unity. It is indeed the *only* case of transcendental unity, all others being intelligible in so far as they are approximations thereto. When, therefore, Prof. Raju refers to God as "*only* the supreme case" he is doubly begging the question. It is not, as I said, a case among other such cases; and even if this be not meant, the significance of the word "*only*" is not clear. It is *just* because God (or the Absolute) is *the* Supreme unity that our finite world has any intelligibility for us. The apprehension of this unity must necessarily be different from the apprehension of the relational approximations thereto. If we call the faculty involved in the latter, Reason or Intellect, the higher faculty must take a different name, say Intuition. But names do not matter, provided one recognises both the continuity and the difference in the processes. To seek to minimise the difference by using the word "*only*" would be to beg the question.

The reality of progress is another matter which engages the mind of the critic. The ordinary theistic conception is condemned by Prof. Radhakrishnan, for if God to like His creation is engaged in struggling with evil, one cannot be sure of the outcome. And to this extent, any such conception must lead to pessimism sooner or later. To this view Prof. Raju objects on the ground that if the issue were absolutely predetermined, it would destroy the reality of the struggle altogether; and a God who is entirely out of the conflict cannot satisfy the religious consciousness. This latter point may be conceded at once. The question remains whether the religious consciousness is ultimate, whether its demands must be conceded as such, whether itself may not contribute to and be transformed along with its demands in a philosophical consciousness. The answer to this question, the Absolutist believes to be in the affirmative. We shall have more of this later. To return to the predetermination of the issue, it must be remembered that no one contends for absolute predetermination; nor is it possible to proceed without faith in predetermination of some kind or to some degree. There can be no greater champion of Indeterminism than William James. We all remember that even he provides for predetermination of a kind. The final issue can never be in doubt, though it will be impossible to predict the means of arriving thereat. It is like a game of chess between an expert and a novice. The expert is bound to win, though he does not know the moves he will make as they would depend on those of the novice. Absolutist philosophy contends for no greater degree of predetermination than this. There is only this difference, that whereas James and his ilk state a demand and leave the presuppositions half-developed, the Absolutist works out the presuppositions. Of the finite world we live in, progress is not denied. And in the sense in which progress is real struggle is also real. Progress there undoubtedly is, *in* the Absolute; also struggle. But *of* the Absolute itself it would be as incorrect to attribute progress as to attribute imperfection. It would be equally erroneous to characterise it as the "*static Absolute*", for static and dynamic are applicable to finite facts and should not be applied outside their legitimate sphere. How the infinite one comes to present itself as the finite manifold is a mystery. It is not however more mysterious than the co-existence of identity and difference. We do not seek to divorce identity from difference, because the manner of their co-existence is not clear to us. Rather do we condemn as unintelligible every instance of bare identity or bare difference. Similarly, our inability to understand clearly the co-existence of finite and infinite can *as such* be no argument for rejecting the Absolute. And when in addition, we perceive that this concept is more intelligible than others and that only as based on this do other concepts derive any intelligibility, Absolutist philosophy becomes well-nigh impregnable.

The triumph of Truth, Goodness or Perfection must be a predetermined issue. The struggler must know that he will succeed somehow, some time. This idea (this *what*) will

have no value for him so long as it is a mere floating idea. He can never be sure that it is real and not fictitious. It must be conjoined to a *that*. The idea must become concrete. Full concreteness is that of the Absolute; for in the finite world *that* and *what* are but indifferently conjoined and each keeps falling away from the other. The existence of the Absolute would, therefore seem to be the absolutely necessary *prius* of a genuine wholehearted struggle. This is the skeleton of the Absolutist argument and I have taken so much space to set it forth, as I fear that the ordinary criticism of it is far too superficial.

The question of liberty and freedom is allied to the above. The Absolute is said to be free; and yet, it is said, it *must* have duality for its realisation. Is this not a flagrant realiation? When a man is said to be free to do what he likes, one generally does not understand by the statement that the man is free to make a beast of himself. We understand rather that he is free to realise himself, to do what he ought to do, without any compulsion from others. Such freedom cannot really exist in the case of the finite individual, for he is a member of physical, moral, and social orders which impose their constraints on him. When he feels his place in these orders and realises his duties, he ceases to feel the constraint as external. His self has become as wide as the order or system and he feels free, though his actions are the same as before. The Absolute, we say, is free for it is the whole. It is *the* system; all other systems and orders are within it. There are laws *within* the Absolute, not laws *for* the Absolute. If the Absolute could be governed by laws, it must be conceived as one member in a relational scheme and with that it ceases to be absolute. But this freedom of the Absolute is not inconsistent with scientific, logical and moral necessities. Nothing in the Absolute can be other than what it is. There must be duality, error, evil and imperfection for all these make up the system and if these were not, the system would not be. From the finite point of view, all these things are and are necessary. From the infinite point of view they cease to exist as such. Cold philosophy! one might call it if there were a permanent barrier between finite and infinite. But there is no such barrier; man's nature is finite-infinite and it is possible for him to evolve from the lower to the higher point of view. The Absolute is free as an independent system must be; and yet it is bound by necessity, in the sense in which every element in a system is what it is necessarily. Historic Christianity, according to Prof. Raju, conceives of God as a being *who need never have created at all* (p. 156). I do not know how far this statement does justice to historic Christianity, but no other statement can convey a greater condemnation of it. For if God need never have created at all, why in the name of all that is fiendish, did he create this mass of imperfection. The sufferer is rarely able to think of any better answer than that God created in order to make sport of His creation and derive as much fun as the Romans did from the gladiatorial fights.

There is only one other point I would touch upon, before I close. The belief in a personal God, says Prof. Radhakrishnan, is not irreconcilable with Absolutist philosophy. The religious devotee who knows no better, is at liberty to worship his God. When his intelligence expands (it may be as the result of his worship) he will be able to comprehend the identity of his God with *Brahman*. Thus, Rabindranath's teaching in the *Gitanjali* is not inconsistent in principle with his philosophic teaching elsewhere. Rabindranath cannot be convicted of originality in respect of this doctrine, for the *Vedānta* he expounds, has itself provided for the recognition of the *Saguṇa Brahman*. Of this God, Prof. Raju asks, "Is He a reality or *only* a pious make-believe?" (p. 163.) This is the second instance of Prof. Raju's abuse of the word *only*. Of the personal God, we say, that He is not Reality, but He is certainly *a* reality. He is as real as His worshippers would make Him. Fearful as I am of Prof. Raju's ridicule, I cannot help thinking that he could have paid a little more respect to what James says—that philosophy like religion is a matter of temperament. The first half may be questioned, as philosophy is just the attempt to discover what is universal and is

not liable to be affected by temperamental differences. But there is a profound truth in the latter half of the statement. The appeal to temperamental psychology is *not* a fall from the sublime to the ridiculous. A man's demands physical, intellectual or moral depend upon his gifts and his education. One word temperament may be conveniently, though not accurately, made to stand for all this. That which does not satisfy a demand would be irrelevant and so far unreal; and that which does satisfy a demand would be so far real. All that we can insist on is that the satisfaction should be adequate to or as real as the demand. If the demands are of a high order (religious demands, for instance) what satisfies them will also possess a correspondingly high degree of reality. And this is all that religion can claim or get. To call a personal God a make-believe is not necessarily to disparage Him. For make-believes are not non-entities; they too exist and possess some degree of reality. In proportion to this degree of reality, they satisfy the persons who do believe. If by *pious* we could understand religious, we can conceive of a very respectable personal God entitled to our love, reverence, and worship who is at the same time a pious make-believe. Prof. Raju's use of the word *only* makes him beg the question, for it implies that a make-believe cannot be real. So long as I feel my finitude and my helplessness, I cannot but demand a benevolent, all knowing, spiritual Being, higher than myself, who can encourage me constantly in sorrow and despair. These demands are not philosophically ultimate, any more than a personal God is so ultimate; but so long as the postulate is adequate to the demand, there should be no cause for quarrel. Criticism like that offered by Prof. Raju is due to a confusion of standpoints. It is logically akin to the popular condemnation of dreams. Dreams cannot but be unreal; they say, for the water you dream of cannot quench your thirst nor the food you dream of still your hunger. But does not the water I dream of quench the thirst I dream of also? It is only when there is an interchange of the two standards that we hasten to condemn dreams. Similarly in the other case. If the religious postulate is tested for ultimacy, the religious demands must be similarly tested at the same time. So long as this is not done, we have nothing but confusion.

There are many other matters such as the meaning of realisation, negativity, etc., touched upon in Prof. Raju's review, which it will be impossible to discuss here. In concluding this discussion which has already become too long, I would draw marked attention to two points: *First*, Prof. Raju is starting out to criticise a system of philosophy which has obtained wide currency in the East and is very much respected in the West. So far as can be gathered from the review before us, he has not yet had the advantage of a sympathetic study of at least one such system. His criticism, therefore, is yet superficial and fails to penetrate the core of the problem.

Secondly, Prof. Raju seems to have superabundant faith in the mutual exclusiveness of concepts. Is it real or is it a make-believe? Is it constrained or is it free? Such are the questions to which he expects a "Yes" or "No" answer. I shall take the liberty of passing on to my learned friend a little bit of philosophical advice offered to me at Oxford. I was told that it would be a good training for me not to use a single dilemmatic argument for a period of six months. Real issues tend to be obscured in an atmosphere of rare brilliancy where issues seem to be so clear-cut. Nothing human can claim to be final, not even systems of philosophy. And when Prof. Raju brings a little more sympathy and a little less of acid logic to the study of philosophy, I am sure we shall yet do justice to our country, despite the failure of Tagore and his admirers.

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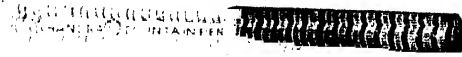
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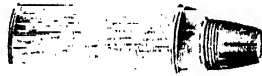
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OUR FRONTISPIECE

HERMES

(AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, ATRIUM)

THOU, beautiful piece of breathing bronze, that glances on every sight,
Till the striving pains of the Master hang about thee as webs of thought -
Till, as he gazed on the thing he had wrought, strong too in his Soul
up-swirled,

And he said: "I have plucked thee a flower indeed I shall wear it before
the World!"

Day after day, with deep delight, he basked in that life-long
Nearer and nearer the image came of that immortal hour of youth,
Till, the last touch given, his task was done by way of making, for himself,
"Hermes!" he cried. "Thou hast gladdened me, for the form I have shaped
is fair!"

"Bless Thou me still, while the furnace glows, while the moulded bronze
is cast,

Till high in Thy Pane, on its marble base, Thy spirit shall be seen,
Then, then, O Godhood and Master, come, come, for Thy lips have
Plucker from finger, and lip, and eye, and ear, to say from Thy hand!

"Speak with Thy lovers at his feet; and as Thyself is there,
Till flashes the ray of Thy laugh and light from the eyes of those
Draw them, O wonderful Spirit of Heaven, far from Earth's gloom, shake
them free,

And, even as Thou with great Zeal art one, know those who seek Thee
with Thee!"

Great Hermes heard; and He spoke: Indeed through the gift of His
servant true;

Myriads answered to ponder His will, were born anew,
While some were lifted o'er Space and Time from Earth's illusion far,
And, losing themselves, first found themselves, in the heart of their
Father Star

OUR FRONTISPIECE

HERMES

(AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, ATHENS)

THOU beautiful piece of breathing bronze, that flittedst an aery nought,
Till the striving mind of the Master flung about thee his web of thought ;
Till, as he gazed on the thing he had won, strong love in his Soul
up-swirled,
And he said : " I have pluckt me a flower indeed, I shall wear it before
the World ! "

Day after day, with desperate toil, he builded thee into being,
Nearer and nearer the image true of that rapturous hour of seeing,
Till, the last touch given, his tools laid by, joy mounting o'er despair :
" Hermes ! " he cried, " Thou hast blest me ; lo, the form I have shaped
is fair !

" Bless Thou me still, while the furnace glows, while the gleaming bronze
is cast,
Till high in Thy Fane, on its marble base, Thy symbol stand at last ;
Then, then, O Godhood and Master, come, come ; let Thy topaz flame
Flicker from finger, and lip, and eye ; add to my form Thy Name !

" Speak with Thy lovers at its feet ; call to Thyself in them,
Till flashes the ray of Thy laughing light from the nine times buried gem ;
Draw them, O wonderful Son of Heaven, till from Earth they shake
them free,
And, even as Thou with great Zeus art one, know them one with Thee—
with Thee ! "

Great Hermes heard ; and He spake indeed through the gift of His
servant true ;

Myriads wakened to nobler life, many were born anew,
While some were lifted o'er Space and Time from Earth's illusion far,
And, losing themselves, first found themselves in the heart of their
Father Star.

Swift in their course the centuries rolled, and lo, an alien Folk,
The Fates' last Favourite, swept the Land, bent proud Greece to its yoke.
Treasure on treasure it rapt away to its home across the main,
And the Blessed Image was rudely torn from its desecrated Fane.

Hid in the vessel's hold it lay as she struck the wave to foam,
But never, O never its beauty graced the Halls of conquering Rome.
Was Poseidon wroth at the outrage done His Brother? Who can say?
But the robber ship and its booty down He flung from the light of day.

Under His waters still and cool, far from man's hopes and fears,
Lay the statue, wrapt in His kindly sands, for nigh two thousand years;
Then from the wonderful, wine-hued Sea, lo, another radiant birth;
The flower the sculptor*had pluckt for man, it blossomed again on Earth.

Reverent eyes on the marvel gazed as in partial wreck it lay;
The soil of its sojourn under the Sea was cunningly done away;
And at last in pristine loveliness it stood once more for all
To joy in, though not neath Temple roof, yet in Beauty-hallowed Hall.

And still to a lover at its foot Hermes the Mighty bends;
Still to the figure of breathing bronze His loveliness He lends;
His light, His laughter they fill my heart; He calleth my Soul on high;
Earth's chain is broken; I soar! Thou God, into Thy life I die!

Marsyas

WHITE AND GOLD

By SIR JOHN WOODROFFE

MARUYAMA KYOTO

FROM the wooded hill of Maruyama one may see across the grey spaces of Kyoto the thickly walled enclosures, turrets, and shingled roofs, ridged with tiles, of the *Gosho* and *Nijo* palaces. The site of the *Nijo* originally held a building erected in the sixteenth century for the last of the Ashikaja Shoguns—a decadent dynasty to which all curious luxury, are ascribed by the artists, play-wrights, and historians. The present building was raised in 1601 by Iyesasu, the founder of Japanese feudalism, and of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguns, by which this feudalism was developed and preserved, until the breaking of that isolation, which Japan had imposed upon herself, and the observance of which she had sought to exact from the outer world. It would truly seem as if in this relic of that great period, which gathered together and made fresh and perfect the beauties of Ashikaja art, there has been preserved for us of to-day the full blossom of the art of Japan in its application to man's home. In the country of which we speak the home is indeed a "house beautiful," to whomsoever it may belong. Its neat and cleanly simplicity and almost austere beauty, the excellence of the materials of which it is composed, and the scrupulous honesty of the workmanship by which they are put together, exist however, as it were in a glorified form, in the more elaborate, though withal simple, art of the *Gosho* Palace, and the dreamy and golden beauty of the *Nijo*, which remains for us of a more vulgar time a true and sumptuous exemplar of the *Domus Aurea*. Their carven wood, metal work, whiteness, and colour, not only minister to the pleasures of sense, but subtly suggest the secret of this ministration, and the means and methods by which we may compel it. If from the *Gosho* we learn of austere simplicity and restraint, the *Nijo*, on the other hand, teaches by its resplendent example the supremacy of colour, and faith in the power which, among things of sense, it and musical sound chiefly possess, to cure the heart and mind of ill, giving to it life and joy and that "consolation of art" of which Théophile Gautier has spoken. But his phrase (as he said it) referred to something superficial. Art not only consoles but (what is greater) elates only when Beauty is known as a reflection in form of the perfection of God. The joy it produces is a fraction of unimpeded Bliss. In a more especial sense, the *Nijo* teaches the greatness of Gold, the presence of which permits the use of all other tones of colour, by means of the harmony it is powerful to bring about between their militant claims. The Japanese like the

Byzantines, the masters of complex and sumptuous decorative art, loved and made manifold use of this colour, the symbol of luminous wisdom and of the sun, the Radiant Eye of Vishnu looking from out the joyous blueness of His Heaven.

Externally the *Nijo* Palace is a Japanese fortress with thick walls, and turrets bearing black and re-curving roofs. Within are many buildings and courts, the entrance to which lies through wooden gates decorated with fine gilt metal fastenings, and golden and coloured carvings, the work of Hidari Jingoro, the greatest of the wood-carvers of Japan. The palace itself contains no furniture, being in this similar to all the other houses of this people who seem by instinctive refinement to have reduced domestic wants, and the objects which satisfy them, as far as possible to the limits of natural necessity alone. The walls and ceilings of the palace are coffered with black lacquered wood clasped with gilt metal, and enclose in their polished frames, painted panels of fans, arabesques, and various nameless forms. The sliding wall-screens (*fusuma*), tasselled with vermilion silk, are similarly framed and fastened, and contain golden panels, lustrous with a gold lit by an inward fire gently tempered by age. On this golden background are painted life-sized forms of all manner of birds and beasts, trees and flowers. Here are dwarfed and twisted pine trees, pendant willows, and columnar palms; eagles in superb activity or rest, woolly Korean tigers, peacocks of laughing beauty, and white storks cleaving with outstretched necks and wings the golden sky flecked with bars of blue; here too are seen the many hesitant and momentary poises of birds: here also wickered baskets painted by the school of Kano bear their heavy and coloured weight of flower. But the tender and pallid beauties of these pinks and lilacs are outshone by the supreme splendour of the halls of audience (*Go-Taimenjo* and *Chokushi-no-Ma*) and the small room (*Kuro-join*) the inner and last of the suite named *Ohiroma*. In these, across walls of gold, as it were across a sunset, there stretches a forest of green and tufted pines, winter peaches, chrysanthemums, autumn maples, pœonies, and double cherry trees with their light and mist-like burden of white and pink blossom. In the upper end of the hall, which is of two levels (the upper, or raised portion (*jodon*) being for the *Shogun* alone, the lower (*gedan*) for his vassals and audience) are placed shelves (*chigaidana*) covered with flowered and embroidered silk in watery and evanescent tones of blue, pink, and green, buttoned by blue *cloisonné* medallions bearing the trefoil crest of the *Shogun*. Between the wall-screens and the coffered ceiling runs a frieze of coloured and pierced wood-work by Hidari, elaborate with the carven forms of peacocks and roses, storks and green grasses, and sanguine pœonies with flower of flamelike beauty. The suites of rooms are for the most part separated by doors made of the dark brown wood of the *Cryptomeria*, boldly painted in a style fitting their large grained surface. On one of such doors one may still see the "wet heron" of the artist Naonobu. The style of the inner and but faintly-lighted rooms (*Shiro-join*) differs from the others,

the *fusuma* being of a dull yellowish gold, a gold of extreme refinement and subtle suggestion, painted in sepia with Chinese scenes by Kano Koi. Here sleeps, as it were in evening light, on the bending branch of a Chinese willow, the "sparrow of Kano," mutely eloquent of grace and rest.

The *Gosho* Palace, the former residence of the Mikado, with its almost sacerdotal simplicity of plain sanded courts, white walls, and unpainted and unvarnished woodwork, stands in marked contrast with the golden luxury of the *Nijo*—a palace fitting indeed for the Shogun, the usurping master of things temporal, but one (so this people thought) in no wise worthy of their lawful lord, the Mikado, the holy and heaven-born descendant of Ama-terasu, the radiant goddess of the Sun. Here there is denial of sumptuous luxury, a restraint and whiteness, which in its purity sums up and contains the excellence and essence of all colour, and which, in the words of a sixteenth century "Pontifical", is "*inter omnes colores prior, simplicior et festivior*." Hence the extreme simplicity of the houses in the Imperial Garden (*Shugaku-in*), and of the *Gosho* Palace. The woodwork throughout is plain, unvarnished, and white. The lower walls alone are painted. Gold is but rarely used. The inner and private rooms are bright with the forms of flowers and birds only. The study holds but one treasure—a painting by the artist Renzan of groups of wild geese, whose grey forms and the grey-green wastes on which they appear, afford the utmost degree of delicate pleasure, which these gentle colours are capable of giving. The *Seiryoden* or "Pure and Cool Hall" contains the throne of the Mikado, a kind of catafalque framed in black lacquered wood, seated with silk-edged matting, and enclosed in folds and streamers of red, white, and black silk, bearing the design of the sacred *wistaria* flower. Here seated on this throne he received in audience the *Kuge* or court nobles, who paid reverence to his veiled presence. Here in a corner laid with cement and strewn with fresh earth, he prayed. Perhaps this extreme simplicity of the Palace, which, except in size and in its paintings, in no wise differed from the houses of the people, existed to remind its owner of the transience even of Imperial Splendour, and that, as the father of his people, his home should be like their own. Perhaps, with the conservative instincts which marked the old rule, it was sought to preserve in the Imperial Residence, as in the temples of the national or Shinto faith, the simple and primitive architectural forms of the early conquerors and founders of Japan.

Here we stay; for the early winter evening has already come in, and across the encircling hills floats the cold brume of November. As we again reach Maruyama it has already crept down from the hill tops, and lightly settling on the low and curved roofs of the Palaces, has covered, with its whiteness the golden beauties of their art.

ATHEIST

I YEARNED to be a flower divine and fresh
Plucked from God's garden in a radiant hour . . .
My heart's deep yearning shaped my quiet flesh
Into a splendid Flower.

I longed to be a cloud with glowing wings
Outspread across the heavens golden-proud . . .
My longings folded all my sufferings
Into a laughing Cloud.

I sought to be a bird insculped in flame
Of songs unborn of message yet unheard . . .
My body through my seeking soon became
A bright prophetic Bird.

Whatever we desire to be, we are . . .
Beauty and fragrance, silence song and fire . . .
And even God's infinity afar
Can grow if we desire.

I fold
My wings of song my painted wings of song
Among the lonely shadows of my heart . . .
In my quiet hands I hold
A flame-bud of strange peace that burns like gold.
I sit apart
From old desires and dreams, and long
For a cool cup of dim forgetfulness
Of earth's interminable shadowy loveliness.

Across my lips silence her finger lays
Streaking them with some sudden mystery . . .
With inner eyes I see
The broken ruins of my nights and days . . .
The shattered lute of Me
That knew not how to sing its own Infinity.

Pleasures and pains
Have fled like shadows out of my grey mine . . .
I do not look behind
To catch the faded glimpse of things gone by . . .
The memory of chains
Has left me free to run across the sky
Seeking the ecstasy that cannot die.

Earth-free I wander now in proud release . . .
I shall not thirst for shadows any more
On the proud face of human fantasies
I shut my little door.

I have come clear of fetters that have bound
My body through the ages to the bars
Of passing moods . . . This freedom I have found
Among the crowd of stars.

I close my eyes and wander into space
Sublime and infinite from passion freed . . .
I drink the music of an unknown Face
And on its quiet I feed.

Would I could lose me in the loveliness
That grows beyond all pulsing sense like wings . . .
Dissolve into that subtle nothingness
Through which a Something sings.

Who is the Maker of the flowering earth
The star-bespangled heaven and the light
That lumines everywhere when daylight breaks?
Whose lovely passion gave stupendous birth
To mountains? Whose ineffable delight
To singing-birds and calm diaphanous lakes?

Whose hands are they that make the seasons roll
With fruit and flower at their appointed time?
Whose magic mouth that kissed the midnight-space
Imprinting a chaste moon . . . Whose eyes control
The rage of storms and the eternal chime
Of oceans . . . Let me see the Maker's face.

Whose bright imagination wrought the breath
 Of human creatures, whose vast discontent
 The splendour of their hearts the limitless
 Lone mystery of human life and death ?
 What mind such lavish wealth of genius spent
 To shape the universal loveliness ?

This desolate and unconquerable cry
 Has troubled the grey throat of passing ages
 Music of saints and worship of the sages
 Have touched the voiceless star-deeps of the sky
 Responseless . . . Quiet clouds go floating by
 Helpless and mute . . . Deep silence strangely wages
 Long war with words . . . Like song-birds in their cages
 We are surrounded* by this mystery.

Oft-times we grow so weary of our moan . . .
 Dwells there a great Magician-Power behind
 Life's manifold phenomena alone
 Compassionless and to our sorrows blind . . .
 Or is our God a Consolation grown
 Out of the shadows of our sorrowing mind ?

There is no God . . . let all the ages know
 This message that is born of misery . . .
 We live upon the earth and laugh and grow
 From hour to hour in the infinity
 Of our own beings . . . Through the million years
 Of seeking we have found but dust and flame . . .
 Until to soothe our bosoms wipe our tears
 Away we gave a hazy thought a name
 And called it God . . . Through anguish life became
 Dependent on Invisible power . . . and seers
 Turned to divinity their visionings . . .
 We gave great God his title and his wings
 To soar in higher realms, outsoar our fears
 And joys and dreams to fathom earthly things
 We gave him supernatural sight and sense . . .
 Trembling at our own vastness we began
 To build huge walls about us till we grew poor
 In potency . . . and he, the God of man
 Departing from our little human door
 Laughed over us in crude Omnipotence.

THE RIPENESS OF RUSSIA AND THE THEORY OF PREPARATION

By HENRY HALL RUFFY

“IN view of the fact that the proletariat has not attained to the capacity for self-government in any of the organisations with which it is concerned, is not the hopelessness of Socialism, in face of the impoverishment of the workers by Capitalism, thereby demonstrated?” Such is the leit—motif of Karl Kautsky’s newly translated work.

Here, and on the continent, we, occasionally, hear about the unpreparedness for social regeneration; unfortunately at times, from such persons holding responsible socialistic positions, though what kind of matriculative examination the average man has to pass to enter into a state of well-being, comfortable housing, a supply of unadulterated food and a respectable amount of healthy labour, these philosophers do not explain. It seldom happens that a *nouveau riche*, or a man who has got on, or has money left him finds great difficulty in adapting himself to his bettered circumstances.

But look at the barbaric condition of the muzhik, says the objector.

I am not so sure that a man who has his head filled with quaint folk stories or superstitions that usually hide a background of spiritual instruction is nearer the animal than one who absorbs a gospel of hatred from some daily press.

But the intense poverty keeps the people in a brutal state, observes the objector. I have actually seen peasants eating the thatch from off their roofs in country villages.

And I have lived with extremely intelligent peasant people who ate their cats and rats in time of necessity, which happened all too frequently; but I know of a country where a certain portion of the community can’t even get thatch to eat. Are you aware how many people die of starvation in the streets of London every year in the piping times of peace?

The matter, however, requires much deeper investigation. May not the very reverse of our objector’s assertions prove to be much nearer the truth than the assertions themselves, if we put the blinding illusions, conceit and superiority aside and critically examine the matter? Let us commence with Western culture.

Men become famous amongst us; and we call them great personalities men of genius; nothing could be nearer pure superstition. Thought is a matter of collaboration and the individual is altogether dominated by the atmosphere of the time. We may believe in the scientist Poincaré's statement that an insect living between two flat slabs of granite would have no conception of the third dimension.

Thus, for example, Herbert Spencer, being the product of an age of social disintegration is by natural consequence the representative of disintegration of thought. His learning is far greater, his reading far wider, the store of human knowledge at his disposal far superior to that of Hobbs: yet his philosophy synthesised—as far as it is possible to synthesise it, or rather piece it together—is shallow and small beside that of Hobbs, who, even if he had an inferior mentality, lived upon the border of an age more constructive, and inherited the philosophy thereof. His advantages were greater than those of Spencer.

The condition of the past two centuries in the North of Europe; France, England, Germany and consequently North America is extremely dangerous to any age ambitious of social renovation or constructive effort.

For ourselves we may well choose to consider Hobbs our best thinker; born under circumstances sufficiently favourable to produce a thought of constructive value; though by no means is his philosophy of value as final truth; but it possesses what his successors are entirely void of; a certain vision and understanding of social form, superstructure, and unity. The analytical effort of the nineteenth century is an interesting curiosity, no more. It contains nothing that can stimulate a concrete deduction. The political economy, that labelled itself science, can now only be regarded as the introspective effort of Anglo-Saxon Anarchy. The nineteenth century is essentially like that of the eighteenth century; nihilism in thought. The former is analytical nihilism, the latter sentimental nihilism. This applies equally to the general trend and dominating influences of the corresponding epochs in France, and post-Hegelism thought in Germany.

Is it altogether illogical to postulate that if Socialism has appeared in Russia, it was because Russia was riper for Socialism than any other people in Europe? Centuries of plutocratic degeneration render people unripe for any constructive effort; yet these are the very peoples, with their senses and mental vision deteriorated by the muddle in which they dwell, who discuss preparedness. Do they think they need to sink further into the abyss to be ripe for sailing in the clouds? Biology does not demonstrate that one must live like a worm in order to develop wings; but as long as these peoples insist on seeing their social disintegration as progress they must only hope for the logic and vision of the madhouse.

It is much easier to pass from one Social Form to another, than from a state of collective putrefaction to something solid. Russia was much riper for real effort because she was minus two centuries of European down-going. Her

leaders had the advantage of observing the rottenness from a distance and of having something solid to work on to avoid it. The Will of Destruction, in industry and land, chained down to support an aristocracy and church is a much more manageable animal than a Will of Destruction absolute ; that has spread it's deadly roots through the whole of a society and converted by means of idiotic and vulgar luxuries, the complete productive power of the people to itself. To change the direction of a disciplined force is a much easier achievement than to reduce anarchy to order that it may be directed. The former is progress in the Dionysian sense, from form to form, form destroyed by form and not by chaos, there is no evidence whatever that nature returned from the monkey to the amoeba in order to create man, yet this is in reality the philosophy of these disciples of preparedness.

Biologic determinism is a matter of opportunism, the force breaks through where it finds the resistance sufficiently weak. And the point of breaking through is where the form becomes sufficiently decayed ; this happened at the given moment in England, in France, in Germany, but the philosophy which directed these movements was utterly abstract, therefore destructive in effect, liberty of thought, freedom of opinion, anarchy of trade, liberty in the pure abstract ; liberty and anarchy completely confounded and confused at the expense of justice and honesty ; so that society made a transition from decadence to degeneration. The Russian idea seems to be the negation of this European absurdity. If she can preserve a dictatorship and create a social absolutism ; Liberty in the Concrete, may it not be the means of recreating Europe, and save the whole race of man from a long period of disasters and decay ?

It was Bonaparte who wrongly conceived that by assuring the future of European plutocracy he was reinstating a certain democratic structure that lay at the base of earlier feudalism without understanding that plutocracy and democracy were, in essence, mutually exclusive, that a democracy with a plutocratic basis was null and void and could only serve as a camouflage for the will of Destruction.

In this, Napoleon showed neither any true sight into history nor an understanding of the nature of democracy. The result of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars cannot be considered as social advance in any way, for the same spirit remained at the back of industrialism that had dominated feudalism. Anarchy, apotheosised by the machine, masked in order, wrapped in sentiment, gulling the masses with the word 'democracy' ; slowly and silently destroying all efforts of human genius, past and future ; converting all invention to destruction ; and utilising all good will and fine sentiment for the desires and dreams of an insatiable cupidity. Let the philosophers of preparedness examine the institution that is slowly making us worthy citizens to enter some glorious future. Let us glance at the Rulers from whom we are doubtless to acquire the capacity mentioned by Karl Kautsky.

Instead of earnestly studying life, or those whom they pretend to recognise as superiors, and seeking out some Truth to apply to humanity, our so-called Rulers of the Earth are mainly engaged in discovering a profitable propaganda wherewith to trick their country and their race to defend Created Interests which they regard as a benignant God quite irrespective of whether those interests are or are not damnable for man in general and consequently their nation in particular.

The Rulers' incapacity is not only tolerated but vaunted. Not only does he not seek to attain an efficient capacity, but to develop an efficient incapacity. If a General fails he is (at least theoretically) court-martialled, but if a diplomat fails?

It is a matter of common-sense to suppose that a diplomat fails when diplomatic relations can no longer be continued. Is it his business to fail intelligently just as it is that of the General's to succeed intelligently? Is it his business to be without any governmental capacity? For it cannot be maintained that the men who lead a country to ruin (immediate by defeat, and distant by victory) have succeeded as governors and diplomats. If they are incapable of ruling, should they be permitted to hide their dangerous incapacity for their own profits? Should they not be brought to judgment for the crime? If they cannot explain their incapacity to rule, should they not be punished for their criminal ignorance? If a citizen tries to drive an auto-mobile without knowing how, he is punished for endangering the lives of the public; but the men who have the impudence to drive a whole state without knowing how, are completely immune from castigation! Why are these governors not responsible before the subjects whose lives they endanger and sacrifice, by their ignorance of their own incapacity? . . .

Let us suppose a court-martial of these responsible geniuses.

Question 1: Why have you failed and thus lead your country into war and ruin?

Answer: Because I was incapable of avoiding it.

Q. 2: What do you consider to be the cause of your incapacity?

A. My Ignorance.

In every case we should inevitably arrive at these two questions and answers.

They would, doubtless, take vastly different form, but always be liable of such translation.

Answer 1 might be for instance, "War was forced upon me by another country!"

For what cause?

"The distribution of foreign markets between us."

"Why did you not arrive at some equitable or proportionate agreement?"

"I was forced by Pluto & Co. to make no compromise."

"For what reason did Pluto & Co. force you?"

"They contended that they would be forced to reduce their employees which would mean serious labour trouble."

Thus we arrive at Answer 2.

"Why would it mean labour trouble?"

"Because there would be more men and women than work."

"But if you could shorten the hours of labour which would enable more people to be employed?"

"At the expense of Pluto & Co. They would never consent to be impoverished, that would bring still greater trouble on my head."

"Have you any other system you could apply?"

"No!"

Thus Question 2 is answered.

We are supposing that our Ruler is an honest personality; not criminal by conscious intent. Now, the majority of such personalities, if one searches deeply enough into their intellectual equipment, turn out to be what may be described as negative Malthusians, that is to say, they accept the theory of Malthus, but believe in applying war and famine instead of intelligence, the remedy advocated by Malthus. It probably calms their conscience, if they have any, as to their complicity with Pluto & Co. The fault is Nature's but they do not identify Nature with their own criminal irresponsibility.

Let us remark in passing that 50 years of Malthusian practices did not enable France to keep out of the war, which proves conclusively that Malthusianism is a futile effort without Socialism; of course, it may happen that after Socialism is more or less generally established some 50 or 100 years, that the Malthusian doctrines might be found advisable, to complete the stability of Socialism, being as the French Socialist writer Sext. Quintin observes, a beneficial and natural result of civilisation; but in this case, the complete power will be in the hands of men that will protect the peoples against any evils that may befall them, even if they should take such form as their own superabundance.

Thus the judge may follow on with this completely logical question—

"As you cannot shorten the hours of labour, in order to arrive at some mutual agreement as to foreign markets; or increase those markets why do you not instruct the people in such a way as to prevent this excessive fecundity, and provide them with the necessary means of avoiding it, thus to replace the filthy, wretched homes, full of half-starved children, by homes greatly relieved from the horrors of more or less continual hunger, with children cleanly dressed, given a good start in the home which might be finished by the State?"

"In that case I should have people financing newspaper campaigns against me, especially as Pluto & Co. would be annoyed at having the prospect of a less overcrowded labour market. I should be howled out of office."

"But can you not control this state of hysterics?"

"No."

"There is no power of government?"

"No!"

Thus suppose the very rare case of Answer 2, the plea of ignorance, being answered, our Ruler has to return to Answer 1. In any case he is condemned for not being able to create a *Government*, or Ruling Body sufficiently powerful to be of human benefit. He is not able to control hysteria, ignorance, or mercantile cupidity, so that it would be in no way remarkable if such a personality ended in disgust, pessimism or cynicism, and merely traded on his position. It is not astonishing that instead of earnestly studying life and seeking out some truth to apply to humanity, so-called Rulers seek a profitable propaganda to trick their country, and defend the Created Interest that stands between men of genius and science, and legislation. An upright man or so, must realise the tragedy but the rest who drift thither are, doubtless, too busy in the Great Adventure of inevitable blood-gambling. It seems very possible that before long, the instinct of self-preservation will force man to the paradoxical (the paradoxical is usually the most intelligent) conclusion of erecting an absolute or autocratic democracy; that is, of creating power in order that he can exact responsibility, in which case our present day 'je m'en fiche' Ruler will be liable to have a rough but necessary awakening.

Nothing stimulates the mentality so much as the thought of future suffering, the repetition of agonies past. It was thus man's memory was trained in the earlier days; and the whip of war will doubtless, open the way to some healthy form of state-craft, having the advantage of making the more criminal contingent of the political world, shy of a dangerous office. After all, we have had enough of the Scourge of Destruction, is it not time to apply the Scourge of Creation? The Ruler will be able to say, by this or that policy I guarantee to prevent a coming catastrophe in accordance with the Ministers of the Powers, A and B and C and D, etc. Grant me the power and I take the responsibility. He will not dare to remain in office, knowing he is powerless to avoid some terrible blood-letting and poverty-creating epoch. He will not dare to remain in office, as a glorified mollusc, furthering the designs and intrigues of the within-it's-gates enemies of a land. When it is his blood that is in danger, then there will be such a thing as responsible representative government; representing the people's happiness and the people's suffering.

Doubtless, the cry with which Democracy will be born, is, Full Power and Full Responsibility. Whether this very necessary autocracy equipped to deal with the varying evils of social chaos, will arrive before another catastrophe takes place, only the future knows, but come it must.

Let those who talk of Russian unpreparedness ask themselves if we were any nearer to real Democracy in 1909 than Czaristic Russia. There is, and can be, only one measure for Democracy; the power which a people is able to place in the hands of its representatives. Was the Prime Minister of England in 1909, any more powerful than the President of the Duma. Supposing it had been the will of the people at that date to nationalise the mines, and supposing the Prime Minister as their democratic representative has served that will, great would have been the outcry; the government overthrown in volumes of well-paid abuse, and the Prime Minister replaced by another and better servant of the plutocratic masters.

North America, U.S.A., is a more democratic State than England because it can put more power in the hands of its President than English Democracy can place at the disposal of the Prime Minister, owing to the great increase of the Presidential power since 1850, but how much power has the President when he fails to go in the direction which is indicated to him by Wall Street interests? What would happen to a President who proposed a rigid control of the Trusts? (What were the concrete results of Mr. Roosevelt's celebrated campaign in this direction?) He would fail and be replaced by a somewhat more obedient servant, and if not more obedient, that servant would fail equally.

This seems rather to point to the fact that there are no degrees in Democracy, either it *is* or it is not; either it can place complete power in the hands of its representative or it is an illusion to gull the people, by which many gain a livelihood. Can it be maintained by those who imagine us advanced, 'being prepared,' that this present Parliamentary system is a training in, and a cultivator of our responsibility?

Is not such a system, albeit the eulogies of historians like Professor Sloane, who informs us how it teaches discipline as well as responsibility, rather inclined to instruct the average man that the road to honour is by way of 'graft'; and to be honest and truly honourable, means to share the fate of Ibsen's Brand?

Is this the way we are to attain capacity for a superior state of society? Is there not something radically wrong about the inhabitants of modern plutocracies; and may it not come from the instructive influences of this preparatory institution?

If Karl Kautsky's proletariat 'has not attained to the capacity for self-government in any of the organisations with which it is concerned'; it is far from being isolated in this respect! Nor does it seem as though it will ever attain the capacity by studying existing organisations. For what purpose, then, does Kautsky desire to preserve these organisations? He cannot be under the illusion that capacity for self-government exists in them! They are then, in no way preferable to those which Socialism, at its very worst, might provide. But Socialism provides the capacity for self-government for the first time in history,

and therefore the creation of an institution from which even Kautsky Socialists might attain the capacity for self-government; and unless some such institution comes into being, from whom are they to acquire this necessary capacity? Surely not by copying the all-powerful chaos around them, from the penetration of which, as we know, their leaders often find it impossible to defend them, as in the case of 'les syndicats jaunes' and far greater criminalities. Has it not been proven over and over again, in Germany, France, Russia, Spain and the U.S.A., that the irresponsible actions attributed to Socialists are entirely due to the machinations of governmental agents of provocation? A dozen notorious cases may be cited. Is it from a system that produces such creatures, that Kautsky's proletariat is to acquire 'capacity for self-government'.

And one cannot suppose Karl Kautsky blind to these facts, for if Germany produced the great Goethe, it also brought forth the notorious Stieber. Kautsky tells of the hopelessness of Socialism in face of the impoverishment of the workers by Capitalism. But if Socialism is hopeless is not the existing method still more hopeless? The incapacity of capital to control the profiteer and the accumulation of wealth by destruction, is more likely to lead to a period of horrors than any attempt to introduce a creative policy; and should Capital temporarily recover, the great wars that loom on the horizon, forbode suffering and starvation beyond the power of all calculation. Every thinking man must admit the tremendous task before Socialism, but still more tremendous and still more hopeless, to use Kautsky's phrase, will it be if left to the future.

Lastly, does not this talk of unpreparedness for Socialism often have its root in a certain confusion of mind; the error of confounding Democracy with the liberalisation of institutions? But is not this liberalisation an affair more of national temperament than anything else? There were certain liberties in Czaristic Russia, and some of them very important ones that could not be indulged in, in Britain; to mention one of them, would the realistic revelation of Maxim Gorki have been possible in our puritanic atmosphere? Does not hypocrisy protect and perpetuate vice? Is Gorki freedom of speech? Or is Hyde Park oratory freedom of speech? There are certain liberties in France and Spain that cannot be indulged in, in the U.S.A. Our political liberty! Is this not much more a travesty of liberty than any real liberty? A man may say in Hyde Park what he would be imprisoned for in Paris. Is it not that Rulers put their faith in the phlegmatic temperament of the people, and, therefore, do not consider such speaking dangerous to plutocratic interests, whereas, in Paris the contrary would be the governmental opinion? And in the many countries where the freedom of the press is a fact, does not the confidence that Plutocracy has in the power of wealth, render that freedom possible?

What is freedom under plutocracy?

As soon as something is found or thought to be perfectly harmless, either due to the national temperament, or the powers of corruption it acquires a much advertised liberty. Can this be called a step in the direction of social regeneration?

And these metaphysical liberties, have they any root? Are they not mere fair weather liberties; to disappear when the inevitable storm arises? Free speech and free opinion become dangerous and criminal; the phlegmatic temperament can no longer be relied on when the body is tormented. The Free Press, or rather that part of it which cannot be corrupted, and is sufficiently small to be considered harmless, is censored out of existence. Free conscience becomes the sport of tyranny and trickery, except, as in the case with France, where it is suppressed by a bullet through the head, although, strange to say, the whole essence of the third Republic is to defend "l'etat laique".

We have all heard these liberties vaunted as a training in responsibility, which will make the people fit to take over power at some distant date. Is it not rather a curious method of training? Somewhat resembling that of encouraging a dog to beg for sugar one day, and then smacking the animal's head for making an attempt to beg the next. What a confused conception that dog would have of responsibility and 'capacity for self-government'!

If the Russian Muzhik has escaped this training, perhaps, so much the better for him, as it seems more than probable that an efficient training in responsibility will begin *with* the Day of Democracy rather than *before* it.

Henry Hall Ruffy

LOVE AND DEATH

IN woodlands of the bright and early world,
When love was to himself yet new and warm
And stainless, played like morning with a flower
Ruru with his young bride Priyumvada.
Fresh-cheeked and dew-eyed white Priyumvada
Opened her budded heart of crimson bloom
To love, to Ruru ; Ruru, a happy flood
Of passion round a lotus dancing thrilled,
Blinded with his soul's waves Priyumvada.
To him the earth was a bed for this sole flower,
To her all the world was filled with his embrace.
Wet with new rains the morning earth released
From her fierce centuries and burning suns
Lavished her breath in greenness ; poignant flowers
Thronged all her eager breast, and her young arms
Cradled a childlike bounding life that played
And would not cease, nor ever weary grew
Of her bright promise ; for all was joy and breeze
And perfume, colour and bloom and ardent rays
Of living ; and delight desired the world.
Then Earth was quick and pregnant tamelessly,
A free and unvalled race possessed her plains
Whose hearts uncramped by bonds, whose unspoiled thoughts
At once replied to light. Foisoned the fields ;
Lonely and rich the forests and the swaying
Of those unnumbered tops affected men
With thoughts to their vast music kin. Undammed
The virgin rivers moved towards the sea,
And mountains yet unseen and peoples vague
Winged young imagination like an eagle
To strange beauty remote. And Ruru felt
The sweetness of the early earth as sap
All through him, and short life an æon made

By boundless possibility, and love,
Sweetest of all unfathomable love,
A glory untired. As a bright bird comes flying
From airy extravagance to his own home,
And breasts his mate, and feels her all his goal,
So from boon sunlight and the fresh, chill wave
Which swirled and lapped between the slumbering fields,
From forest pools and wanderings mid leaves
Through emerald ever-new discoveries,
Mysterious hillsides ranged and buoyant-swift
Races with our wild brothers in the meads,
Came Ruru back to the white-bosomed girl,
Strong-winged to pleasure. She at fresh and new
Rose to him, and he plunged into her charm.
For neither to her honey and poignancy
Artlessly interchanged, nor any limit
To the sweet physical delight of her
He found. Her eyes like deep and infinite wells
Lured his attracted soul, and her touch thrilled
Not lightly, though so light; the joy prolonged
And sweetness of the lingering of her lips
Was every time a nectar of surprise
To her lover; her smooth-gleaming shoulder bared
In darkness of her hair showed jasmine-bright,
While her kissed bosom by rich tumults stirred
Was a moved sea that rocked beneath his heart.
Then when her lips had made him blind, soft siege
Of all her unseen body to his rule
Betrayed the ravishing realm of her white limbs,
An empire for the glory of a God.
He knew not whether he loved most her smile,
Her causeless tears or little angers swift,
Whether held wet against him from the bath
Among her kindred lotuses, her cheeks
Soft to his lips and dangerous happy breasts
That vanquished all his strength with their desire,
Meeting his absence with her sudden face,
Or when the leaf-hid bird at night complained
Near their wreathed arbour on the moonlit lake,
Sobbing delight out from her heart of bliss,

Or in his clasp of rapture laughing low
Of his close bosom bridal-glad and pleased
With passion and this fiery play of love,
Or breaking off like one who thinks of grief,
Wonderful melancholy in her eyes
Grown liquid and with wayward sorrow large.
Thus he in her found a warm world of sweets,
And lived of ecstasy secure, nor deemed
Any new hour could match that early bliss.
But Love has joys for spirits born divine
More bleeding-lovely than his thornless rose.
That day he had left, while yet the east was dark,
Rising, her bosom and into the river
Swam out, exulting in the sting and swift
Sharp-edged desire around his limbs, and sprang
Wet to the bank, and streamed into the wood.
As a young horse upon the pastures glad
Feels greensward and the wind along his mane
And arches as he goes his neck, so went
In an immense delight of youth the boy
And shook his locks, joy-crested. Boundlessly
He revelled in swift air of life, a creature
Of wide and vigorous morning. Far he strayed
Tempting for flower and fruit branches in heaven,
And plucked, and flung away, and brighter chose,
Seeking comparisons for her bloom ; and followed
New streams, and touched new trees, and felt slow beauty
And leafy secret change ; for the damp leaves,
Grey-green at first, grew pallid with the light
And warmed with consciousness of sunshine near ;
Then the whole daylight wandered in, and made
Hard tracts of splendour, and enriched all hues.
But when a happy sheltered heat he felt
And heard contented voice of living things
Harmonious with the noon, he turned and swiftly
Went homeward yearning to Priyumvada,
And near his home emerging from green leaves
He laughed towards the sun : " O father Sun,"
He cried, " how good it is to live, to love !
Surely our joy shall never end, nor we

Grow old, but like bright rivers or pure winds
Sweetly continue, or revive with flowers,
Or live at least as long as senseless trees."
He dreamed, and said with a soft smile ; " Lo, she !
And she will turn from me with angry tears
Her delicate face more beautiful than storm
Or rainy moonlight. I will follow her,
And soothe her heart with sovereign flatteries ;
Or rather all tyranny exhaust and taste
The beauty of her anger like a fruit,
Vexing her soul with helplessness ; then soften
Easily with quiet undenied demand
Of heart insisting upon heart ; or else
Will reinvest her beauty bright with flowers,
Or with my hands her little feet persuade.
Then will her face be like a sudden dawn,
And flower compelled into reluctant smiles."
He had not ceased when he beheld her. She,
Tearing a jasmine flower with waiting hands,
Stood drooping, petulant, but heard at once
His footsteps and before she was aware,
A sudden smile of exquisite delight
Leaped to her mouth, and a great blush of joy
Surprised her cheeks. She for a moment stood
Beautiful with her love before she died ;
And he laughed towards her. With a pitiful cry
She paled ; moaning, her stricken limbs collapsed.
But petrified, in awful dumb surprise,
He gazed ; then waking with a bound was by her,
All panic expectation. As he came,
He saw a brilliant flash of coils evade
The sunlight, and with hateful gorgeous hood
Darted into green safety, hissing, death.
Voiceless he sank beside her and stretched out
His arms and desperately touched her face,
As if to attract her soul to live, and sought
Beseeching with his hands her bosom. O, she
Was warm, and cruel hope pierced him ; but pale
As jasmynes fading on a girl's sweet breast
Her cheek was, and forgot its perfect rose.

Her eyes that clung to sunlight yet, with pain
Were large and feebly round his neck her arms
She lifted and, desiring his pale cheek
Against her bosom, sobbed out piteously,
" Ah, love ! " and stopped heart-broken ; then, " O Love !
Alas the green dear home that I must leave
So early ! I was so glad of love and kisses,
And thought that centuries would not exhaust
The deep embrace. And I have had so little
Of joy and the wild day and throbbing night,
Laughter, and tenderness, and strife and tears.
I have not numbered half the brilliant birds
In one green forest, nor am familiar grown
With sunrise and the progress of the eves,
Nor have with plaintive cries of birds made friends,
Cuckoo and rainlark and love-speak-to-me.
I have not learned the names of half the flowers
Around me ; so few trees know me by my name ;
Nor have I seen the stars so very often
That I should die. I feel a dreadful hand
Drawing me from the touch of thy warm limbs
Into some cold vague mist, and all black night
Descends towards me. I no more am thine,
But go I know not where, and see pale shapes
And gloomy countries and that terrible stream.
O Love, O Love, they take me from thee far,
And whether we shall find each other ever
In the wide dreadful territory of death,
I know not. Or thou wilt forget me quite,
And life compel thee into other arms.
Ah, come with me ! I cannot bear to wander
In that cold cruel country all alone,
Helpless and terrified, or sob by streams
Denied sweet sunlight and by thee unloved."
Slower her voice came now, and over her cheek
Death paused ; then, sobbing like a little child
Too early from her bounding pleasures called,
The lovely discontented spirit stole
From her warm body white. Over her leaned
Ruru, and waited for dead lips to move.

Still in the greenwood lay Priyumvada,
And Ruru rose not from her, but with eyes
Emptied of glory hung above his dead,
Only, without a word, without a tear.
Then the crowned wives of the great forest came,
They who had fed her from maternal breasts,
And grieved over the lovely body cold,
And bore it from him ; nor did he entreat
One last look nor one kiss, nor yet denied
What he had loved so well. They the dead girl
Into some distant greenness bore away.

But Ruru, while the stillness of the place
Remembered her, sat without voice. He heard
Through the great silence that was now his soul,
The forest sounds, a squirrel's leap through leaves,
The cheeping of a bird just overhead,
A peacock with his melancholy cry
Complaining far away, and tossings dim
And slight unnoticeable stir of trees.
But all these were to him like distant things
And he alone in his heart's void. And yet
No thought he had of her so lately lost.
Rather far pictures, trivial incidents
Of that old life before her delicate face
Had lived for him, dumbly distinct like thoughts
Of men that die, kept with long pomps his mind
Excluding the dead girl. So still he was,
The birds flashed by him with their swift small wings,
Fanning him. Then he moved, then rigorous
Memory through all his body shuddering
Awoke, and he looked up and knew the place,
And recognised greenness immutable,
And saw old trees and the same flowers still bloom.
He felt the bright indifference of earth
And all the lonely uselessness of pain.
Then lifting up the beauty of his brow
He spoke, with sorrow pale. " O grim cold death !
But I will not like ordinary men

Satiate thee with cries, and falsely woo thee,
And make my grief thy theatre, who lie
Prostrate beneath thy thunderbolts and make
Night witness of their moans, shuddering and crying
When sudden memories pierce them like swords,
And often starting up as at a thought
Intolerable, pace a little, then
Sink down exhausted by brief agony.
O secrecy terrific, darkness vast,
At which we shudder ! Somewhere, I know not where,
Somehow, I know not how, I shall confront
Thy gloom, tremendous spirit, and seize with hands
And prove what thou art and what man." He said,
And slowly to the forest wandered. There
Long months he travelled between grief and grief,
Reliving thoughts of her with every pace,
Measuring vast pain in his immortal mind.
And his heart cried in him as when a fire
Roars through wide forests and the branches cry
Burning towards heaven in torture glorious.
So burned, immense, his grief within him ; he raised
His young pure face all solemnised with pain,
Voiceless. Then Fate was shaken, and the Gods
Grieved for him, of his silence grown afraid.
Therefore from peaks divine came flashing down
Immortal Agni and to the uswutth-trée
Cried in the Voice that slays the world ; " O tree
That liftest thy enormous branches able
To shelter armies, more than armies now
Shelter, be famous, house a brilliant God
For the grief grows in Ruru's breast up-piled,
As wrestles with its anguished barricades
In silence an impending flood, and Gods
Immortal grow afraid. For earth alarmed
Shudders to bear the curse lest her young life
Pule with eclipse and all-creating love
Be to mere pain condemned. Divert the wrath
Into thy boughs, Uswuttha—thou shalt be
My throne—glorious, though in eternal pain,
Yet worth much pain to harbour divine fire."

So ended the young pure destroyer's voice,
And the dumb god consented silently.
In the same noon came Ruru ; his mind had paused
Lured for a moment by soft wandering gleams
Into forgetfulness of pain ; for thoughts
Gentle and near-eyed whispering memories
So sweetly came, his blind heart dreamed she lived.
Slow the uswuttha-tree bent down its leaves,
And smote his cheek, and touched his heavy hair.
And Ruru turned illumined. For a moment
One blissful moment he had felt 't was she.
So had she often stolen up and touched
His curls with her enamoured fingers small,
Lingering, while the wind smote him with her hair
And her quick breath came to him like spring. Then he,
Turning, as one surprised with heaven, saw
Ready to his swift passionate grasp her bosom
And body sweet expecting his embrace.
Oh, now saw her not, but the guilty tree
Shrinking ; then grief back with a double crown
Arose and stained his face with agony.
Nor silence he endured, but the dumb force
Ascetic and inherited, by sires
Fierce-musing earned, from the boy's bosom blazed.
" O uswutth-tree, wantonly who hast mocked
My anguish with the wind, but thou no more
Have joy of the cool wind nor green delight,
But live thy guilty leaves in fire, so long
As Aryan wheels by thy doomed shadow vast
Thunder to war, nor bless with cool wide waves
Lyric Saruswathi nations impure."
He spoke, and the vast tree groaned through its leaves,
Recognising its fate ; then smouldered ; lines
Of living fire rushed up the girth and hissed
Serpentine in the unconsuming leaves ;
Last, all Hutàshan in his chariot armed
Sprang on the boughs and blazed into the sky,
And wailing all the great tormented creature
Stood wide in agony ; one half was green
And earthly, the other a weird brilliance

Filled with the speed and cry of endless flame.
But he with the fierce rushing-out of power
Shaken and that strong grasp of anguish flung
His hands out to the sun ; " Priyumvada !"
He cried, and at that well-loved sound there dawned
With overwhelming sweetness miserable
Upon his mind the old delightful times
When he had called her by her liquid name,
Where the voice loved to linger. He remembered
The chompuc bushes where she turned away
Half-angered, and his speaking of her name
Masterfully as to a lovely slave
Rebellious who has erred ; at that the slow
Yielding of her small head, and after a little
Her sliding towards him and beautiful
Propitiating body as she sank down
With timid graspings deprecatingly
In prostrate warm surrender, her flushed cheeks
Upon his feet and little touches soft ;
Or her long name uttered beseechingly,
And the swift leap of all her body to him,
And eyes of large repentance, and the weight
Of her wild bosom and lips unsatisfied ;
Or hourly call for little trivial needs,
Or sweet unneeded wanton summoning,
Daily appeal that never staled not lost
Its sudden music, and her lovely speed,
Sedulous occupation left, quick-breathing,
With great glad eyes and eager parted lips ;
Or in deep quiet moments murmuring
That name like a religion in her ear,
And her calm look compelled to ecstasy ;
Or to the river luring her, or breathed
Over her dainty slumber, or secret sweet
Bridal outpantings of her broken name.
All these as rush unintermitting waves
Upon a swimmer overborne, broke on him
Relentless, things too happy to be endured,
Till faint with the recalled felicity
Low he moaned out : " O pale Priyumvada !

O dead fair flower! yet living to my grief!
But I could only slay the innocent tree,
Powerless when power should have been. Not such
Was Bhrigu from whose sacred strength I spring,
Nor Bhrigu's son, my father, when he blazed
Out from Puloma's side, and burning, blind,
Fell like a tree the ravisher unjust.
But I degenerate from such sires. O Death
That showest not thy face beneath the stars,
But comest masked, and on our dear ones seizing
Fearest to wrestle equally with love!
Nor from thy gloomy house any come back
To tell thy way. But O, if any strength
In lover's constancy to torture dwell
Earthward to force a helping god and such
Ascetic force be born of lover's pain,
Let my dumb pangs be heard. Whoe'er thou art,
O thou bright enemy of Death, descend
And lead me to that portal dim. For I
Have burned in fires cruel as the fire
And lain upon a sharper couch than swords."
He ceased, and heaven thrilled, and the far blue
Quivered as with invisible downward wings.

But Ruru passioned on, and came with eve
To secret grass and a green opening moist
In a cool lustre. Leaned upon a tree
That bathed in faery air and saw the sky
Through branches, and a single parrot loud
Screamed from its top, there stood a golden boy,
Half-naked, with bright limbs all beautiful—
Delicate they were, in sweetness absolute:
For every gleam and every soft strong curve
Magically compelled the eye, and smote
The heart to weakness. In his hands he swung
A bow—not such as human archers use:
For the string moved and murmured like many bees,
And nameless fragrance made the casual air
A peril. He on Ruru that fair face

Turned, and his steps with lovely gesture chained.
"Who art thou here, in forests wandering,
And thy young exquisite face is solemnised
With pain? Luxuriously the Gods have tortured
Thy heart to see such dreadful glorious beauty
Agonise in thy lips and brilliant eyes :
As tyrants in the fierceness of others' pangs
Joy and feel strong, clothing with brilliant fire,
Tyrants in Titan lands. Needs must her mouth
Have been pure honey and her bosom a charm,
Whom thou desirest seeing not the green
And common lovely sounds hast quite forgot."
And Ruru, mastered by the God, replied :
"I know thee by thy cruel beauty bright,
Kama, who makest many worlds one fire.
Ah wherefore wilt thou ask of her to increase
The passion and regret? Thou knowest, great Love !
Thy nymph her mother, if thou truly art he
And not a dream of my disastrous soul."
But with the thrilled eternal smile that makes
The spring, the lover of Rathi golden-limbed
Replied to Ruru, "Mortal, I am he ;
I am that Madan who inform the stars
With lustre and on life's wide canvas fill
Pictures of light and shade, of joy and tears,
Make ordinary moments wonderful
And common speech a charm : knit life to life
With interfusions of opposing souls,
And sudden meetings and slow sorceries :
Wing the boy bridegroom to that panting breast,
Smite Gods with mortal faces, dreadfully
Among great beautiful kings and watched by eyes
That burn, force on the virgin's fainting limbs
And drive her to the one face never seen,
The one breast meant eternally for her.
By me come wedded sweets, by me the wife's
Busy delight and passionate obedience,
And loving eager service never sated,
And happy lips, and worshipping soft eyes :
And mine the husband's hungry arms and use

Unwearying of old tender words and ways,
Joy of her hair, and silent pleasure felt
Of nearness to one dear familiar shape.
Nor only these, but many affections bright
And soft glad things cluster around my name.
I plant fraternal tender yearnings, make
The sister's sweet attractiveness and leap
Of heart towards imperious kindred blood,
And the young mother's passionate deep look,
Earth's high similitude of One not earth,
Teach filial heart-beats strong. These are my gifts
For which men praise me, these my glories calm :
But fiercer shafts I can, wild storms blown down
Shaking fixed minds and melting marble natures,
Tears and dumb bitterness and pain unpitied,
Racked thirsting jealousy and kind hearts made stone :
And in undisciplined huge souls I sow
Dire vengeance and impossible cruelties,
Cold lusts that linger and fierce fickleness,
The loves close kin to hate, brute violences
And mad insatiable longings pale,
And passion blind as death and deaf as swords.
O mortal, all deep-souled desires and all
Yearnings immense are mine, so much I can."
So as he spoke, his face grew wonderful
With vast suggestion, his human-seeming limbs
Brightened with a soft splendour : luminous hints
Of the concealed divinity transpired.
But soon with a slight discontented frown :
" So much I can, as even the great Gods learn.
Only with death I wrestle in vain, until
My passionate godhead all becomes a doubt.
Mortal, I am the light in stars, of flowers
The bloom, the nameless fragrance that pervades
Creation : but behind me, older than me,
He comes with night and cold tremendous shade.
Hard is the way to him, most hard to find,
Harder to tread, for perishable feet
Almost impossible. Yet, O fair youth
If thou must needs go down, and thou art strong

In passion and in constancy, nor easy
 The soul to slay that has survived such grief—
 Steel then thyself to venture, armed by Love.
 Yet listen first what heavy trade they drive
 Who would win back their dead to human arms.”
 So much the God ; but swift, with eager eyes
 And panting bosom and glorious flushed face,
 The lover : “ O great Love ! O beautiful Love !
 But if by strength is possible, of body
 Or mind, battle of spirit or moving speech,
 Sweet speech that makes even cruelty grow kind,
 Or yearning melody—for I have heard
 That when Saruswathi in heaven her harp
 Has smitten, the cruel sweetness terrible
 Coils taking no denial through the soul,
 And tears burst from the hearts of Gods—then I,
 Making great music, or with perfect words,
 Will strive, or staying him with desperate hands
 Match human strength 'gainst formidable Death.
 But if with price, ah God ! what easier ! Tears
 Dreadful, innumerable I will absolve,
 Or pay with anguish through the centuries,
 Soul's agony and torture physical,
 So her small hands about my face at last
 I feel, close real hair sting me with life,
 And palpable breathing bosom on me press.”
 Then with a lenient smile the mighty God :
 “ O ignorant fond lover, not with tears
 Shalt thou persuade immitigable Death.
 He will not pity all thy pangs : nor know
 His stony eyes with music to grow kind,
 Nor lovely words accepts. And how wilt thou
 Wrestle with that grim shadow, who canst not save
 One bloom from fading ? A sole thing the Gods
 Demand from all men living, sacrifice :
 Nor without this shall any crown be grasped.
 Yet many sacrifices are there, oxen,
 And prayers, and Soma wine, and pious flowers,
 Blood and the fierce expense of mind, and pure
 Incense of perfect actions, perfect thoughts,

Or liberality wide as the sun's,
Or ruthless labour or disastrous tears,
Exile or death or pain more hard than death,
Absence, a desert, from the faces loved ;
Even sin may be a sumptuous sacrifice
Acceptable for unholy fruits. But none
Of these the inexorable shadow asks :
Alone of gods Death loves not gifts : he visits
The pure heart as the stained. Lo, the just man
Bowed helpless over his dead, nor all his virtues
Shall quicken that cold bosom : near him the wild
Marred face and passionate and will not leave
Kissing dead lips that shall not chide him more.
Life the pale ghost requires : with half thy life
Thou mayst protract the thread too early cut
Of that delightful spirit—half sweet life.
O Ruru, lo, thy frail precarious days,
And yet how sweet they are ! simply to breathe
How warm and sweet ! And ordinary things
How exquisite, thou then shalt learn when lost,
How luminous the daylight was, mere sleep
How soft and friendly clasping tired limbs,
And the deliciousness of common food.
And things indifferent thou then shalt want,
Regret rejected beauty, brightnesses
Bestowed in vain. . Wilt thou yield up, O lover,
Half thy sweet portion of this light and gladness,
Thy little insufficient share, and vainly
Give to another ? She is not thyself :
Thou dost not feel the gladness in her bosom,
Nor with the torture of thy body will she
Throb and cry out : at most with tender looks
And pitiful attempt to feel move near thee,
And weep how far she is from what she loves.
Men live like stars that see each other in heaven,
But one knows not the pleasure and the grief
The others feel : he lonely rapture has,
Or bears his incommunicable pain.
O Ruru, there are many beautiful faces,
But one thyself. Think then how thou shalt mourn

When thou hast shortened joy and feelst at last
The shadow that thou hadst for such sweet store."
He ceased with a strange doubtful look. But swift
Came back the lover's voice, like passionate rain.
"O idle words! For what is mere sunlight?
Who would live on into extreme old age,
Burden the impatient world, a weary old man,
And look back on a selfish time ill-spent
Exacting out of prodigal great life
Small separate pleasures like an usurer,
And no rich sacrifice and no large act
Finding oneself in others, nor the sweet
Expense of nature in her passionate gusts
Of love and giving, first of the soul's needs?
Who is so coldly wise, and does not feel
How wasted were our grandiose human days
In prudent personal unshared delights?
Why dost thou mock me, friend of all the stars?
How canst thou be love's god and know not this,
That love burns down the body's barriers cold
And laughs at difference—playing with it merely
To make joy sweeter? O too deeply I know,
The lover is not different from the loved,
Not is their silence dumb to each other. He
Contains her heart and feels her body in his,
He flushes with her heat, chills with her cold.
And when she dies, oh! when she dies, oh me,
The emptiness, the maim! the life no life,
The sweet and passionate oneness lost! And if
By shortening of great grief won back, O price
Easy! O glad briefness, æons may envy!
For we shall live not fearing death, nor feel
As others yearning over the loved at night
When the lamp flickers, sudden chills of dread
Terrible; nor at short absence agonise,
Wrestling with mad imagination. Us
Serenely when the darkening shadow comes,
One common sob shall end and soul clasp soul,
Leaving the body in a long dim kiss.
Then in the joys of heaven we shall consort,

Amid the gladness often touching hands
To make bliss sure ; or in the ghastly stream
If we must anguish, yet it shall not part
Our passionate limbs inextricably locked
By one strong agony, but we shall feel
Hell's pain half joy through sweet companionship.
God Love, I weary of words. O wing me rather
To her, my eloquent princess of the spring,
In whatsoever wintry shores she roam."
He ceased with eager forward eyes ; once more
A light of beauty immortal through the limbs
Gleaming of the boy-god and soft sweet face,
Glorifying him, flushed, and he replied ;
" Go then, O thou dear youth, and bear this flower
In thy hand warily. For thou shalt come
To that high meeting of the Ganges pure
With vague and violent Ocean. There arise
And loudly appeal my brother, the wild sea."
He spoke and stretched out his immortal hand,
And Ruru's met it. All his young limbs yearned
With dreadful rapture shuddering through them. He
Felt in his fingers subtle uncertain bloom,
A quivering magnificence, half fire,
Whose petals changed like flame, and from them breathed
Dangerous attraction and alarmed delight,
As at a peril near. He raised his eyes,
But the green place was empty of the God.
Only the faery tree looked up at heaven
Through branches, and with recent pleasure shook.
Then over fading earth the night was lord.

But from Shatudru and Bipasha, streams
Once holy, and loved Iravathi and swift
Clear Chandrabhaga and Bitosta's toil
For man, went Ruru to bright sumptuous lands
By Aryan fathers not yet paced, but wild,
But virgin to our fruitful human toil,
Where Nature lay reclined in dumb delight
Alone with woodlands and the voiceless hills.
He with the widening yellow Ganges came,

Amazed, to trackless countries where few tribes,
Kiràth and Poundrian, warred, worshipping trees
And the great serpent. But robust wild earth,
But forests with their splendid life of beasts
Savage mastered those strong inhabitants.
Thither came Ruru. In a thin soft eve
Ganges spread far her multitudinous waves,
A glimmering restlessness with voices large,
And from the forests of that half-seen bank
A boat came heaving over it, white-winged,
With a sole silent helmsman marble-pale.
Then Ruru by his side stepped in ; they went
Down the mysterious river and beheld
The great banks widen out of sight. The world
Was water and the skies to water plunged.
All night with a dim motion gliding down
He felt the dark against his eyelids ; felt,
As in a dream more real than daylight,
The helmsman with his dumb and marble face
Near him and moving wideness all around,
And that continual gliding dimly on,
As one who on a shoreless water sails
For ever to a port he shall not win.
But when the darkness paled, he heard a moan
Of mightier waves and had the wide great sense
Of ocean and the depths below our feet.
But the boat stopped ; the pilot lifted on him
His marble gaze coeval with the stars.
Then in the white-winged boat the boy arose
And saw around him the vast sea all grey
And heaving in the pallid dawning light.
Loud Ruru cried across the murmur ; " Hear me,
O inarticulate grey Ocean, hear.
If any cadence in thy infinite
Rumour was caught from lover's moan, O Sea,
Open thy abysses to my mortal tread.
For I would travel to the despairing shades,
The spheres of suffering where entangled dwell
Souls unreleased and the untimely dead
Who weep remembering. Thither, O, guide me,

No despicable wayfarer, but Ruru,
But son of a great Rishi, from all men
On earth selected for peculiar pangs,
Special disaster. Lo, this petalled fire,
How freshly it blooms and lasts with my great pain ! ”
He held the flower out subtly glimmering.
And like a living thing the huge sea trembled,
Then rose, calling, and filled the sight with waves,
Converging all its giant crests ; towards him
Innumerable waters loomed and heaven
Threatened. Horizon on horizon moved
Dreadfully swift ; then with a prone wide sound
All Ocean hollowing drew him swiftly in,
Curving with monstrous menace over him.
He down the gulf where the loud waves collapsed
Descending, saw with floating hair arise
The daughters of the sea in pale green light,
A million mystic breasts suddenly bare,
And came beneath the flood and stunned beheld
A mute stupendous march of waters race
To reach some viewless pit beneath the world.
Ganges he saw, as men predestined rush
Upon a fearful doom foreseen, so run,
Alarmed, with anguished speed, the river vast.
Veiled to his eyes the triple goddess rose.
She with a sound of waters cried to him,
A thousand voices moaning with one pain ;
“ Lover, who fearedst not sunlight to leave,
With me thou mayst behold that helpless spirit
Lost in the gloom, if still thy burning bosom
Have courage to endure great Nature’s night
In the dire lands where I, a goddess, mourn
Hurting my heart with my own cruelty.”
She darkened to the ominous descent,
Unwilling, and her once so human waves
Sent forth a cry not meant for living ears.
And Ruru chilled ; but terrible strong love
Was like a fiery finger in his breast
Pointing him on ; so he through horror went
Conducted by inexorable sound.

For monstrous voices to his ear were close,
And bodiless terrors with their dimness seized him
In an obscurity phantasmal. Thus
With agony of soul to the grey waste
He came, glad of the pain of passage over,
As men who through the storms of anguish strive
Into abiding tranquil dreariness
And draw sad breath assured ; to the grey waste,
Hopeless Patāla, the immutable
Country, where neither sun nor rain arrives,
Nor happy labour of the human plough
Fruitfully turns the soil, but in vague sands
And indeterminable strange rocks and caverns
That into silent blackness huge recede,
Dwell the great serpent and his hosts, writhed forms,
Sinuous, abhorred, through many horrible leagues
Coiling in a half darkness. Shapes he saw,
And heard the hiss and knew the lambent light
Loathsome, but passed compelling his strong soul.
At last through those six tired hopeless worlds,
Too hopeless far for grief, pale he arrived
Into a nether air by anguish moved ;
And heard before him cries that pierced the heart,
Human, not to be borne, and issued shaken
By the great river accursed. Maddened it ran
Anguished, importunate, and in its waves
The drifting ghosts their agony endured.
There Ruru saw pale faces float of kings
And grandiose victors and revered high priests
And famous women. Now rose from the wave
A golden shuddering arm and now a face.
Torn piteous sides were seen and breasts that quailed.
Over them moaned the penal waters on,
And had no joy of their fierce cruelty.
Then Ruru, his young cheeks with pity wan,
Half moaned ; " O miserable race of men,
With violent and passionate souls you come
Foredoomed upon the earth and live brief days
In fear and anguish, catching at stray beams
Of sunlight, little fragrances of flowers ;

Then from your spacious earth in a great horror
Descend into this night, and here too soon
Must expiate your few inadequate joys.
O bargain hard! Death helps us not. He leads
Alarmed, all shivering from his chill embrace,
The naked spirit here. O my sweet flower,
Art thou too whelmed in this fierce wailing flood?
Ah me! But I will haste and deeply plunge
Into its hopeless pools and either bring
Thy old warm beauty back beneath the stars,
Or find thee out and clasp thy tortured bosom
And kiss thy sweet wrung lips and hush thy cries.
Love shall draw half thy pain into my limbs;
Then we shall triumph glad of agony."
He ceased and one replied close by his ear:
"O thou who troublest with thy living eyes
Established death, pass on. She whom thou seekest
Rolls not in the accursed tide. For late
I saw her mid those pale inhabitants
Whom bodily anguish visits not, but thoughts
Sorrowful and dumb memories absolve,
And martyrdom of scourged hearts quivering."
He turned and saw astride the dolorous flood
A mighty bridge paved with mosaic fire,
All restless, and a woman clothed in flame,
With hands calamitous that held a sword,
Stood of the quaking passage sentinel.
Magnificent and dire her burning face.
"Pass on," she said once more, "O Bhrigu's son;
The flower protects thee from my hands." She stretched
One arm towards him and with violence
Majestic over the horrid arch compelled.
Unhurt, though shaking from her touch, alone
He stood upon an inner bank with strange
Black dreary mosses covered and perceived
A dim and level plain without one flower.
Over it paced a multitude immense
With gentle faces occupied by pain;
Strong men were there and grieving mothers, girls
With early beauty in their limbs and young

Sad children of their childlike faces robbed.
Naked they paced with falling hair and gaze
Drooping upon their bosoms, weak as flowers
That die for want of rain un murmuring.
Always a silence was upon the place.
But Ruru came among them. Suddenly
One felt him there and looked, then as a wind
Moves over a still field of patient corn,
And the ears stir and shudder and look up
And bend innumera bly flowing; so
All those dumb spirits stirred and through them passed
One shuddering motion of raised faces; then
They streamed towards him without sound and caught
With desperate hands his robe or touched his hair
Or strove to feel upon them living breath.
Pale girls and quiet children came and knelt
And with large sorrowful eyes into his looked.
Yet with their silent passion the cold hush
Moved not; but Ruru's human heart half burst
With burden of so many sorrows; tears
Welled from him; he with anguish understood
That terrible and wordless sympathy
Of dead souls for the living. Then he turned
His eyes and scanned their lovely faces strange
For that one face and found it not. He paled,
And spoke vain words into the listless air;
"O spirits once joyous, miserable race,
Happier if the old gladness were forgot!
My soul yearns with your sorrow. Yet ah! reveal
If dwell my love in your sad nation lost.
Well may you know her, O wan beautiful spirits!
But she most beautiful of all that died,
By sweetness recognisable. Her name
The sunshine knew." Speaking his tears made way:
But they with dumb lips only looked at him,
A vague and empty mourning in their eyes.
He murmured low; "Ah folly! were she here,
Would she not first have felt me, first have raised
Her lids and run to me, leaned back her face
Of silent sorrow on my breast and looked

With the old altered eyes into my own
And striven to make my anguish understand ?
Oh joy, had she been here ! for though her lips
Of their old excellent music quite were robbed,
Yet her dumb passion would have spoken to me ;
We should have understood each other and walked
Silently hand in hand, almost content.”
He said and passed through those untimely dead.
Speechless they followed him with clinging eyes.
Then to a solemn building weird he came
With grave colossal pillars round. One dome
Roofed the whole brooding edifice, like cloud,
And at the door strange shapes were pacing, armed.
Then from their fear the sweet and mournful dead
Drew back, returning to their wordless grief.
But Ruru to the perilous doorway strode,
And those disastrous shapes upon him raised
Their bows and aimed ; but he held out Love’s flower,
And with stern faces checked they let him pass.
He entered and beheld a silent hall
Dim and unbounded ; moving then like one
Who up a dismal stair seeks ever light,
Attained a dais brilliant doubtfully
With flaming pediment and round it coiled
Python and Naga monstrous, Joruthcàru,
Tuxuc and Vàsuki, himself, immense,
Magic Carcotaca all flecked with fire ;
And many other prone destroying shapes
Coiled. On the wondrous dais rose a throne,
And he its pedestal whose lotus hood
With ominous beauty crowns his horrible
Sleek folds, great Mahàpudma ; high displayed
He bears the throne of Death. There sat supreme
With those compassionate and lethal eyes,
Who many names, who many natures holds ;
Yama, the strong pure Hades sad and subtle,
Dharma, who keeps the laws of old untouched,
Critànta, who ends all things and at last
Himself shall end. On either side of him
The four-eyed dogs mysterious rested prone,

Watchful, with huge heads on their paws advanced ;
And emanations of the godhead dim
Moved near him, shadowy or serpentine,
Vast Time and cold irreparable Death.
Then Ruru came and bowed before the throne ;
And swaying all those figures stirred as shapes
Upon a tapestry moved by the wind,
And the sad voice was heard : " What breathing man
Bows at the throne of Hades ? By what force,
Spiritual or communicated, troubles
His living beauty the dead grace of Hell ? "
And one replied who seemed a neighbouring voice :
" He has the blood of Gods and Titans old.
An Apsara his mother liquid-orbed
Bore to the youthful Chyavan's strong embrace
This passionate face of earth with Eden touched.
Chyavan was Bhrigu's child, Puloma bore,
The Titaness,—Bhrigu, great Brahma's son.
Love gave the flower that helps by anguish ; therefore
He chilled not with the breath of Hades, nor
The cry of the infernal stream made stone."
But at the name of Love all hell was moved.
Death's throne half faded into twilight ; hissed
The phantoms serpentine as if in pain,
And the dogs raised their dreadful heads. Then spoke
Yama : " And what needs Love in this pale realm,
The warm great Love ? All worlds his breath confounds,
Mars solemn order and old steadfastness.
But not in hell his legates come and go ;
His vernal jurisdiction to bare Hell
Extends not. This last world resists his power
Youthful, anarchic. Here will he enlarge
Tumult and wanton joys ? " The voice replied :
" Menaca momentary on the earth,
Heaven's Apsara by the fleeting hours beguiled
Played in the happy hidden glens ; there bowed
To yoke of swift terrestrial joys she bore,
Immortal, to that fair Gundhurva king
A mortal blossom of delight. That bloom
Young Ruru found and plucked, but her too soon

Thy fatal hooded snake on earth surprised,
And he through gloom now travels armed by Love."
But then all Hades swaying towards him cried :
" O mortal, O misled ! But sacrifice
Is stronger, nor may law of Hell or Heaven
Its fierce effectual action supersede.
Thy dead I yield. Yet thou bethink thee, mortal,
Not as a tedious evil nor to be
Lightly rejected gave the gods old age,
But tranquil, but august, but making easy
The steep ascent to God. Therefore must Time
Still batter down the glory and form of youth
And animal magnificent strong ease,
To warn the earthward man that he is spirit
Dallying with transience, nor by death he ends,
Nor to the dumb warm mother's arms is bound,
But called unborn into the unborn skies.
For body fades with the increasing soul
And wideness of its limit grown intolerant
Replaces life's impetuous joys by peace.
Youth, manhood, ripeness, age, four seasons
Twixt its return and pale departing life
Describes, O mortal,—youth that forward bends
Midst hopes, delights and dreamings ; manhood deepens
To passions, toils and thoughts profound ; but ripeness
For large reflective gathering-up of these,
As on a lonely slope whence men look back
Down towards the cities and the human fields
Where they too worked and laughed and loved ; next age,
Wonderful age with those approaching skies.
That boon wilt thou renounce ? Wherefore ? To bring
For a few years—how miserably few !—
Her sunward who must after all return.
Ah son of Rishis, cease. Lo, I remit
Hell's grasp, not oft relinquished, and send back
Thy beautiful life unborrowed to the stars.
Or thou must render to the immutable
Total all thy fruit-bearing years ; then she
Reblossoms." But the shadow antagonist :
" Let him be shown the glory he would renounce,"

And over the flaming pediment there moved,
As on a frieze a march of sculptures, carved
By Phidias for the Virgin strong and pure,
Most perfect once of all things seen in earth
Or Heaven, in Athens on the Acropolis,
But now dismembered, now disrupt ! or as
In Buddhist cavern or Orissan temple,
Large aspirations architectural,
Warrior and dancing-girl, adept and king,
And conquering pomps and daily peaceful groups
Dream delicately on, softening with beauty
Great Bhuvanayshwar, the Almighty's house,
With sculptural suggestion so were limned
Scenes future on a pediment of fire.
There Ruru saw himself divine with age,
A Rishi to whom infinity is close,
Rejoicing in green wood or musical shade
Or boundless mountain-top where most we feel
Wideness, not by small happy things disturbed.
Around him, as around an ancient tree
Its seedlings, forms august or burning rose ;
They grew beneath his hands and were his work ;
Great kings whom time remembers and fertile
Deep minds and poets with their chanting lips
Whose words were seed of vast philosophies—
These worshipped ; but above, half day, he saw
Amazed the dawn of that mysterious face,
And all the universe in beauty merge.
Mad the boy thrilled upwards, then spent ebbed back.
Over his mind, as birds across the sky
Sweep and are gone, the vision of those fields
And drooping faces came ; almost he heard
The burdened river with human anguish wail.
And with a sudden fury gathering
His soul he hurled out of it half its life,
And fell, like lightning, prone. Triumphant rose
The shadow chill and deepened giant night.
Only the dais flickered in the gloom,
And those snake eyes of cruel fire subdued.
But suddenly a bloom, a fragrance. Hell

Shuddered with bliss. Resentful, overborne,
The world-besetting Terror faded back
Like one grown weak by desperate victory,
And a voice cried in Ruru's tired soul :
" Arise ! the strife is over, easy now
The horror that thou hast to face, the burden
Now shared." And with a sudden burst like spring
Life woke in the strong lover over-tried.
He rose and left dim Death. Twelve times he crossed
Boithorini, the river dolorous,
Twelve times resisted Hell and, hurried down
Into the ominous pit where plunges black
The vast stream thundering, saw, led puissantly
From night to unimaginable night,—
As men oppressed in dreams, who cannot wake,
But measure penal visions ;—punishments
Whose sight pollutes, unheard-of tortures, pangs
Monstrous, intolerable mute agonies,
Twisted unmoving attitudes of pain,
Like thoughts inhuman in statuary. A fierce
And iron voicelessness had grasped those worlds.
No horror of cries expressed their endless pain,
No saving struggle, no breathings of the soul.
And in the last hell irremediable
Where Ganges clots into that fatal pool,
Appalled he saw her ; pallid, listless, bare—
O other than that earthly warmth and grace
In which the happy roses deepened and dimmed
With come-and-go of swift enamoured blood !
Dumb drooped she ; round her shapes of anger armed
Stood dark like thunderclouds. But Ruru sprang
Upon them, burning with the admitted God.
They from his touch like ineffectual fears
Vanished ; then sole with her, trembling he cried
The old glad name and crying bent to her
And touched, and at the touch the silent knots
Of Hell were broken and its sombre dream
Of dreadful stately pains at once dispersed.
Then as from one whom a surpassing joy
Has conquered, all the bright surrounding world

Streams swiftly into distance, and he feels
His daily senses slipping from his grasp,
So that unbearable enormous world
Went rolling mighty shades, like the wet mist
From men on mountain-tops ; and sleep outstretched
Rising its soft arms towards him and his thoughts,
As on a bed, sank to ascending void.

But when he woke, he heard the koil insist
On sweetness and the voice of happy things
Content with sunlight. All around him warm
Was sense of old essential earth and custom
Familiar tranquillising body and mind,
As in its natural wave a lotus feels.
He looked and saw all grass and dense green trees,
And sunshine and a single grasshopper
Near him repeated fierily its note.
Thrilling he felt beneath his bosom her ;
Oh, warm and breathing were those rescued limbs
Against the greenness, vivid, palpable, white,
With great black hair and real and her cheek's
Old softness and her mouth a dewy rose.
For many moments comforting his soul
With all her jasmine body sun-ensnared
He fed his longing eyes and, half in doubt,
With touches satisfied himself of her.
Hesitating he kissed her eyelids. Sighing
With a slight sob she woke and earthly large
Her eyes looked upward into his. She stretched
Her arms up, yearning, and their souls embraced ;
Then twixt brief sobbing laughter and blissful tears,
Clinging with all her limbs to him, " Oh Love,
The green green world ! the warm sunlight ! " and ceased,
Finding no words ; but the earth breathed round them,
Glad of her children and the koil's voice
Persisted in the morning of the world.

LOVE POETRY OF THE PUNJAB

By BAWA BUDH SINGH

POETRY is the rythmical expression through the medium of language of the Unseen, hidden in nature or in one's mind. It is the artistic unveiling of the Beautiful. It is the yearning of the human intellect to know the Unknown, to find the Beautiful. The ideal of the Beautiful is different according to differently developed minds. Desire to find the Beautiful ideal and subsequent attachment to it, is Love.

Love is of two kinds, religious and profane. One leads Godwards and the other to matter. In its intensity one forgets oneself, and becomes merged into the object of one's love, and in this union, the mental activity is at its highest pitch, at so great a speed that you cannot distinguish motion from rest. A little removed from this stage we find the greatest unrest, "Hijar," Separation. All love poetry therefore expresses different moods of the Lover, *e.g.* (a) Aspiration, (b) Admiration, (c) Separation, (d) Union.

Religious Poetry.—This is either a direct expression of a Bhagata's love towards God or a Sufi's veiled attempt to unfold his mind through apparently profane songs.

The poets of the Punjab have generally followed the Bhagata's method of expressing love. The approached their beloved in the garb of a woman intoxicated with love.

Guru NANAK sang :

All are wives of the Spouse, and adorn themselves for Him.

In trumpery red dresses have they come for His inspection.

Love is not obtained by hypocrisy; counterfeit gilding degradeth.

In this way God the Spouse shall enjoy the wife.

The good wife is pleasing to Thee, O! Lord; of Thy favour Thou decoratest her.*

The love of a woman towards her beloved husband is the intensest and most fiery. This form of poetry took its cue from the "Gopis" or more particularly

* NOTE.—Translations marked with * are by MacLankiffe, while those marked with † are by Usborne.

Radha's Love for Krishna. The Hindu Poets' muse always responded to the inner yearning of a Devotee's mind, to see the Eternal Lord of Love in all His splendour. This is the great distinctive feature of the Indian Poetry of Vaishnavite origin.

From a Bhagat the profane writer adopted the style, and thus we find Northern Indian Poetry, saving that of Persian origin, is the expression of a woman's mind yearning to see her beloved husband. Bhagatas idolised their Beloved as their husband and entreated Him as love-intoxicated wives.

Punjabi Poetry, as distinct from Sanskrit or Prakrit, dates back to the middle ages. Punjab being the cockpit of India, was never allowed that peace and liberty necessary to develop her literature. It was with the advent of Sikh Gurus that religious Poetry was given an impetus.

The following freely translated quotations will show the trend of the Punjabi mind :

Painful is the night for the young bride ; *without her Beloved she sleepeth not.*

She pineth away through grief at *His absence.*

The woman pineth away through grief at *His absence,*

Saying 'How shall I look upon Him ?'

Ornaments, dainty food, sensuous enjoyments are all vain and of no account for her.

Intoxicated with the wine of youth and melting with pride, milk cometh not to her breast.

Nanak, she meeteth her Spouse when he causeth her to meet Him, without Him no sleep cometh to her.

Oh ! Lord, I think myself well behaved and very clever, yet I have no chance to please Thee.

I plaited my tresses with cosmetics and filled the parting of my hair with vermillion ;

Yet when I went before Thee I was not accepted, I shall die of excessive grief.

I am weeping ; the world weepeth ; yea, even the birds of the forests weep for me.

One thing weepeth not for me, the Separation, which parted me from my Beloved.

He came to me in my dreams, and again vanished upon which I wept my fill.

I cannot go to Thee, O ! Beloved, or send any one to Thee.

Return, O! happy sleep, perhaps I may again behold my Lord.
What shall I give Him, Saith Nañak, who telleth me of Thee, O God?
I will cut off my head and give it to Him to sit on.

Without my head I will perform His service.

Why do I not die and give up my life since my Lord hath chosen
another?*

I dread not the departure of youth if my Spouse's love depart not
therewith;

Farid, how often hath youth become dry and withered without love.*

Farid, in the streets there is mud; the house of my dear friend whom
I love is distant;

If I go to Him, I shall wet my blanket, if I remain *at home*, our love
will be severed.*

O God, Though Thou send Thy rain, and wet and drench my
blanket;

Yet shall I go to meet that friend so that our love be not severed.*

The Beloved has stolen my heart and deserted me.

My mother is angry, my father beats me, my brothers taunt me.

He played his tarbet at my door, I fell in love and my peace of mind
is gone.†

Drive the watchman with his bell away.

My beloved has come home to me.

Every watch he rings his bell, and the night of Union is shortened.

If he could read my heart, he would cast away his bell

What excellence there is in union with my Beloved; all my griefs have
vanished away.

Let the night be a long night.

Block out the Sun with a high wall and drive away the watchman with
his bell.

Bullah, the bed of flowers of my Beloved is sweet, I have crossed the
stream of love with his aid.

Chance sent me to his side, now it is difficult to tear myself from him ;
O drive away the watchman and his bell.†

Unveil thy face O Beloved, why dost thou feel shy now ?
Thy tresses first encircled me, then bit me like a Cobra.
Thou sawest this but took no pity upon me and looked at me with bloody
eyes.

Thou castest arrows from thy eyes, and piercest the heart, of this poor
creature.

Having wounded me thus thou hid thy face. Who has taught thee all
these thieving tricks ?

Whom should I reveal the secret of my pain of "separation" ?
Thorn like prickings have turned me mad.
Pangs of separation trouble me (all the time).
Whom should I tell this Secret ?
I wander in the forests, seeking my beloved, but he has not appeared
as yet.

Whom should I tell this ?
Royal fire (of separation) is smouldering within me.
Whenever I rake it open, ruby cinders show themselves.
Saith Hosen, the Godly Faqir ; Oh my love, come and see the condition
of the humble.

O my Lord, let this ruby necklace break in the middle and all the
rubies be scattered lost.

Had I known this necklace would make the wearer forsaken, I would
not have touched it.

How can I bear the double persecution ? First I am forsaken by my
lord, and then I am the subject of talk in the world.

Saith Chuhar, These are the curses of the occupier of my mind, I have
been cheated unawares.

PROFANE POETRY

I use the word profane in contrast to religious, otherwise it is a sacrilege to call poetry expressing the sentiments of a lover, profane. At its highest when the lover merges into the beloved, profane poetry is indistinguishable from religious. A small turn of the switch—and spiritual light dazzles in all its splendour.

The profane poetry of a country is divided into two parts, *viz.*, (i) Songs and ballads, whose authorship is generally unknown and which contain some “gems of purest ray serene,” and (ii) The standard works of her Poets. Both these branches are yet unexplored. Some European scholars have made serious attempts in this field, notably Sir Richard Temple, one of the former Lieutenant-Governors of the Punjab; but others misunderstood or misinterpreted the spirit of Punjabi Poetry. God is “Purusha” (The Man) according to Hindu ideas, and Bhaktas to adore Him spoke like women. The key to find the explanation for Indian customs is to knock at the door of religion.

Songs and ballads.—The writer has already written a paper on the subject, and does not propose to dilate much on their history or merit, but proceeds to give free translations of some of them, which will form the most reliable exposition of the theme. These songs are generally sung by women folk, that is why their language and idiom are purer than those of the learned poets. The songs are the out-pourings of a loving mind while the poets’ works are considered literary attempts. Songs are always adapted to music and are not strictly subservient to the rules of prosody. These are effusions of the heart and not mouldings of the intellect. The language is simple and appeals direct to the heart.

A young woman exclaims :

My lover has pearl-white teeth and black eyebrows, and his features are handsome beyond description.

O thou wearer of a turban, do not go away and turn thy back on me, I am looking at thee at every step.

Oh God! save me. My lover is angry and does not turn round. He pays no heed to my wailings.

I sit on a chair and wet my clothes with tears, which drop from my eyes like rain.

I have spent myself in winning him back but he is still displeased and does not listen to my entreaties.

Again, the following song is put in the mouth of Sohni while she was being drowned in the Chenab, in her wild attempt to see her sweet-heart Mahiwal :

O! care taker of the buffaloes, O! love-intoxicated Faqir, thy Sohni is being drowned.

While thou, my sweet-heart art standing on the bank yonder.

If this life is gone, let it be a sacrifice to my lover, but let my love for him remain untarnished even if God is not pleased to allow my raft of unburnt pitcher to reach the bank of safety where my lover stands.

How simple, yet how beautiful is this conception of love.

Sohni cares more for love than for her life. The full significance of this ballad can only be appreciated by those who know the story of Sohni-Mahiwal. Sohni used to visit her lover Mahiwal across the river Chenab over a raft made of burnt pitchers. One night she found that her pitchers had been replaced by (Katcha) unburnt ones by some enemy. She knew perfectly well that the mud pitcher would dissolve in no time in the strong current of the Chenab, but in order to keep her tryst with her lover on the other bank, she began to cross the river on the mud pitchers, and as a natural result was drowned. The ballad is in the form of a drowning wail.

Similarly in another song the following lines occur addressed to the River-God:

O Khawja! pray do not drown me, while I am going to see my sweet-heart, do what you like when I return.

Let me reach my goal, so that I may not prove false to my word.

Drown O Khawja! drown!, what can you drown but this flesh and bones.

This soul will go straight to its goal, on which love and friendship are focussed.

How sublime the ideal! At first Sohni "prays to Khawja khizar the God of rivers, but at once sees her mistake and thinks she was proving untrue to love by such entreaties for life, and boldly asserts, "Let the river drown the flesh and bones but Sohni will still meet her lover." Here love passes the material bonds and soars to higher Regions, where the wings of Gabriel would burn if the Angel dared take a step beyond the border.

In another song Sohni says:

O fish and turtle of the water! cut and eat all my flesh

But pray, touch not my eyes, as I still long to see my lover.

My gold embroidered shoes are from Narowal.

Wearing those shoes I walked, and the shoes were covered with dust,

Oh God, the splendour of my shoes was dimmed by dust.

I wear a blouse from the Deccan, ornamented with golden lace

My pearl necklace broke, pearls are scattered and their brightness marred by dust.

I have picked up the larger ones, but the dusk has come on and I cannot find the smaller ones.

Oh God! I cry to my fill.

With a cup full of milk, I stand by the couch.

Oh God! and the wearer of the turban (my husband) is unaware of this

Awake, awake, O my sweet-heart, I have long been standing here.

Oh God! my sweet-heart does not care for me.

I am returning, disappointed, as nobody has valued my coming.

Oh God there is no regard for my visit.

My husband's brother and his wife are asleep, and I stand behind the door.

Oh God! I weep and weep.

Dialogue between a Lover and a Pitcher :

Lover.—I will break thee, O earthen pitcher into pieces, as thou darest ride on the side of my beloved.

Thou art heavy by thyself, and then thou art full of heavy, heavy water and thou weariest my beloved.

But still the bracelet-adorned arm of my beloved is round thy neck.

The pitcher is more lucky than myself. Alas! I have wasted my life in vain pursuits.

Pitcher.—Dont break me into pieces, O ignorant Lover! I have suffered hardships.

First I was cut with spades, and then came into the hands of the potter,

Was next mixed with water, and kneaded and spun on the potter's wheel.

Finally, I was roasted in the burning kiln.

It is after these sufferings that the beloved has been pleased to touch me.

The attempt of Punjabi Poets in the Field of Love Poetry.—Under this category fall numerous Punjabi poets from Damodar downwards to modern times. Most of the well known poets have written narrative poems. They have presented the popular love-stories of the Province in excellent poetry and immortalised their heroes and heroines. Without Warris and Hasham, the stories of Hir-Ranjah and Sassi-Punnu would not have attained the reputation they now have.

Very few poets attempted lyric poetry and if any did, their names are unknown.

The Punjabi poets developed a new line of writing poetry which they call "Siharfi" or an acrostic formed out of 30 letters of the Persian Alphabet. Each stanza consists of four lines and is complete in itself, and invariably contains the poet's *nom de plume* in the last line:

(Dal) O friend do not turn deaf to the words of love, keep in mind the pain of thy lover.

This pain is a rare commodity which cannot be purchased for lakhs and crores.

Only lovers know the value of this pain.

Piarey's love cannot remain hidden, as fire cannot be concealed under dry twigs.

BÀRÀ-MAHS

Besides this, some poets wrote "Bàrà-Màhs" or twelve months. This kind of poetry generally begins with a yearning to meet the beloved, depicts various stages of love and ends with the union of the two lovers. For example—

The month of Chet (middle of spring) has commenced but my love is not at home, hence I cry and wail.

The flowers are in full bloom, and the garden full of ripe fruits, to whom should I present these?

The branches are bending down (with fruit), there is no gardener. I moan like a nightingale.

When, saith Hidayat, my lover comes back, I will pluck the mangoes and pomegranates.

The "Phagan" (early spring) has commenced, I sit by the wall. A few days more will see the end of my life.

I want to play "Holi" with my lover, this is my last desire.

Behold, my lover has come, I have got my hair plaited and wear my best dress and ornaments.

Having enjoyed my lover, saith Hidayat, I have forgotten the old days of separation.

"ATHWÀRÀS"

Again some poets have written "Athwàràs"; days of the week, where every stanza opens with the name of a day, *e.g.*:

On Wednesday, I have knowledge only of my lover, but none of myself.
I am a sacrifice to Him who rules my heart.

I got back my senses and wisdom on Wednesday, when my lover came and enquired about my condition.

I would exchange my pleasure for pain (because) it is pain which has caused my union with my lover ; I have been saved by the beloved.

“ Si-ROZAS ”

Some have written verses beginning with a date of a month, called “ Si-Roza ” or thirty days *e.g.*:

On the sixth day of the month, I hide myself from my friends sitting alone in a corner,

I look on all sides, and find “ Har ” (God) incarnated in everything.

Saith Aroora Rai, I am dying, but my lover has not yet come.

Another poet says :

On the fourteenth day my lover has delayed coming, and I wait for him in secret.

I am standing disappointed in the wilderness, Oh my love ! hast thou put me on the path of loving only to abandon and forsake me ?

I am young, and behave like a lunatic, and, added to this, my beauty burns like a flame.

Sawan saith, I am groping my way without a candle.

Hindu poets have not been so successful as their Muhammadan brethren in their expression of Profane Love. The reason is not far to seek. They had been under Muhammadan Rule for centuries and had not the opportunity to think of poetry, and above all, their domestic and political worries never allowed them that peace of mind necessary for the production of poetry. The saints are however an exception. Thus Hindu poetry generally deals with religious or semi-religious themes.

In the following paragraphs I have attempted a free translation of some Punjabi verse which however half express the real beauty and sentiment of the original :

With the advent of Sawan rains set in and the Koel coos at night,

Larks, Papeehas, and Snipe warble enchanted notes.

Light, reflection, lightening, clouds and showers are the accompaniments of the rainy season.

Saith Bakhsh : O my beloved ! *Come back*, make me happy and see this display of nature.

When the two lovers, Punnu and Sassi meet at night, the poet says :

Stars gathered round the room and the moon peeped through the holes.

The Sun sighs and longs to rise at night to have a look at the beautiful lovers.

Sassi prays: O God, let not the dawn break too soon, let me sleep my fill with my lover, then the day may dawn.

There is no food, better than life, in this world,

And I place that before thee O my beloved, I drink water taken round thy head, and oft invite thy troubles to myself.

They, whose bodies are saturated with love, do not show any marks of wounds,

The lovers know not of sleep and hunger and are not afraid of death.

Sahiban is intoxicated with love, as if she had taken bhang (hemp)

Reason has left her, thou canst not find reason in her, nor dost thou require it.

In her love for Yusuf, says the poet, Zuleikha would neither accept food nor drink, and became paler and paler day by day.

In youth the girl had been a prey to the horrors of the malady of love.

She would pull out her hair, and strike her breast. She had lost all control and balance of mind.

She was chained to a post (as a lunatic) and crying she changed her colour.

Whosoever contracts the malady of love, suffers the same. Hir was married into the tribe of Kheras, but she loved Ranjah passionately.

She saith: I would like to be bartered at the shops of the bazaar for the name of Ranjah.

I had only one heart and that has been presented to Ranjah.

I throw dust on the heads of the Kheras.

Oh Mian (Ranjah)! I know nothing, except that, I am sewing the cloak of thy love.

If thou be pleased at my death, I am prepared to drink a cup of poison.

Thy eyes are like the stars and thy face like the Moon, thy hair is scented with Sandal oil.

Better be an exile than sit at home steeped in hunger and poverty (want of the beloved).

Hir says: O my brother, the eyes that have met and responded cannot go back, I will be a sacrifice to thee, O my brother.

You cannot change the course of a mighty river by building dams across its channel.

How can blood stop oozing from the spot, which daggers (of love) have pierced.

Without sacrifice of the head, love ripeth not, it is not an easy game to be a lover.

Saith Warris Shah (the poet), Behold, the brother dissuades his sister from taking the reckless step. All this disgrace is due to love.

Hir says to her mother :

The pains of Ranjah's love, I feel to be pleasures.

Distribute sweets, and thank God, and pass thy time in peace, O mother.

The furnace of love is consuming me, why dost thou wound me further ?

Thou playest a false game, and conspirest against me, and dost not tire of it.

Thou praisest the Kheras too much, and buildest mountains of untruth.

The Kheras are like unto the dust, if weighed in scales of love but thou forcibly desirest to foist them on me.

If thou wantest to do good to me, pray free me from the Kheras.

Hir is the captive of her beloved, whom thou dost try to send to the Kheras, O mother ?

Sassi who had been smitten with his piercing glance was never known to smile again.

O people, hear my cry, I have been robbed by the sweet morning sleep.

Alas! had I died, after death I would have been saved all these troubles.

This was the destiny of Sassi, saith Hasham, she was foredoomed to it.

If I find wings on sale, I would purchase them for an equal weight of gold,

And fixing them to my body, I would find out my beloved.

O friend, Pilferer of my heart, come smiling, and let us make a beginning.

It is not daily that clouds appear and rain, and lightening shines only at times.

Neither Youth is to come again, nor can we live as we would.

Saith Hasham, consider this chance of meeting as a great privilege, come and be my delight.

The love of Hir of Syals was like unoxidised (pure) mercury,
She was restless as a fish out of water, and her body was melting away.
The fire (of love) was smouldering within her, smouldering,
Smouldering and then dying out, but never did she express her feelings.
Saith Damodar, Hir has ruined herself, but alas! nothing can be done
to save her.

Hir hides her lover Ranjah within her heart, no one knows the secret.
Whom should I call Ranjah? I have myself become Ranjah.
Ranjah is Hir, and Hir is Ranjah, there is not the difference of a grain
between the two.
Saith Damodar, the fire of love has burnt down the duality.

Budh Singh

COME, MY LOVER.

COME, my Lover, in thy lavish splendour,
Hurt the wind with shock of thy arrival.
No more secret meetings in uncertain
Gleams of twilight: let thy burning torches
Fling through midnight their tumultuous laughter.
Grasp me by my right hand; rescue me, King,
From the trivial ties of clinging moments,
Coils of sluggish dreams; and let all sleepers
Wake and come and see me, glad and helpless,
Held in might of thy majestic silence.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

SCENIC EFFECTS IN INDIAN DRAMA

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A. (CANTAB.)

THE first criticism which everyone who has seen plays in other lands says of the drama in India is, "How badly everything is staged!" This criticism arises from the following facts: (1) The scenery is not only foreign, but foreign of the worst type, such as is not seen even in small country theatres of Europe. The Indian scenic painter seems to copy slavishly reproductions in print of foreign drama, and not understanding foreign life, he mixes up history, geography, art and customs, and presents a jumble on the screen. The public stand it, because they do not know any better. (2) The costumes of the actors are more outrageous still. The dress of the male characters, especially of kings, royal personages and courtiers are as never existed in India, and one hopes never will. It is a relief to note that the women characters are on the whole dressed in proper Indian fashion. (3) The "make up" of the actors is very poor. What reason is there for Indian actors, with brown skins, plastering their faces so as to make them as white as possible?

These are the first and obvious faults which one sees in Indian dramatic presentation to-day. They vitiate the high quality of the drama, and make it purely a conventional drama, requiring but a superficial understanding, and lacking the powerful æsthetic and intellectual message which all drama ought to have. The reforms necessary are, (1) to make the scenery absolutely fit the period of the play. If we are dealing with a play of Indian scenes and characters, we can at least have, for a street scene, a street of perhaps Jaipur or Madura and not of Venice, and a palace which is like a place existing in north or south India, but not like one existing in Europe. It is curious that the authors of modern Indian plays are utterly oblivious to the thorough linking of scenery with the play. Almost any kind of scenery seems now to do. Rather than have the present misfit, it is surely better that we should go back to the old days when there was *no* scenery at all, and there was only a bare stage, and the scenery which the audience was to see in imagination was described in a prologue.

With an India full of typical Indian costumes it only requires a grain of imagination to pick out a suitable costume for each character in Indian plays. Now

the general idea seems to be to put the actors in knee-breeches and in coats heavily overlaid with glittering tinsel.

Nowhere else is "make up" ever intended to disguise the nationality of the actor. Beards and various other make-ups are used to obviate the difficulties of the audience of seeing clearly the features owing to the glare of the foot lights. But even here, such a famous English actor as Sir Squire Bancroft comes on the stage for many a part without touching up his face in the least degree.

Indian drama has certain very striking characteristics which have been developed in Western drama only very lately; for instance, the traditional linking of song and dialogue is now recognised in the West as inseparable for musical drama. To one who is familiar with foreign drama, Indian drama has very great possibilities, if only the dramatists and actors would wake up from following and imitating methods which are utterly un-Indian. I shall not, however, take up more fully the discussion of this topic, because I believe that if only Indian dramatists would recognise the foreign element in their drama and discourage it, they would be able for themselves to construct the new drama of the future, without the advice of one who is not a technical dramatist.

I will mention in conclusion, that it is possible to have an Indian drama with fully Indian scenery, and everything absolutely Indian. I have seen such a play myself, when I saw the great Rabindranath Tagore act in his own play, the "Post Office". The play was performed in the little theatre in his Calcutta house, and it was a revelation to all who saw the stage, scenery and acting of what Indian drama could really be. Everything was true to life. We shut our eyes now to the little things round us in our own villages and towns, and we do not see that the great drama of God is taking place in our very midst. Hence the false scenery and costumes on the stage. I should like also to mention that the linking up of drama with reality was one of the great characteristics of the play of Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyay, "Abou Hassan," performed in Madras about two years ago.

C. Jinarājādāsa

THE TIDE OF LOVE

AH, loved one, all the waves of this wild sea,
This all too eager and tumultuous heart,
Rise in full surge of joy to welcome thee,
And ebb in desolation when we part.

When thou art gone, their long withdrawing roll
Breaks on each sounding shore and distant strait.
Filling the sky with dirge from pole to pole,
And leaving all my world disconsolate.

But when thy name is called, or one dear word
Comes from thee, suddenly the sea leaps high,
The myriad laughter of the waves is stirred,
The floods clap their white hands exultantly.

Ah, friend, if thus the surface currents move,
Far down, how still ! how deep ! the tide of love.

C. F. ANDREWS

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SHAMA'A

SHAMA'A sends out its grateful thanks to its many supporters and sympathisers who have enabled it to complete its first year of existence. At a time when the possibility of the continuance of even long standing publications was being seriously discussed, SHAMA'A made its first appearance. While it was cordially welcomed by the Press all over India and was the recipient of unstinted though greatly exaggerated praise from all its admirers, one subtle note of doubtful wonder was struck by nearly all who noticed SHAMA'A and wished it well. Was it not too good to last? Could SHAMA'A possibly survive and fulfil its promise born as it was under such trying conditions and in such atmosphere and surroundings as must stifle it in its infancy? But the lavish praise of its critics and the generosity of its supporters have combined towards keeping alive so far the little torch which would otherwise have long been extinguished. And so SHAMA'A celebrates its first birthday and invites the ever-increasing number of its admirers to join in its anniversary celebrations and in ushering it into a New year to wish it a long life of usefulness and service: SHAMA'A is only too conscious of its innumerable defects and deficiencies and is making every effort in its power towards diminishing them. Once again the need arises and perhaps again and again, the need will arise for SHAMA'A to apologise to its friends for the lack of strict punctuality in its appearance, but its friends will bear with it till such time at any rate as the conditions of publications for journals like SHAMA'A are more hopeful.

OUR FRONTISPIECE

For the photograph from which our frontispiece has been reproduced and his charming poem which forms the "note" on it, we acknowledge our thanks to Mr. D. W. M. Burn (*Marsyas*) who sent these contributions to SHAMA'A from New Zealand.

THE BHÂRAT KÂLÂ PARISHAD, BENARES, ON THE TAGORE COLLECTION.

We consider it of great importance to give prominence to the following from the appeal which is being made by the Bhârat Kâlâ Parishad, the Society of Indian Art at Benares about which we wrote at some length in the second number of SHAMA'A. We cannot appreciate too highly the valuable work being done by this Society and we sincerely hope that its appeal with regard to the Tagore Collection at Calcutta will not go unheeded. "It is perhaps not known to many members that the most representative collection of Indian Art, under one roof can be seen to-day not in any Indian city, but in Boston, U. S. A. In 1910 this very collection was offered to the Indian public free—on condition that a suitable building was erected, by subscription, in some central place, to house the collection. The Indian public failed to respond to the call of its obligation and the collection went to America. It is needless for the Parishad to impress on its members and, through

them, on their friends, that attempts should be made to save the country from the loss which would be irreparable, if the Tagore Collection is allowed to share the same fate as its predecessor which now rests in the Boston Museum. The price fixed for the transfer of the collection is only Rupees Four Lakhs and, considering the unique and invaluable nature of the collection, it should not be difficult to gather funds to preserve it for the nation. It is undoubtedly a very valuable opportunity for the generous members and friends of the Parishad to help it to secure the collection for its Museum and Art Gallery. It is sincerely hoped that some kind and generous patron, whose name shall be attached to the gift, will rise to the occasion and purchase the collection for the Parishad and thus save the repetition of the National loss which the country has already suffered by the transfer of the collection now in the Boston Museum. The Parishad will greatly appreciate an immediate response to its appeal, as no time can be lost if the collection is to be secured for the Nation."

AMERICA'S LEADERSHIP IN CITY PLANNING--WHY NOT CONSTANTINOPLE?

When Mr. Balfour was visiting New York he voiced, more or less unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless very accurately, the changed attitude of Europe toward our public art in so far as it is expressed in current architecture, by referring in terms of unrestrained admiration to "these great Cathedrals which you call business buildings". Earlier Blasco Ibanez had declared that in the presence of New York's skyline and the magnificence of its great structures he felt "a new pride in the achievements of man". This is all very interesting, since it is a direct reversal of the opinion usually expressed by the visiting foreigner a generation ago. For came he from Latin or Teuton or Anglo-Saxon Europe, as a rule, he felt quite privileged to dismiss American architecture by asserting, before he even landed at New York, that he knew it was bad and that all skyscrapers were "ugly" *per se*. But what are the facts to-day? Not only has America been invited to plan the restoration of Rheims, but Whitney Warren, who built the Grand Central depot, New York, has been asked to supervise the rebuilding of the University of Louvain, and, more than this, the greatest problem of all that confronts European specialists, the planning of a new Constantinople has just been referred to American architects, who are asked by Professor Francis W. Kelsey, of the University of Michigan to come to the aid of a city that, next to Rome, stands nearer to the great historic past of Western peoples than any other, and take the grave issue of its replanning in hand.

So pressing does Professor Kelsey consider this Constantinople "commission" that his article laying the issue before this country is printed in the current numbers of *Art and Archæology* and *The Journal* of the American Institute of Architects. And in this article he asks that the Institute, in association with the Archæological Institute of America and the American Historical Association, and possibly other kindred associations, shall send representatives "immediately" to New York to join in a Conference in order to attack the problem of Constantinople in an effective way. Aside from the fact that part of the problem is to plan the rebuilding of a city one-fourth of which has been burned over within the last twelve years and lies "unrestored and desolate" the dramatic thing is that it is to the American Expert, the American architect, the American city planner that this most celebrated of cities turns in its present plight. What a revenge of time is here. The Sidney Smiths of the European Architectural world, who have been asking for years who studies an American building or looks at an American plan are routed horse, foot and dragoons. They have been routed for years, but with a colossal impertinence until very recently were fond of asserting the old superciliousness. But now, confronted with a part America is to play in the replanning of Rheims, the rebuilding of the University of Louvain, they must at least be respectful; while that the New World's artificers and architects should be urged to take in

hand the great archæological prize of Europe and Asia Minor is something that cannot be easily overestimated.—HENRY M. WATTS in Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Sunday, January 2, 1921. (*Art and Archaeology*, March, 1921).

SIR HENRY IRVING

His Mannerisms, Peculiarities and Greatness

By ARTHUR WARREN

It was in the pit of London's theatres that I first came to know the London crowd, to understand it, to share its enthusiasms, or the reverse. It was in the Lyceum pit that I came to know how the crowd adored Irving, the place Ellen Terry had in its heart, and the place traditions held in the heart of the pit. Are there such pitites now, I wonder, as there were thirty and forty years ago?

Those first nights with the first favourites dissolved my American notions of the British character. I had heard, with the rest of the outer world, that the British were stolid, phlegmatic, cold and whatnot, that they repressed their emotions, that they would not and could not let themselves go. I was to find what everybody finds, sooner or later—that the individual and the mass differ as chalk from cheese. The pit crowds were not icebergs; they had not the immobility of mountains. They laughed, they wept, they cheered; they unlocked their emotions. They were the most sentimental, the most enthusiastic, the most appreciative crowds I had ever seen. The individual was dissolved in the mass. He became natural man. The crowds always look fire from a spark. They received their favourites as if they were conquering heroes. Irving, their greatest favourite, they received like a reigning monarch. One has to learn this about the English; their hearts are big and near their skins, and that is why, as individuals, they armour them.

If you know how to touch them, they respond with such demonstrations of devotion, of enthusiasm, of loyalty, as no other race ever equals in our time. Their loyalty to Irving they expressed with a zeal that was greater even than their appreciation of his powers, immense as that application was. They loved the man. He embodied for them another lofty mark in the records of English achievement. He was great and would be greater by the integrity, the persistence, the elevation of his purpose. Such qualities win the English, and deep is the loyalty with which England rewards them. That, at all events, was true in the Victorian days.

There was a blessed Virgin called Ellen Terry, in those far-away Lyceum nights. Her power was charm. And she wielded her power almost to the end of King Edward's reign. In comedy she was alluring, audacious, delightful—as Portia, for instance; as Beatrice; as any number of arch, graceful, incomparable creatures. In tragedy—well, we forgave her the tragedies, her Lady Macbeth, for example. As Ophelia there was nothing to forgive; as Juliet—here was the exception to her tragic parts; she was a poet's dream, a fragile, loving, playful thing enmeshed by fate and borne down to death. Ellen Terry was the witching consort of Irving's reign. She won half his battle. "A star danced, and under that" she "was born." When Father Time told her that she could not play Portia and Beatrice and Juliet any more, half the attractiveness of the Lyceum was gone, and Irving had to carry the load alone.

¹ [This sketch of the world-famed Irving is from *London Days* by Arthur Warren, and our extract is from that delightful book advertiser, M. A. B.—Mainly about Books published by T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., London.]

But I have wandered far from the night of "The Merchant of Venice". It was a great occasion. "Everybody" was there. To my gratified eyes the audience was nearly as interesting as the play and the players. Celebrities were "as plentiful as blackberries". Now forty years have gone, and the celebrities with them. And the nonentities, too. Of the two thousand or more persons who saw the performance that night, it may be that not more than fifty survive.

There is no one in these days to rouse us as we were roused in the late seventies and to the end of the century. The playgoer of to-day is fed on other stuff, on experiences quite unlike those his predecessors knew. And he is not fed so well. He is growing up, or has grown up, without standards. All's fish that comes to his net. I wonder what he would think of Irving if, by miracle, Irving could return to the Lyceum with undiminished powers, with Ellen Terry as she was in the 'eighties, and all the galaxy and circumstance that surrounded them? I think the playgoer of the present would scarcely notice Irving's mannerisms of speech, of gesture, of gait, he has seen so many mannerisms almost equally quaint, heard so much speech that is quite as queer.

What caused Irving's mannerisms? For the life of me I cannot tell. They were not always with him. They grew upon him with the seasons. I do not think he affected them. He was too honest, too sincere for affectations. Besides, he did not need them to attract attention. And they injured his work. They were not caused by physical defects. They were entirely absent when he was not acting. Then his movements and speech were easy, pleasing. His manner had great dignity. I have said that his mannerisms were not with him in all characters, nor at all times. Intensity might bring them out. Declamation did so almost invariably. But they could not be relied upon either for coming or for going. What caused them? Self-consciousness perhaps, nervousness possibly. But why should he be self-conscious or nervous in his own theatre, where he played every night, and show no trace of either when he spoke at a university, or a dinner, or a public meeting? Why should he walk naturally and with ease in Bond Street, and with constraint, as if he were rheumatic, as Hamlet, at Elsinore, and why should he speak with perturbed vowels when he was in costume, and in easy control of them when in ordinary dress? The questions are easily asked: they have never been answered. If I have dwelt upon his peculiarities, it is partly because no one could ignore them, but mainly because he was so great a man that we can measure his powers by obstacles against which he contended. His peculiarities of speech and motion may have been the causes which retarded his advancement for so many years. And, by the way, he was born in Somersetshire. Perhaps it was the Somersetshire dialect that cropped out at times in his delivery.

Irving's maltreatment of vowels gave much offence to trained ears. I do not know when I ceased, if ever I did cease, to wince at some of his pronunciations, but with time they ceased to present themselves as crimes for scourging, and came to be regarded as misfortunes, as penalties that must be endured for seeing him and enjoying him. When all is said, this thought remains—the Lyceum productions were immensely satisfying; the beauty of them, the appeal to the eye, the appropriateness of everything that was painted, or woven, or said, or done: the groupings, the general and particular movement, whether of principals or supernumeraries, the tone of the thing, the atmosphere of it. When was the like known before? When since?

Seeing through the fog of mannerism took me a year. After that, as I have said, I grew gradually to appreciate him, to admire him. When I made his acquaintance, ten years after first seeing his Hamlet, I had long passed from the benches of opposition. But even then the wonder grew. First it had been: how did this man of many mannerisms ever become an actor and one of the most distinguished actors of his time? And then it was: how does he escape from carrying his mannerisms

into private life? For he did not carry them there. He was a natural, unaffected gentleman, distinguished in bearing, courteous, fine in dignity, without pose. He walked and talked like a human being accustomed to the best of intellectual society, accustomed, indeed, to the ruling of men. He was then neither tone-bound nor muscle-bound. He moved with a certain ease, spoke with exquisite courtesy and quiet, and did not speak too much. He preferred to listen rather than to talk. He could—and did—make excellent speeches after dinner, or before curtain. They would always have a touch of humour and a touch of pathos. They would always be in earnest. He never spent himself on trivial things; he never trifled about anything. He had a certain air of authority; he had, at any rate, earned the right to breathe in it. Besides, it protected him from bores. It made him, as a listener, the more gracious by just the suggestion of deference to an opinion, especially when he had invited the opinion. He preferred flattering to being flattered. Perhaps discreet flattery was an instrument that he knew how to employ better than most men. It may have been on that account that when it came his way he did not care for it. In all things he preferred giving to receiving.

Next to his work he enjoyed hospitality. He did not like going out, and very seldom went out to dinners and receptions, those affairs of which one grows weary in London, because there are so many of them, and the celebrity is so often a sacrifice. He enjoyed being the host. This gave him the right of selection, with the minimum of sacrifice.

And what a host he was! You saw him at his best then, I think, his Majesty in evening dress, presiding at his table, after the play. You had seen him crowned and robed and reigning, heard him cheered by his loyal subjects, the British public, and now you were to sup with him after the play. His guests—they might be two, or six, or a dozen—would be shown to a suite of historic rooms upstairs behind the scenes, the rooms which in the eighteenth century and later had belonged to the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks. Perhaps, that night, the play had finished at eleven. The green curtain seldom fell earlier at the Lyceum. In fifteen or twenty minutes Irving would come. If Miss Terry were coming, she would be later. An actress is usually longer than an actor about "changing". But whether she came or not, and she would not always come, the feast would be a memorable one, both as to company and to dishes, to coffee and cigars and wine. In those days teetotalism did not stalk over the world, and apparently claim all the virtues, and cry tyrannically, "You shall not touch wine! There are weak souls who cannot drink without drunkenness. To protect them we shall deprive you!" A lot of kindly feeling has vanished with the rise of Bolshevism, Syndicalism, and Teetotalism. Are we coming to a time when shaving will be forbidden because razors are dangerous? If there are people who drink to excess, are there none who eat excessively? Are dyspepsia and indigestion to reduce the world to a common level of sallowness and pain, to the pangs and paleness that prevail in teetotal regions? What has all this to do with Henry Irving? Nothing, of course, seeing that he died in 1905. But were he living and in his prime, I can fancy him saying, as many another man is saying: "No more America for me. They won't let me have a pint of wine with my dinner. I believe in freedom."

Irving's first nights were famous for their supper parties. These were not given in the Beefsteak Rooms but on the stage. The stage would be cleared after the play, and at long tables, at the rear of it, the guests would help themselves, and stroll about, smoking, talking, munching chicken sandwiches, and salad, and sipping champagne, claret, or whatever was going. There would be two or three hundred guests, possibly more, men and women, titled and untitled, well known in politics, science, letters, art, and social leaders, generals, and admirals, an epitome of the world which is London. It would be one of the most enjoyable receptions of the season. Wearied with

conversation and standing about, the guests would begin to disperse about one or half-past one in the morning. By two o'clock, usually, nearly all of them would be gone. Then some one would find a few chairs, and half a dozen of us would sit in a corner talking, and presently Irving would join us, and the talk would gain in weight and point. About three o'clock, I think it was seldom earlier, we would start homeward. Frequently Irving and I would go together. My hansom would drop him at the door of his chambers in Grafton Street, and then I would go on to Chelsea. But whether on first nights, or on other nights, this was our custom for ten years, a custom only broken by my increasing absences from London. I might be in New York or Washington, or Rome, but Irving would know somehow, and we would exchange wires on first nights. On his first night in the "World Beyond," I was farther away than usual. I was in Chicago. I wondered, when I heard, next morning, that he had gone, whether he missed the little group that used to gather with him, and what hansom had conveyed him after his life's drama, and who had accompanied him home. Always he had seemed to me a lonely man. He was a generous man and a great one. And his fame will last as long as the English stage retains its fame.

REVIEW

The Caliph's Design, by Wyndham Lewis. (Printed at the Pelican Press, 2 Carmelite Street, E. C.)

This little pamphlet is a clever satire concerned, almost entirely with a phase that is influencing the Modern School of Painting in Paris to-day, and, as such, may not appeal to Indian readers though it might be of interest to those people who are interested in studying the Spirit of the Time, as it deals with Art in relation to its other aspects. There are few, of course, who have heard of the modern painters such as Matisse, Derain, Gris, Modigliani or even Picasso for that matter, outside a limited artistic set in Paris, London and other European centres of Art. But the scope of the pamphlet is not concerned with a recapitulation of the modern phase, that has swept over Europe for many years past, but only with analysing a late development of it, giving, only, so much general matter as is necessary to remind a non-specialist public of the rough points up to date.

From what he says, it is evident that not much of the modern work will live. It is, apparently, a temporary glamour; the artists concerned living under a spell of fashion and unable to achieve anything without stimulus, or to see beyond the temporary convention. The result is, of course, that their work dates very quickly and is, in consequence, hardly likely to be remembered in a decade or so. "Fashion," he says: "is the sort of useful substitute for conviction, at present it is the substitute for religion."

This is only too true. In Europe there is nothing that holds or grips, with the result that Art and all ideals connected therewith, are all unstable, subject to every whim or fancy that sweeps over the minds of her peoples, in the forms of various fashions, now becoming outrageous, strange and even sinister.

Of course it is equally true that to repeat the ideals and technique in Art of a previous period is to be sterile in creative power or construction. He says:

We want to construct hardly and profoundly without a hard-dying autocratic convention to dog us and interfere with our proceedings. But we want our mode, for there is only one mode for any one time and all the other modes are for other times. Except as objects for technical interest and indirect stimulus they have nothing to do with us. And it is not on the sensibility of the amateur, which is always corrupted, weak, and at the mercy of every wind that blows that the painter should wish to build. It is on the block sensibility, the profoundest and most personal foundations of his particular time.

At present everything is negative. We hear the cries against tradition against emotion, against superstition or even against Science!!! But there is no positive or certain cry in regard to principles or aims. The result is, artists are uncertain of themselves and lose themselves in obscurities, acrobatics in paint and design and even utter vagueness giving the affect of "a drunken tracery that all spirit drawings have".

In fact, much of our modern Western Art might be said to have been inspired by "The Spirits," so weird and incoherent has it become.

The author is delightfully sarcastic at times and, in speaking of one of the latest phases in modern Art, the endless depiction of crockery and table linen with no human interest accompanying them, he says:

In the French show held at Heal's Gallery in the Tottenham Court Road (August 7th, 1919), fifty per cent of the work was monotonously Cezannesque (Cezanne is considered one of the leading lights in Modern French

Painting). In the best represented painter there, Modigliani, the heads of his sitters incline to this side or that because Mrs. Cezanne during the interminable sittings she must have undergone, drooped her head stoically and brutally that way. She is, as it were, the leader of a Chorus of, from the standpoint of the theatre queue, very plain and even preposterous females. Similarly, the hands meet and are crossed in the lap, a trick or habit in the search for the compact and simple that was Cezanne's occupation. Is there any lack of apples on tables? Do jugs abound? Are rigid napkins and tablecloths in evidence? Yes, they are everywhere in this exhibition, as in every other exhibition of the last eight years.

Of another well-known painter, Picasso, he says :

What has happened in this volatile and many-phased career of Picasso's? Has he got bored with the thing of the moment it was in his grasp? And he has certainly arrived on occasion at the possessive stage. If it is boredom, associated with so much power, one is compelled to wonder whether this power does not mechanically spring from a vitiated and tiring source. He does not perhaps *believe* in what he has made. Is it that? And yet he is tirelessly compelled to go on achieving these images, immediately to be discarded.

All this reveals the general scepticism of our day; a natural result of the conditions of our time. Intellectual exhaustion is paramount everywhere, and the work most likely to find acceptance with men in their present mood is that work "that most vigorously and plainly announces the general bankruptcy and its own perdition".

As the artists, are, for the most part, uninspired, so too are the public equally uncertain of its footing. The public is ruffled, shaken at what it sees, gasping but rather pleased, because so wholly new. But it is all the same, not a helpful public. And so, the artist and the public react upon each other in a negative and indeterminate manner that leads nowhere.

On the other hand, as he points out! "The Victorian Age produced a morass of sugary comfort and amiableness, indulged men as so much that they became guys of sentiment, against this 'sentimentality,' people, of course reacted. So the brutal tap was turned on, and for fifty years it will be the thing to be brutal 'unemotional'."

This is profoundly true. If the average person in the West desires to keep pace with his time, he must suggest, even if he does not feel it, in his manner and general attitude, the capacity for looking at things in a brutal and ruthless manner. If he fails to do this, and is in any way what is now called sentimental, he is voted a failure and carries no weight whatsoever with his neighbours. Perhaps this alternating attitude of sentimentality followed by brutality will continue until the races of the world achieve some sort of balance between the two. Doubtless, in time, as we climb the spiral of evolution, sentimentality will become sympathetic intuition and brutality, scientific realisation of the Truth.

The writer speaks truly when he says: "We should become more deliberate, more intense . . ." and that our Art should depict "the soul of things" in this Universe. Also, he suggests, that our artists and sculptors should be left "in complete peace, and suitably honoured pursue their trade" without being made the victims of every whim and fashion that comes only to pass again almost immediately. The Western Civilisation is in the melting pot and *as Art* reflects the Spirit of the Times that is equally uncertain, chaotic and incoherent at present.

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